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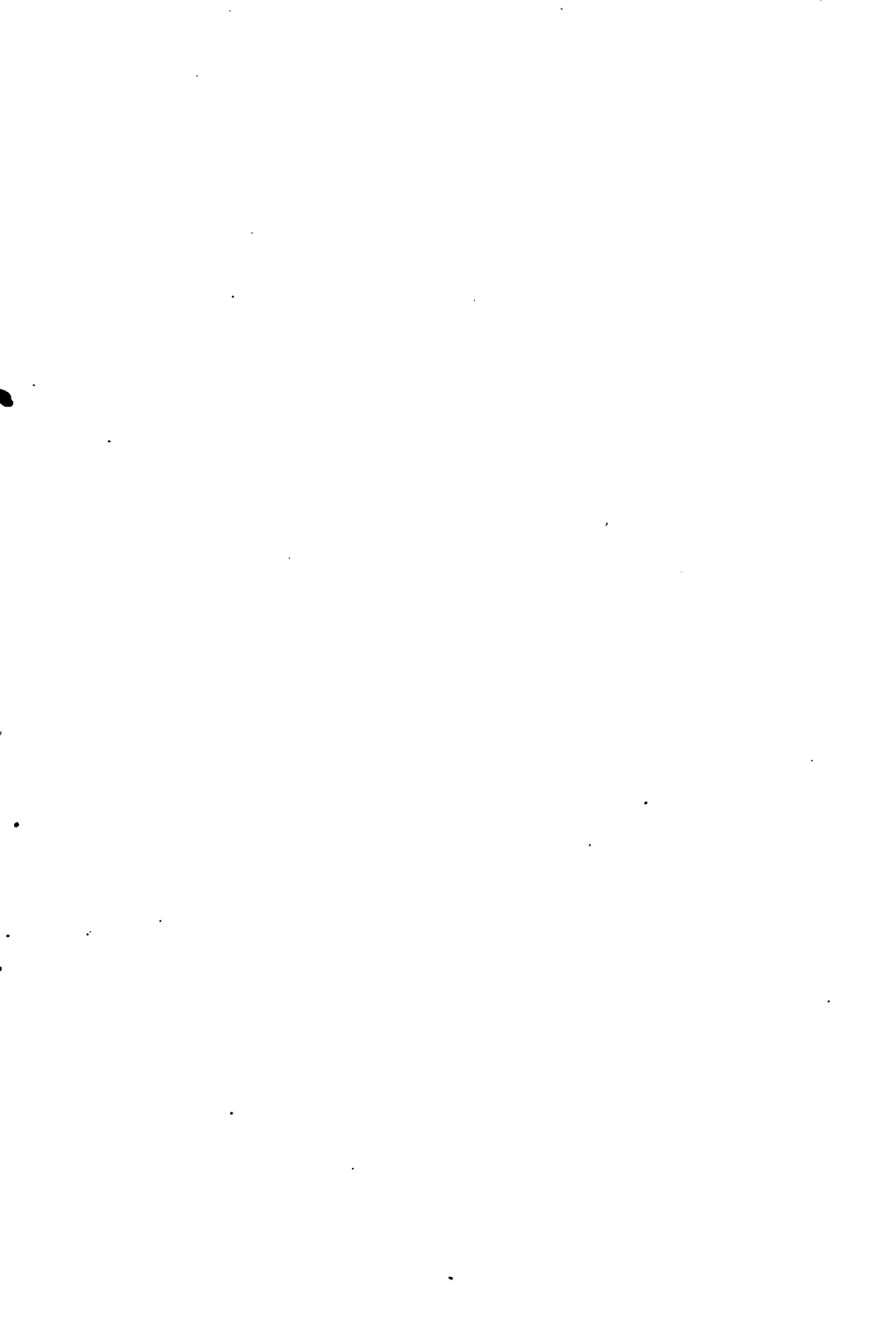
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INDEX.

	PAGE
Alien, The; by E. J. PRIOR	440
Art and the Athlete; by MARTIN HARDIE	801
Benjamin Disraeli	229
Birds' Nests and their Environment; by ANTHONY COLLETT	209
British Seamen for British Ships; by WULFF RICE	888
Cagliostro, The Real	180
Captain Fishbright's Mistake; by CHARLES EDWARDS	445
Case for a Redistribution Bill, The; by F. ST. JOHN MORROW	29
Central America, The Republics of; by R. W. CATER	452
Church in the Metropolis, The	872
Commission of Enquiry, A; by T. C. DOWN	181
Contemporary Criticism, Some; by H. H. DODWELL	198
Court of Criminal Appeal, A; by T. BATY	225
Dutch Undergraduate, The; by J. D. HOARE	189
From Tangier to Morocco	258
Jan	215
Kurds and Christians; by F. R. EARP	882
Ladder of Education, The; by GEORGE BOURNE	471
Ludlow Masque, The; by J. A. NICKLIN	97
Matthew Arnold as a Critic; by H. H. DODWELL	417
Mole-Warfare	850
More Judges? by FREDERICK PAYLER	268
Nature in Greek Art; by E. M. CONGREVE	187
Of Symbols; by MARCUS REED	108
Old Japan, The Heart of	114
People who Imagine Vain Things; by MARCUS REED	267
Pleasures of a Book-Lover, The; by MICHAEL BARRINGTON	128
Politics, The Modern Trade of; by DR. AUBREY	268
Profession of Art, The; by LEWIS F. DAY	842
Punkah-Wallah, The	876
Queen's Man, The; by MISS PRICE—	
Chapters XX.—XXIII.	58
Conclusion	142
Reformation of Criminals, The; by SIR ANDREW REED, K.C.B.	86

Index.

	PAGE
Rome before 1870	45
Ruskin at Hawarden; by W. SINCLAIR	461
St. Andrew's Man, Recollections of a; by W. QUILLIAM	20
Sainte-Beuve; by H. C. MACDOWALL	810
Shakespeare's Boors; by GEORGE BARTRAM	219
Sir Henry Norman; by the HON. GERARD WALLOP	175
Study of Colonial History at Oxford, The; by REV. WILLIAM GRESWELL	275
Toll of the Bush, The; by WILLIAM SATCHELL—	
Chapters I.—IV.	1
" V.—VII.	81
" VIII.—X.	161
" XI.—XIV.	241
" XV.—XVII.	321
" XVIII.—XX.	401
Two Griseldas, The	282
Vicar of Moorwinstow, The; by G. S. FREEMAN	102
Voltaire, Fellow-Workers of The; by S. G. TALLENTYRE—	
I.—Diderot	356
II.—D'Alembert	428

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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1904.

THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER I.

AT that point, and for the next fifty miles, the Great North Road was a sea of mud; but the travellers did not seem to care, and it was only when their horses' legs sank suddenly through a broken culvert that they made remarks uncomplimentary to the County Council and the Government. The horses said nothing, but there was a sufficient reason for that. They plodded along steadily, their noses down, their heels sucking at monotonous intervals out of the yellow clay. The track they followed was that of the horses which had gone before them, and it was churned up to the consistency, and much of the colour, of butter in summer-time. It led them sometimes into the middle of the road, sometimes, especially if there were a deep ditch there, along the extreme edge, and the only consistency it showed was in going to spots which the riders, for their part, would rather have avoided.

The men rode in single file, the man in front talking over his shoulder to the one behind him. Now and then the nature of the road permitted them to range up alongside, but this was seldom. Behind them, on a neck of land jutting out into the broad tidal river, lay the township, a handful of white wooden buildings, shut in, save where cut by the roadway, by an impenetrable sea of scrub.

A steamer lay alongside the wharf, the throb of a winch floating up through the chill air of the wintry afternoon. A few cows grazed outside the Court-House. These were the sole evidences of activity. The steamer was an excitement which repeated itself, weather permitting, once a fortnight throughout the year, and affected the destinies of the people for fifty miles around. The cows were constant, except at milking-time, when they had to be sought for in the scrub, usually standing perfectly still until discovered by an irate owner and driven off recalcitrant to a half-starved calf.

The men were both young, the elder not more than twenty-eight, and the other scarcely yet come to manhood. There was a likeness between them which betrayed some relationship, though this was rather in indefinable characteristics than in actual resemblance, the elder brother's face possessing a beauty and restlessness of spirit which were lacking in the simpler, yet more forceful countenance of the younger. The face of the man in front was for the moment clouded and gloomy, while that of the younger brother wore an apologetic expression.

"Couldn't see his way?" said the elder brother, with a short laugh. "He's like ourselves, then. What else did he say?"

"Said he'd got a lot of money out

he never expected to see again. The natives had gone through him for £400 or £500, and that there was close on £300 owing in the settlement alone. Said he'd put the wire in at a trifle over cost if we could manage to pay cash. He's not a bad sort, Geoffrey."

Geoffrey was silent awhile. Then he said: "I ought to have gone myself. You can't get credit without lying, and you're a poor hand at it, Robert."

"I just said what you told me," replied Robert slowly. "Only when he came to talk back it looked different somehow, and—I'm not clever like you, Geoff."

The words were simply spoken, and free from intent, but the elder brother laughed as though he saw something suggestive about them.

"We'll just have to go on blasting out rails," he said presently. "My God! how sick I am of the whole business. Is there any hope for the wretched country at all? Look at it!" he continued with a sudden angry scorn; "clay and scrub and precipices, with here and there an acre of orchard, and all the plagues of Egypt domiciled in it. What's the good of going on!"

"I was looking at Thomas's place," said Robert ponderingly, "when I was up there with the cricket team last Christmas. It must have looked like this twenty years ago. It's green enough now."

"And you can look forward twenty years! Yet after all, why not? It's better than looking back. They have electric railways in England now, but when Queen Elizabeth lived they were probably content with roads no better than this."

"Is she dead?" asked Robert, relieved at the sudden change of subject.

Geoffrey started and laughed; then

a flush deepened in his cheek, and he muttered, "What a damned shame!" and thereafter jogged along in silence.

The road wound gradually upwards round the hillsides, presenting a clay bank on one hand, and a steep, scrub-covered slope on the other. Down in the hollow the river lay like a silver octopus, its tentacles stretching far into the black, bush-covered lands. Here and there were clearings, dwarfed into insignificance by the immensity of the virgin landscape from which they had been hewn. Some were black from a recent burn, others vividly green with the newly sown grass; in their midst slab or weather-board huts marked the abodes of the pioneers. The river itself was deserted; not a boat or sail was visible, and save for a pair of black swans drifting with the tide there was no sign of moving life within the compass of the horizon.

Geoffrey's eye scanned the scene as he moved forward. "Poor devils," he said presently, "working their hearts out, and for what? What we want here is an army. Why are there not armies of peace as of war? Man's the most astonishing kind of fool, if you come to reflect upon his ways. He could land an army-corps here, and for an amount no greater than it costs to keep the beggars in idleness convert the wilderness into a garden where men could live contentedly."

"Perhaps some day he will think of that," said Robert.

Reaching the brow of the hill, the tea-tree came to an end, and they began to descend through mixed bush, the road rapidly degenerating into a quagmire as they proceeded. Here and there fascines of tea-tree bridged the more rotten places, and for a chain or so at a dark turn of the road rough slabs took the place of the tea-tree and slush. At length

the winding track turned suddenly out of the bush, and beneath them, at the bottom of a steep slope, lay a green valley bathed in sunlight. Low, scrub-covered hills walled it in, and beyond rose great bush-clad ranges, sharply outlined against the silvery sky.

Like pilgrims gazing on the Promised Land, the men scanned the scene, as their horses ploughed and floundered down the muddy slope. In the centre of the green plain was a group of white buildings, surrounded by a hedge of *macrocarpa*. Maori children were pouring out of a gate in the hedge and scattering themselves over the valley, the sound of their voices rising sharply through the still air. Large tracts of the green sward were unfenced, and over these strayed the cattle and horses of the native community. Along the sides of the road, and back in fenced paddocks, stood a number of unpainted weatherboard huts and rakish-looking whares,¹ the edges of their palm-thatched roofs torn into fibres by the wind. Here and there was a storehouse built on piles, or a steep palm roof rising from the ground, and probably sheltering the kumara, or sweet-potato pits. The only signs of cultivation were the bleached maize stems of the previous season. Old fruit trees, chiefly peach, quince, and fig, grouped themselves at various points. Cattle, horses, pigs, dogs, fowls, ducks roamed everywhere through the broken fences at their own sweet will.

"If one had a place like this now," said Geoffrey, reining in his horse, "it might be possible to do something. It seems to me that the only land worth having in this north country is in the hands of the natives."

"They were here first, I suppose?" Robert said.

"Yes, that is a good argument so far as it goes, but meantime the white men are sitting round on the hills eating grass, and the country is at a standstill. If this sort of thing were happening just outside Wellington, it would not be tolerated for longer than was necessary for the framing of an Act to put an end to it; but the justice of the case is not affected by the fact that we are a long way from the seat of government and unable to make ourselves heard."

"The rails will be better in the long run," Robert said, reverting to the original subject of discussion. "There's plenty of good timber, and it's only just the difference of a month or so in getting it out. Of course, if you're set on doing the fencing right off there is no trouble about it; Major Milward will give us all the credit we want, and—there is Uncle Geoffrey."

Geoffrey's brows contracted and he shifted his seat in the saddle. "We will get out the rails," he said shortly.

At the foot of the hill the ground became unexpectedly solid, and the horses, pricking up their ears, scampered gleefully forward.

"Shall we see about the ploughing?" Robert shouted, as they galloped round the bend by the schoolhouse, and came abreast of a low Maori hut.

Geoffrey reined in his horse, and turning from the road, jumped the broken fence, and pulled up at the open doorway.

A young native girl, with dishevelled hair, came out at the sound of his approach and stood regarding them, rubbing the sandflies off one leg with the toes of the other.

"Pine¹ in?" Geoffrey asked.

The girl turned and called to some

¹ *Wharry*, native hut.

¹ Pronounced Pinney.

one in the interior in a shrill voice. There was a rustling inside, and presently a native appeared, yawning and rubbing his eyes. He was an intensely ugly, good-humoured looking man of some thirty years. His clothing consisted of a pair of tattered trousers and a faded and dirty singlet, which had long since parted company with its buttons. He looked at his visitors, said "Hullo" in a sleepy voice, and leaned against the doorpost.

"Lazy beggar," said Geoffrey, smiling. "Why aren't you tilling the soil?"

"Too soon to tire him yet," replied Pine; "nex' mont' prently nuff time."

"Now's the time for me. I want you to come over and plough up a few acres for the potatoes."

"I tink dis time too soon for taters. More better by'm-by."

"Well, we'll chance that. When can you come?"

Pine turned the question over in his mind. "My burrock up te bush tese times," he said at length, with a prodigious yawn. "I not seen. P'raps tree days I find him. You got any prough up to your place?"

Geoffrey nodded and gathered up the reins. "Well, I'll look for you on Thursday then," he said; "and mind, no humbug. I want the thing done before you start working the bullocks to death on your own account."

Pine laughed boisterously. "How many acres you tink?" he asked.

"About three," said Robert; "it won't take you long."

"All ri'; p'raps I come Wensday." He pulled a pipe from his belt, thrust a finger into the interior, and then began to search his pockets, uttering little clicks of astonishment. Geoffrey threw him the remains of a plug of tobacco, which he caught dexterously and proceeded to cut up.

"New parson here little before

time," he said. "Kapai dat chap mo te korero.¹ Ah, te pest!"²

"Good talker, is he?" asked Geoffrey, pausing on the point of wheeling his horse.

"All the same te saw-mill," said Pine; "very big soun." He laid his hand suddenly on the girl's head. "Aha, my ch-eild! Poh! Poh!"

The girl ducked under his arm, and dived into the interior of the hut.

"He's like that, is he?" said Geoffrey. Then he smiled, and added, "Yes, I've heard of him."

"Te big rangatira³ that," said Pine admiringly, taking a slow and stately step from one doorpost to the other. "Poh! Poh! I tink very soon now all the people go to church a good deal."

"Shouldn't wonder," said Geoffrey.

Pine filled his pipe and lit it. "You tink dat ferra the big rangatira?" he asked, fixing his dark eyes on Geoffrey.

"All parsons are rangatiras, you know," Geoffrey responded lightly.

Pine squatted down in the doorway and blew a fragrant tobacco cloud. "Yes'day," he said, "I come roun' Major Milward's place up to Wai-rangi. I see te new new parson on a beach, walk up an' down with Iwi, how you call Eve. I tink very soon dat te pair."

Geoffrey was gazing moodily at some object across the valley, but he appeared to have heard. "What makes you think so?" he asked idly.

Pine continued to watch him with undisguised curiosity. "I come on a little way," he continued. "I see Sandy an' I say to him, 'By'm-by your sister marry te pakeha?' 'Oh, go to hell!' say Sandy. Dat why I tink."

"Then because Sandy told you to

¹ Good man for the talk.

² The best.

³ Chief.

go to hell you argue that his sister is about to marry a parson," Geoffrey remarked with a wry smile.

"Dat why," said Pine confidently. "If Sandy laugh, den p'raps yes, p'raps no, but Sandy angry, I say to myself, 'Aha!'"

Geoffrey lifted his eyebrows slightly, then with a curt good-night turned his horse for the road. Robert stayed a moment to renew the subject of the ploughing, then set out after his brother.

The sun was setting in the gap above the river, and the sky to the eastwards showed signs of darkening. Geoffrey was already far ahead, flying along rapidly through the shifting shadows. Robert set his horse in motion, but it was not until he had left the confines of the valley and reached the muddy road that wound through the gap, that he again caught up with Geoffrey. The latter acknowledged his arrival by a glance over his shoulder, and they jogged along silently in single file as before. The road deteriorated rapidly as they descended the other side of the cutting, finally striking an unbridged creek, where the flood waters roared up to the saddle-flaps. From this point an ascent of half a mile brought them to the brow of the hill overlooking the river. There was still a glimmer of twilight, revealing dimly the slab huts of the settlers, the rigid arms of fire-blackened trees, extended as though in a sort of mad frenzy at the fate which had overtaken them, outlined here and there against the river.

There was a sound as of distant thunder that never died away,—the roar of the surf on the bar at the river mouth.

CHAPTER II.

THE home of Geoffrey and Robert Hernshaw was a weatherboard shell,

divided into three rooms by rough wooden partitions. It possessed a brick fireplace and chimney (one of the two contained in the settlement), and was further remarkable in having three windows and being floored throughout. The furniture was scanty, comprising nothing but the barest necessities. There were two stretchers in the bedroom, a table, a few wooden chairs and some cooking utensils in the kitchen. The third room, which also contained a stretcher, appeared to be used for the storage of anything not immediately required in the other parts of the house. The main door opened direct into the kitchen, and the first thing likely to strike a visitor was the fact that the opening of the door caused the chimney to smoke violently.

The smell of recent cooking had not quite left the kitchen. A Rochester lamp stood on the table. Robert was seated on a box in a corner scraping a few pieces of gum, which had turned up in the process of digging a vegetable garden. Occasionally he looked thoughtfully at his brother, who was moving restlessly about the small room, giving vent now and then to a smothered exclamation as though his thoughts were too many for him.

"You never opened that last English paper, Geoff," he said at last.

"Didn't I?" and Geoffrey coming to a standstill looked absently at his brother; then he resumed his restless movements.

"It's over there in the corner, under the oatmeal," Robert said presently.

Geoffrey looked hazily in the direction indicated, then crossed over, pulled the paper from its resting-place, and tearing it open sat resolutely down at the table, and glared steadfastly at a picture purporting to portray some incident in the Boer War. He was still staring at it when,

a quarter of an hour later, Robert, having finished his gum, came to look over his shoulder. Geoffrey turned a few pages hurriedly and found a fresh picture.

"*Re-inforcements leaving Southampton*," read Robert slowly. "That's London, I suppose."

Geoffrey paused before replying, and there was something of irritation in his voice as he answered: "Your admiration for London rather carries you away, Robert. That city does not embrace the whole of England. If you could really grasp the fact that London is the capital of England and not *vice versa*, that would be a step towards the understanding of many things at present concealed from you. And, by the way, Elizabeth is dead."

"Elizabeth?"

"You remember my alluding to Queen Elizabeth and your asking me whether she was dead? She has been dead, as a matter of fact, about three hundred years."

Robert sat down. "It's a good job there was no one about when I asked you," he said with an uneasy laugh. "But it's not exactly my fault that I am so ignorant. I don't think that I ever really had time to learn things. There was always something; what with father being sick and that, and no money in the house most times, except the bit I was able to pick up."

Geoffrey let his hand fall on his brother's. "I am a brute," he said, flushing. "Every word you say is true and a thousand more. God forgive me, old chap; you are worth a thousand such wretches as I! I have had all the good things of life and made nothing of them, while you have had to remain content with the crumbs." He rose and resumed his pacing of the room. "If there were any way of escape," he muttered. "Is this to go on all our lives? For that's

the devil of it; in a few years we shall cease to care, like every one else. Look at the beggars up in the township. A lot of young-old men, half of them bachelors, living a life of drift and satisfied. If I am to be content with such a life I should prefer to die now, while the lust for something better is gnawing my heart out. Are you content with the prospect?" he asked suddenly, facing his brother.

Robert looked ponderingly at the wall in front of him. "I was telling you about Thomas's place," he said slowly; "but that's not the only one, and they all say the same thing. They stuck to it year after year, and the life was hard, there's no denying, but in the end *they—got—there*."

"I see," said Geoffrey, seating himself and watching his brother's face.

"There was Major Milward," Robert resumed, in the same low, calculating manner, as though possessed of an anxiety to say what was in his thoughts to the best of his ability; "he used to tell me about it during the three years I was working for him before you came out. It was fifty years ago that he built his first whare on the sand-bank where he lives now. It is a long time, but in fifty years you would be no older than he is now. He didn't have a great deal of money—just a few hundreds. He got hold of things slowly, kauri¹ bushes and that, and every now and then he put in a few trees, and branded a few calves, and added a room or two to the house. He kept on growing, and it didn't take as long as I said, not by a generation; he's been a rich man longer'n we've been alive. Yes, and he's given away more'n we've ever owned besides. And he's lived well and had the best

¹ *Kauri Dammara australis*, the chief timber tree of the North Island.

of everything up from Auckland, wine and that; and he's been home in England, and most of his family have been there, and I guess he's got enough left to do all our fencing at one pop, and the bank 'd never notice he'd done it. Yet I'm not saying fifty years isn't a terrible time to look forward to," he concluded a little lamely, turning an apologetic glance from the wall to the other's face.

Geoffrey sat watching him in a sort of fascination, and for awhile nothing was said.

Robert, if he had expected an outbreak, was perhaps agreeably surprised when Geoffrey's next remark showed his thoughts to have slipped into another channel.

"There's that box of books in the other room. It's a pity we can't put up a few shelves for them; or would it be better to wait till the place is lined?"

"The rain does leak through the walls some when the wind's blowing; but perhaps the corner by the fireplace would do as it is."

Geoffrey rose, measured the corner with his eye, glanced at one or two other possible positions for the library, then lit a candle and went away into the store-room.

The place was in great disorder, and bore the appearance of having had its contents pitched in through a doorway only sufficiently opened to effect that object, and Geoffrey's new-born enthusiasm was slightly damped by the spectacle. However, he set down the light, took off his coat, and looked resolutely about him. The box he was in search of stood in one corner, and had been used as a suitable spot on which to deposit such articles as a camp-oven, a bag of staples, a couple of rusty ploughshares, and other miscellaneous ironmongery. Geoffrey removed them one by one, and having returned to

the outer room for a bunch of keys, unlocked the box. Some stout oiled paper covered the top, and beneath the books were carefully packed away, as though by a hand that loved them. He remembered that it was almost exactly a year since he had placed the last volume in position, and the thought of the life that closed with the closing lid lay heavy on his heart as he gazed. But it was not a book, he now remembered, that was the last thing to be put away; it was this bundle of letters, some of them dating back nearly twenty years. He pulled one out at random and, still on his knees before the box, began to read.

He was busily reading when, over an hour later, Robert put his head in at the door to remind him of the necessity for sleep.

What Geoffrey saw in the letters may be more conveniently put before the reader in narrative form.

More than twenty years before Robert Hernshaw senior, journalist, having come within measurable distance of grasping one of the plums of his profession,—it seemed he had but to stretch out his hand to attain it—was brought up standing by the verdict of his family physician. The latter diagnosed lung-trouble of a serious nature, and put before his patient the alternative of a short life in London, or restored health and a prospect of longevity in a kindlier climate. Hernshaw, when he had become convinced that the alternatives were real, left the solution of the problem to his wife, merely expressing his own preference for the present order of things at whatever cost. But Mrs. Hernshaw decided differently. And so it came about that husband and wife sailed for New Zealand, leaving their only child, Geoffrey, then a boy of seven, in the

care of his paternal uncle, after whom he had been named. Shortly after reaching their new home their second son, Robert, was born to them.

Having relinquished the prospect of power and comparative affluence for the sake of an increase in years, Robert Hernshaw determined that it should not be through any action of his if the price of the relinquishment went unpaid. He had been told that an active outdoor life was demanded of him, and he was determined that the demand should be met. So when Mrs. Hernshaw proposed that they should make their home in a pleasant suburb of one of the larger towns, and that he should continue in the practice of his profession, Hernshaw at once vetoed the idea. Instead, he bought a piece of land in the Auckland district and settled down to make a living by the sweat of his brow. He had too lately emerged from the barren places of his profession to have accumulated much money, and his knowledge of his new pursuit would have been ludicrous if it had not been tragic in its inadequacy. The result was a foregone conclusion. All might yet have been well, even though his capital was exhausted, had his nature showed any signs of rooting itself in the new soil. But it was not so. The manual labour, the people with whom he was brought in contact, the very air and aspect of his adopted country, were alike repugnant to him. The scorn of his surroundings accompanied him throughout the days; and after some years the old malady, scotched for the time, again came to life, and added its torments to the general misery. Then the morbid brooding developed into a sort of madness. He was seized with a fierce resentment at destiny. He accused the Heavens of treachery, as though his action in coming to New Zealand had been

the result of a compact with God. In this persuasion he died miserably, supported towards the end by the efforts of the wife and child whom, in his self-absorption, he had neglected.

Robert at this time was fourteen years of age, and had been brought up almost entirely without schooling. His mother had taught him to read and write and solve simple problems in arithmetic, but beyond this the only knowledge he possessed had been derived haphazard from the conversation of those about him. For seven or eight months mother and son were dependent largely on the charity of Major Milward, the pioneer settler of the district, and then the woman, worn out by the long trouble, sickened and died. It is probable that the sufferings of the wife had been little if any less keen than those of the husband, but she made no sign, not even when she lay dying with her arms round the neck of her beloved boy. "It will be better for you, my darling," was the one tacit acknowledgment she made that life had been a failure. And though the boy did not believe it then or afterwards, it may be that she was right. Life did in fact improve for him immediately. Major Milward, who had entertained a sort of half-tolerant, half-contemptuous pity for the father, showed only pity for the son. He made an opening for him on the station, and when finally, at the age of nineteen, Robert left to join his brother, he carried nothing but good wishes with him.

Far removed from contact with this sordid drama, Geoffrey meanwhile had grown up into manhood. The change which meant so much to his parents affected him not at all. From the comforts of his own home he passed easily to those of his uncle's well-appointed house, in whose serene atmosphere he found none but the pleasant things of life. Though not

exactly a wealthy man, Mr. Hernshaw was an extremely generous one. Having taken over the charge of the boy, he at once placed him on a footing of absolute equality with his own children; and so naturally was this accomplished that neither as a child nor a man could Geoffrey recall one instance of a distinction being made between him and his cousins. He received the same public-school training, the same holidays, the same allowance of pocket-money. His scholastic career, though showing no brilliance, was well above the average, and if the youth revealed no instinctive leaning towards any particular pursuit or profession, he at least showed a power of doing a number of very dissimilar things remarkably well. It was this very versatility that went against him in the end. His uncle, keeping a keen eye on his family, at once seized on any bent in his children which seemed to give a prospect of being profitably employed, but Geoffrey puzzled him. The youth, having visited a picture-gallery, would come home full of the idea of painting a picture himself. With a liberal allowance of pocket-money, he was able to gratify any whim immediately on its occurrence, and he would set to work. In a space of time incredibly short, considering everything, he would have something to show the family, and whatever may have been its real merits, it was at least sufficient to convince Mr. Hernshaw that he had at last discovered his nephew's bent. But in the course of a month or so,—or when, to speak precisely, Geoffrey had learned enough to know that his labours were only on the point of commencing—he would begin to lose ardour, and very shortly thereafter the implements of his art would find their way to the lumber-room. This was a course of things which repeated itself again and again.

"Do you think you would care to study painting?" his uncle would ask.

"It would take some time, sir, and cost a good deal of money."

"Well, that's all right; you find the time and I'll find the money."

"It's very good of you, sir," Geoffrey would say, and promise to think the thing over. That was the end of it.

Whether it was that there was an ineradicable defect in the young man's nature, or merely that his character was slow in developing, was hard to say, but the years crept by and left the problem still unsolved. If he had any taste to which he returned more frequently than another it was for literature. From his boyhood he had been in the habit of scribbling verses and tales for his own amusement, and though there were long intervals between these fits the number of them had given him a certain facility with his pen. His uncle had suggested that he should follow the profession of his father, and Geoffrey consented to give the thing a trial; but this did not last long. He satisfied neither his employers nor himself. The things they wanted done rarely possessed any interest for him, and when his interest was not aroused he was, and felt himself to be, but a dull dog.

"I was talking to Humphreys," his uncle said at last. "He seems to think you are wasting your time."

"I'm sure of it," said Geoffrey.

"Ah, well, I suppose we had better give it up and try something else. Humphreys tells me he thinks you might succeed in light literature. How does the idea strike you?"

"I fancy it would be preferable to the heavy, if the heavy is what I have been attempting so far."

His uncle looked serious, and after a moment got up and paced thoughtfully up and down the room. The nephew noticed that some haggard

lines that had lately come into the elder man's face were more pronounced than usual. "I am willing to give it a trial, sir," he said.

"Yes, but what I am anxious to find out is not what you are willing to attempt to oblige me, but what you are desirous of doing yourself, because time is going on and the matter is—important." He came to a standstill and looked down on his nephew, his face working under the stress of some inward emotion. "I have tried, my boy," he said, "to obtain and deserve your confidence."

"Oh, sir," said Geoffrey, springing to his feet, deeply moved, "all my life I have looked up to you as the best and most generous of men."

"I have endeavoured to make no difference between you and your cousins. When I die you will find that what I have is divided equally amongst all of you. I had already made up my mind to that when I first undertook the charge of you, and the only thing which could have made me alter my intention was the chance of your father's success in New Zealand. I never thought he would succeed, and as a fact he did not. From what Robert tells us he appears to have left very little." Mr. Hernshaw paused a moment and collected his thoughts. "I have mentioned this for a reason you will see presently. Of late I have had losses; they have been long-continued and severe, and though I believe I have weathered the worst and am now beginning to make headway again, yet, as a fact, I am a poorer man than I was fifteen or twenty years ago. At one time the fact of your having no occupation would perhaps not have greatly mattered, though to my mind every man is strengthened in character by making a living for himself; but now things are different, and though the means of subsistence are

secured to you all, there is not, I am afraid, at this moment very much more." Mr. Hernshaw concluded with an apologetic and anxious glance at his nephew.

Whatever Geoffrey's defects were, his heart at least was sound; genuinely touched at the elder man's generosity and unselfishness, he could not but reflect that the losses so quietly referred to must have been a source of long-standing and wearing anxiety to his uncle. But the effect of the confidence was not what Mr. Hernshaw had expected or desired at the time it was made. The young man's placid acceptance of the existing order of things had in fact suffered disturbance, but the result was not apparently the creation of anxiety as to his own future, but the desire to relieve his uncle of the cost of his support.

It was at this juncture that a letter arrived from Robert descriptive of his life at Major Milward's, and full of hopes and projects for the future. To Geoffrey it seemed like the opening of a direct path through a maze, and his resolve was quickly taken.

Then began a long and strenuous struggle with his uncle, his aunt, and his cousins. The girls promised him a Maori wife, and to arouse his aversion to such a lot appeared before him in petticoats, their hair dishevelled, whereat he was struck with admiration and expressed a still keener desire to be gone. The boys characterised the proceeding strongly as *rotten*, and suggested all manner of harrowing and degrading occupations, which they feigned to believe were preferable to the abandonment of the land of his birth. Mrs. Hernshaw spoke of the grief he was causing his uncle, who, she said, suspected that Geoffrey had taken his confidence as an indirect way of saying he did not care to support him any longer.

Geoffrey fairly laughed at the idea. "I should know myself an ungrateful scoundrel if such a thought had ever entered my mind," he said. "I want to go to New Zealand for my own personal gratification."

"Is there nothing behind all this? If it were only for a short time! But you do not say that."

"No, I do not say that; I don't know how that may be."

That was as far as he would go towards the possibility of a return.

Mr. Hernshaw's objections were those of a man of the world. "I have always believed," he said once, "that the people who succeed in colonial life are the people who would succeed anywhere."

"Their opportunities may be greater there," Geoffrey suggested.

"I should doubt it, except on special lines. The opportunities for a clever man in a city of four or five million inhabitants must be enormous. New Zealand has only the population of a London suburb."

"A man's chances would therefore seem to be proportionately increased."

"With respect to the area of the country, yes; and were you proposing to ship a few million labourers the argument would be sound; but how does the fact that there are large areas of imperfectly populated country affect your prospects?"

Geoffrey was unable to explain with any clearness. His ideas, it must be confessed, were vague, but there was no vagueness about his determination.

And so it came about that one summer afternoon he stood on the deck of an outward bound steamer and saw the coasts of England fade into the haze.

CHAPTER III.

It was a cloudless August morning, warm in the sun and cold in

the shade. The settlement was wide-awake, and a pleasant smell of wood-fires mingled with the fresh breath of the river. The sun had been above the horizon a considerable time, but Mrs. Gird's rooster still proclaimed the fact at intervals, the announcement being received with derision or silent contempt by the birds nearer the river. The Girds occupied the outpost, so to speak, of the little army of pioneers, their section being the farthest from the water and the most densely timbered of any. The rooster might be excused, for there was hardly more than twilight there yet.

Robert had been fishing since daylight and was returning up the track, laden with a large bundle of schnappers. The track rose diagonally through the settlement, cutting it into halves and affording an outlet to the settlers on both sides. It was in fact a continuation of the road followed by the brothers some days before; but though the trees had been cut away to the correct width, it had not yet been formed and, paradoxical as it may appear to the uninitiated, was consequently passable even to a pedestrian. Now the way would be merely a wide track through a dense jungle, again it would open out and disclose a fire-blackened landscape covered with unsightly stumps, with perhaps a rude slab hut in the midst of it.

Robert's progress had been twice interrupted by morning greetings from neighbouring housewives, and fish being always an acceptable offering he reached the house somewhat more lightly burdened than when he had left the boat. Outside the fence was a team of bullocks in charge of a small native boy, whose striking likeness to Pine at once attested the ownership of the team. Pine himself was in the paddock with Geoffrey, looking at the land to be ploughed. Robert made his way to the door,

where he found two persons seated on the doorstep, evidently waiting his arrival. The elder was a fair, blue-eyed girl, named Lena Andersen, while the other, a child of three or four years, Robert judged to be one of her numerous brothers or sisters. The girl was dressed in a flour-bag, from which the brand had not entirely faded, and this, so far as could be judged, was the whole of her costume.

"Well, Lena," said Robert, "what's the trouble?"

"Please, Robert, mother says can you spare her some tea till father goes to the store?"

The request was not an isolated one, and the implied promise of return Robert knew to be problematical of fulfilment, but he said "Yes" cheerfully, and he went for the tea.

"And mother says," Lena went on quickly, "if you could spare her some soap she would do her washing to-day while its fine; but if not, it doesn't matter till father goes up the river."

"That's all right, Lena," Robert said. Then a thought struck him. "What do you all do when your mother washes the clothes?"

The girl blushed furiously and backed out of the house. "That's our business," she retorted.

Robert seemed staggered at the result of his simple question, and hastened to restore amicable relations by a gift of fish from his bundle. "They're just out of the river," he said; "and here's the soap and tea, and I didn't mean to offend you."

Lena, with downcast eyes, allowed herself to be burdened with the fish and other articles.

"You are sure you don't want any sugar or anything," Robert asked anxiously, "till—till your father comes back?"

"No, thank you," said Lena.

Robert thought he detected the suspicion of a smile at the corner of the girl's mouth and became more cheerful. "I haven't seen you going to school for the last week or two," he said.

"I haven't been going," replied Lena, looking up. "I've left school,—I've passed the sixth standard."

Robert looked impressed, as he was intended to be. "I suppose you've read Green's *Short*?" he asked tentatively.

Green's *SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE* was one of the volumes unearthed from the box of books, and Robert was already deep in the perusal of it. He spoke of it as Green's *Short*, not that he had any idea that there was a Green's *Long*, but to suggest an intimate familiarity with the work.

"No," said Lena, puzzled.

Robert smiled a little to himself. "It's real good," he said. "And couldn't they fight! That Black Prince was a good piece. I'll lend it to you by and by."

"Oh, it's history!" exclaimed Lena, curling her lip disdainfully. "Of course I've learned that, but it wasn't Green's. I know all the kings and queens by heart and all the dates."

It had never occurred to Robert that there might be more than one history of England, and the possibilities suggested by Lena's concluding words brought him rapidly to his bearings. Still he let himself down as gracefully as possible. "It's good reading of an evening," he said lightly. "That Henry the Eighth was a fair terror," he added.

"He was Defender of the Faith," said Lena.

Robert looked thoughtful. "I suppose he was in a way," he admitted; then he made a dart for firmer ground. "But he had a terrible lot of wives."

Lena had nothing to say to this, and Robert, feeling that he had made a point, wisely changed the subject.

"Geoff's got a rare lot of books, Lena," he said, following her to the fence. "When you want something to read, you come to me, and I'll find you a stunner."

Lena made no reply, but when the slip-rail was reached she looked quickly at her companion. "Thank you for these," she said, indicating the articles she was carrying; "but I have a good mind to give you the soap back."

Robert could make nothing of this remark until considerably later in the day, and by that time Mrs. Andersen's washing was probably on the line.

Pine and Geoffrey were still discussing the ploughing. Pine, having had the piece pointed out to him, had cast his eyes about and found a spot easier of accomplishment, and he was now trying to persuade Geoffrey to select the easier site for the plantation.

"I tink much more betterer dis piece," he said. "Why for no?"

"That is the piece I want you to plough, Pine," Geoffrey said with some exasperation for the fourth time; "that, and no other."

"If you prough him, by'm-by rain come and was taters down a hill."

"No," said Geoffrey, "because we intend to nail them in."

"I tink nail no good," Pine replied doggedly; "you want 'em screw."

"Look here, you beggar, I'm not going to have you capping my jokes; take your bullocks and clear out."

Pine groaned. "Where your prough?" he asked.

The plough was got out from under the house, and Pine, after clucking disparagingly around it for awhile, called to the boy to let down the slip-rails.

By the time the porridge was cooked and the fish ready for breakfast, Pine came down carrying the plough-share. He looked heated, and his mouth was contorted from swearing at the bullocks, who, not having done any ploughing for twelve months, were inclined to disregard the necessity for following a straight line.

"Too many rust your prough," he said; "you want to put some more greases on him."

"Have you had breakfast?" Geoffrey asked.

Pine chewed the cud of an early meal of potatoes, looked at the spread table, and replied in the negative.

"Put on your coat then, and sit down. We'll see about the greases by and by."

Pine did as he was bidden, and having discovered by watching the brothers that porridge was eaten with a spoon (this was after a momentary aberration with a knife and fork) he fell to, first helping himself liberally to sugar, pepper, and salt, the latter condiments being added to show a perfect acquaintance with European customs.

"Seen any more of the Reverend Fletcher?" asked Robert.

"I not seen," said Pine; "but my mother's father she seen, and all the people up there very religiously now."

"Where's that?" Robert asked.

"Up to Wairangi. You know the how-you-call 'Vation Army?"

"Salvation Army?"

"That te ferra. My mother's father's people all belonga him dis time. I tink a very good ting dat; p'raps not?" he asked.

Robert nodded. "What do they do?" he asked.

"They sell all deir tings. No cow dere, no riwai,¹ no gum. All te people buy biggy drum and tombones

¹ Potatoes.

and blow him up and down te beach. My mother's father she very ol' man, more'n one hund'ed years, he play te tombones too. When he come down to see us yes'day, he got tombones on his back an' he play all a time. Then by'm-by Kanara's bull he hear him and say, 'Golly, I tink dat cow got belly-ache; I go see'; an' when he see only tombones he very angry, Pshut! My mother's father she clear; Kanara's bull clear afer him. Te ol' man make very quick time and get on top te kumara house. Then he play tombones more'n more an' say, 'Praise Lord!' But Kanara's bull he walk roun' an' roun' an' say, 'By gorry, I get you, I break your burry neck.'

"And how did it all end?"

"By'm-by," said Pine, "'ol' man do the haka,¹ an' while he tance the roof bust up and he fall in the kumara pit. Then when Kanara's bull see, he say, 'Aha! Goo' jhob!' and he go away."

After breakfast the ploughing was resumed, the brothers meanwhile going on with their work of digging up the vegetable garden. For the next couple of hours the only sounds to be heard were the cracking of the bullock-whip and the cries of the driver.

"Cee Hernshaw! Get town, Fretchah! Come here, Mirward! *Come here!* [with rising inflection]. Ah-h! [as the plough ran off]. By clikey, Fretchah, you the bad bur-rock!" Half a minute of silence; then again: "Cee Hernshaw! Cee Moblay! Get town, Tawperry! Ah-h, Fretchah! Damn! Bloomin'!!!"

A loud whistle from the direction of the road attracted the brothers' attention, and shading their eyes from the sun, they saw a young man on a

big bay horse drawn up at their slip-rail.

"Sandy Milward," said Robert, thrusting his spade into the ground and moving off.

The visitor was a young man of fair complexion, with grey-blue eyes and light moustache. The eyes were full of observation and humour, but the cheeks and jaw seemed fixed in an inflexible solemnity. A dog was running at his horse's heels, and he had a gun across the saddle in front of him and a net of game swinging from his shoulder. Both he and his horse were liberally splashed with mud.

"What brings you to this benighted spot?" Geoffrey asked when they had shaken hands.

"I was in the neighbourhood," Sandy said, his eyes roaming critically over the section, "so I thought I might as well look you up. Getting to be strangers a bit, ain't you?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey slowly; "but get off your horse and come in."

Sandy looked meditatively at his dog, who was running in and out amongst the high fern on the margin of the road. "I'm looking for a couple of our beasts," he said. "I'll go as far as the end of the settlement and then come back."

There was a whir from the fern where the dog had disappeared, and two cock pheasants whirled up and sailed across the road. Sandy's horse quivered, then stood like a rock, and a couple of shots brought the birds to the ground.

"What's the matter, Geoff?" Sandy asked quickly, as Robert moved off after the dog.

"Matter?"

"Anything gone wrong with the boat? It's nearly two months since you were down the river."

"The boat's all right, I think,"

¹ Native dance; in this case the war dance of defiance.

Geoffrey replied. "I haven't seen it since we came back from Wairangi that time. We do all our travelling on the road."

"How's that?" Sandy asked, standing up in his stirrups to get a better view of the ploughing.

Geoffrey laughed uneasily. "All my life," he said, "I have had a tendency to go with the stream."

"Well, it runs our way, you know." Sandy took another good look at the ploughing and chuckled solemnly.

"What is it?" asked Geoffrey, preparing to feel amused.

"Oh, nothing. There's plenty of excitement down our way now," he said. "The new parson's making things hum all right."

"I heard something of it. How are the Major and Miss Milward?"

"Old man's tip-top, barring a bad leg. Eve's pretty well too."

"Has she been unwell?"

"No," said Sandy slowly; "health's all right. 'Tisn't that. Well," he broke off, seeing Robert approaching, "I'll see you again directly"; and picking up the reins he rode towards the younger brother. Geoffrey watched him pull up and exchange a word or two with Robert, then they both gazed for a moment or two in the direction of the ploughing; finally Robert came on, bringing the birds with him.

The point about the ploughing which had interested Sandy was the difference in time occupied by Pine in turning over the line on the side where, from the slope of the ground, he was out of sight, and the side where he was in full view of the brothers. The discrepancy seemed to need accounting for, and after Pine had got round the bend Robert ascended the hill to investigate. All along the front slope the bullocks had moved slowly, their heads down, their shoulders set hard into the yoke, but

along the back stretch the ground was apparently easier and the team went forward with much greater celerity. Yet when Pine's quick eye caught sight of one of his employers it seemed that the ground was, after all, of a varying texture, for the bullocks all but came to a standstill under the increased strain. Geoffrey probably would have regarded this fact without suspicion, but Robert, not so easily hoodwinked, strolled over and kicked up the turf. Pine brought the team to a stand.

"How you look?" he asked, his eyes rolling.

"Going a bit light, aren't you?" Robert asked.

"That te good proughing," said Pine confidently; "if too deep then no good."

"Then why are you ploughing it deeper the other side?"

"Where about?"

"Over the other side where we can see you."

"That te other side te hill," Pine explained.

"Yes, but—"

"Your prough no good dis side te hill, no good at all. Where you buy dis prough?"

"If you can plough deep over there, you can plough deep here," was Robert's comment.

Pine looked at the plough and reflected. "You got some more greases down to your place?" he asked at length.

"Oh, gammon!" said Robert. "You get along and plough it the same depth all over."

CHAPTER IV.

"AND how long will it all take?" asked Sandy, later in the afternoon when the ploughing was almost finished.

"About a month, I suppose."

"And after that?"

"Well, there's a good deal of fencing to be done, and then there's the hoeing. I don't know; it seems to go on." Geoffrey looked absently out across the landscape.

"It will if you let it," said Sandy.

"You can't prevent it. How can you? Every stroke of work on a place like this accumulates further work at compound interest. It's a true bill that the curse of God is on the tiller of the soil."

"It's not your style, you know," Sandy said after a pause. "I wonder—but that's not the point. Shall we say this day month?"

Geoffrey gnawed his moustache, his face changing momentarily.

"Yes," he said at last.

"Then that's settled." Sandy rose to his feet, stretched himself and glanced at his horse, who was dozing comfortably, his head over the slip-rail. "By the way," he said,—and Geoffrey knew intuitively that the real object of Sandy Milward's visit was about to be disclosed—"Raymond is leaving us."

"Oh," said Geoffrey. "Sudden?"

"Well, no. He and the old man never exactly hit it off together. It's been coming on for quite a while, but Raymond, though he's a clever chap in his way, was too dense or too conceited to see it. You play chess, don't you?"

"A little."

Sandy made a sound in his throat. "Raymond plays more than a little, and he has no more tact than a bullock. The old man likes a game of chess of an evening, and he has been accustomed to win it. When he doesn't win it he likes two games, and if he wins the second all is well, but if not, then he wants three; also he begins to get polite. Did you ever see the governor when he was polite?"

"He is always polite to me," said Geoffrey.

"Of course, but that's not the sort. When he gets really polite the atmosphere kind of freezes. Most men when they are angry become coarse, but the old man takes on an Arctic refinement. But that ass Raymond has no sense of humour, and he's cold-blooded and unaffected by variations in the temperature; and things being a bit uncomfortable generally, I am going to put him out."

"You have not done so yet then?"

"Not yet, but I have quite made up my mind. You see, the old man ought to be in bed by ten o'clock, then he's up in the morning fresh as a lark, and the place runs on wheels; but they've taken to burning the midnight oil, and everything's upsides in consequence."

"Why not take it over yourself?"

"The chess? I can't make a good enough defence,—that's the trouble; the old man plays too well for nine out of ten, only it happens he's struck the tenth."

Geoffrey smiled.

"I suppose you would consider storekeeping *infra dig.*?" Sandy said suddenly.

"Does that mean you are offering me the job?"

"Raymond's a university man, you know,—so he says."

Geoffrey shrugged his shoulders and looked at Sandy with a slow smile. "I have never suited my employers yet," he said, "and I have had two or three; but I should not be above trying again if I thought, on consideration, I could do both of us justice."

"I'll take the risk if you will," Sandy replied. "There's no bullocking attached to the job; all that'll be done for you. Raymond keeps the books of the station and superintends the store. He seems to have plenty

of time over without neglecting anything. The old man's a bit of a martinet, perhaps, but I never knew a decent chap that couldn't rub along with him. You see," Sandy continued, lowering his voice confidentially, "I've really got the reins in my own hands, but we practise a sort of innocent little formula up there. We consult him, and then he asks us what we think, and whatever it is he agrees to it. That's the system right through, and it acts like clockwork."

"I see," said Geoffrey; "but you don't suppose that he doesn't see through your little artifice, I hope."

Sandy winked solemnly. "Of course he does," he admitted, "but that makes no difference. Bless you, he's as keen as a hawk, but he doesn't really want to be bothered with things; and so long as he has the semblance of authority, and everything goes forward smoothly, he is satisfied."

Geoffrey stood lost in thought. The prospect was sufficiently attractive, but there were reasons why he should hesitate before accepting Sandy's offer. One of them was the section, though that was not the one that first occurred to him. It seemed hard to leave Robert to continue at a task which he himself found distasteful; but it was not distasteful to Robert. Then he would certainly save money, and thus be able to help with the fencing. That alone made it worth while,—perhaps. But it was only three or four days since he had made up his mind to force an interest in the farm, and he had been working hard and was settling down a little more contentedly. It was a pity to go back now, and perhaps have to begin all over again by and by. He doubted if he could work up resolution to accept such a lot a second time. He caught a word in Sandy's remarks, and came out of his reverie with a start.

"The room opens on the side verandah, and has no door leading into the house, so the old man thought he would fix a bell to ring inside in case it might be wanted. He likes little jobs like that, and gets dreadfully interested in them. Well, he'd about got it fixed, when the rope of the step-ladder broke, and he fell and barked his shin."

"Not badly, I hope."

"Pretty bad; but it's a painful thing anyway, and it has made him irritable, because he's an active man and can't stand laying up. But would you believe it, that thundering brute Raymond wins two games out of three all the same. It has come to this: that when the old man crawls out on top, Eve and I want to rush outside and shout 'Victory!' and when he gets beat, as he mostly does, I feel like taking Raymond down the beach and kicking him."

"And why don't you do it?"

"Well, Raymond has the reputation of being a champion full-back, and though he must be a good deal out of practice now, still it's surprising how a knack like that clings to a man."

"Have you really no better reason for wanting to get rid of him than his chess-playing abilities?" Geoffrey asked curiously.

Sandy shifted uneasily. "What's the matter with that for a reason?" he asked.

"You might so easily give him a hint that would solve the trouble."

"If I did that, and it came to the old man's ears, he would never forgive me," Sandy replied. "Then also I want a man I can get on with, and he's not that. I don't like him."

Geoffrey nodded absently.

Sandy stood patiently by till the other came out of his reverie. "Would a month hence be too late for you?" he was asked at length.

"No," he replied, "that would do."

"Well, I will talk it over with Robert, and let you know so soon as we come to a decision."

"Good," said Sandy cheerfully. "Well, I don't want to get caught in the dark. I'll just run over and shake hands with Robert, then I'm off. By the way, there's a note from Eve in the game-bag, and help yourself to a couple of pigeons at the same time."

Sandy crossed over to Robert, and stood talking earnestly for five or ten minutes, while Geoffrey went into the house, and turned the contents of the game-bag out on to the table. The envelope was twisted at one end, and tied to the network, evidently that its delivery might not be overlooked. It was blood-stained, and a momentary anger at Sandy's carelessness stirred him as he cut the string. Suddenly, as he stood looking at his name with the blot of blood across it, there came on him one of those strange, fleeting aberrations which are said to be due to one hemisphere of the brain acting in advance of the other. Something of this had happened before. The impression was momentary, no more than a flash, but as a flash it was vivid. Geoffrey stood for a while trying to reconstruct the experience, endeavouring to refer it to some parallel event in the past; but the more he concentrated his mind on its elucidation the more visionary it became. Finally he opened the letter. The blood had soaked through the envelope, and in accordance with the manner in which the paper was folded its effects were visible at the top and bottom of the sheet. The words came to him at a glance, but they did not occupy his mind, which was fixed on the faint yellowish stain, embracing himself and Eve Milward in a common fate. It was perhaps due to the moment which

had preceded this discovery that its effect on Geoffrey was so pronounced. Though we laugh easily at the superstitious, no man is entirely exempt from the feeling that his own destiny is of special concern. He will readily admit otherwise as a matter of argument, but the feeling will recur at crucial moments, reason notwithstanding. Geoffrey did not ask himself if he should take this as a warning or a direction of Providence as to his future conduct; the effect went deeper than that. As his mind had momentarily slipped from the present into a vague, unrecallable past, so now it slipped forward into an equally vague future, when the coincidence was to establish itself among realities. A sort of mental powerlessness seemed gradually to creep upon him. The room darkened, assuming a mysterious, impenetrable vastness and gloom. Involuntarily he threw out his arms, striving to thrust back a tangle as of network that threatened to enmesh him in its folds. The effect of the physical action was instantaneous; he was again back in the narrow room, with the afternoon sunlight streaming through the open doorway. This trick of the imagination was less real to Geoffrey than its relation in so many words might lead the reader to suppose. It was but as if he had closed his eyes and suffered a vivid fancy to play with the horror which the blood-stain had evoked. He smiled a little grimly as he again turned his eyes on the letter. The imagination he had sometimes tried to enslave in the cause of art remained unhackled and his master; that was all.

DEAR MR. HEENSHAW,—Sometime ago you offered to lend me Darwin's *ORIGIN OF SPECIES*. I did not express any eagerness then, because our household has always accepted evolution, much as we accept gravitation and other things we

know perhaps equally little about, and one does not require proof of what one never hears questioned. I have a reason, however, for desiring to see the book now, if you are still able and willing to let me do so.

Your name is frequently on Major Milward's lips, and we are hoping that it is not indisposition which is to blame for the fact that we have not seen you for such a time.

I have laid particular injunctions on my brother as to the safeguarding of your book in transit.

With kind regards to yourself and Robert, believe me, yours sincerely,
EVE MILWARD.

Geoffrey found the book, wrapped it up, and fastened it to the game-bag; then he took the latter outside and hung it on a post by the patiently waiting horse. He did this so that there should be no need for Sandy to re-enter the house, and having accomplished it, he went into his bedroom and shut the door. He had ceased to notice the stains on the paper now, and his mind was occupied in an endeavour to arrive at the reasons which had dictated the writing of the letter itself.

Dear Mr. Hershaw, — the word was conventional, of course — of course. One does not require proof of what one never hears questioned. I have a reason, however, for desiring to see the book now. Then it has been questioned; by whom? She has a certain amount of belief in him, or she would not trouble to follow it up. The next paragraph is conventional again, put in to prevent the note appearing too one-sided; that's plain. Or is there something behind that too? No, we get back to the book—the book's the thing. *Yours sincerely, Eve.* Suddenly he raised the letter passionately to his lips.

"What is the use of trying to

deceive myself any longer? If I go it will be because of her, and for no other reason. I have let myself drift into this, fool that I am! There was but this folly left for me to commit, and now it also has come to pass. Of course they wonder at my absence; for months there was not a week but I blundered into the flame. If I went back to-morrow, not five minutes would pass before she would be more myself than I am. It is so now. I am her slave. There is no deceiving myself as to what going there means. It will be with my eyes open. It will be my last stake. Her father is a wealthy man; I have nothing. He is a successful man; I am a failure. Those are two business-like reasons why I should wish to marry her. Then if I go, it will be as her father's hired man; that will always be a pleasing reflection. I foresee that I shall have a good time chewing that. Do I mean to go? It seems that I have never wanted anything in my life till now. Certainly no other woman,"—his thoughts checked themselves, and he frowned,—"not wealth, not rank. This is the one thing I have asked of destiny, or shall ask. Nothing seemed to matter till now, but now I see how everything has mattered all the time. What chances I have had, and how I have fooled them away! Is this a chance, or what is it? And shall I fool it away, or what?"

His musing was interrupted by a sound without, and looking through the window he caught sight of Sandy disappearing down the road.

Putting on his hat and coat, Geoffrey left the house and crossed over to his brother. "I shall not be long, Robert," he said; "I am going as far as Mr. Gird's."

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A ST. ANDREWS MAN.

WHEN the North British train for Dundee swings on to the points at Leuchars Junction, you may catch, if you are quick, a view between the hillocks of an obscure patch of grey surmounted by three tall towers. That is St. Andrews. I think that no St. Andrews man, however often he passes over those points, fails to look for the place. As for me, after all these years, I experience, at that little glimpse of the town, a physical thrill in the spine which only certain chords of music and certain passages in the Old Testament can cause me to feel. I suppose that one would be so affected by the sight of any place where, in the first ecstasy of complete freedom from the restraint of parents, guardians, and tutors, one threw away the golden hours of youth, utterly happy in the day, utterly careless of the morrow. As the train brings me into fuller view of the town a sort of enthusiasm attacks me. I am quite conscious that my heart beats more quickly, that my face is getting flushed. Not all the big new hotels and houses down by the sea can rob St. Andrews of this power over me. As I step upon the platform of the station I seem to enter into a possession, and I cannot contain myself till I have taken a tour of the streets and made my mind easy as to the continued existence of the ancient marks.

The lodging of a St. Andrews student is called his bunk. North Street is a street of bunks, and it was in North Street that I bunked with my cousin John. We lived there rather royally. The student of

tradition abandons field-work on the paternal croft towards the end of October, slings a barrel of oatmeal in his plaid over his shoulder, and trudges away to the College, provisioned for the Session. The type to-day is very rare. Certainly John and I, who had proud stomachs and indulgent parents, slept soft enough and ate soft enough. Miss Beattie was our landlady. She made superlative porridge, but her omelettes were weak. Weak, did I say? They were strong as the woollen pancake that we used to scramble for at Westminster on a Shrove Tuesday. And their foundation was Finnan haddock. Keep Miss Beattie to plain fare and she had not her equal. Bid her give her fancy it's head and she would surprise you. Her joints were done to a miracle, but her kromeskiees—

The furniture of the room where we fed, smoked, drank, sang, wrote indifferent verses for COLLEGE ECHOES and shocking prose for the Professor of Humanity (Latin), was of unreal mahogany and uncompromising horse-hair. It was uneasy furniture with lumps in it. China dogs of great antiquity stood on the mantel-piece. They had witnessed the comings and goings of several generations of students. Their eyes were set wide open in a constant stare of surprise, and they wore gold collars and chains. On the walls hung two pictures. David played before Saul above the sideboard; the Genius of Poetry called Burns from the Plough just over the harmonium (the instrument, Miss Beattie called it), on which we

accompanied our choruses. The clock had an assertive tick, and kept the best time it could.

If you look out of the window you can see the whole grey length of the street. Slate and stone, stone and slate, and a square tower where hangs the bell, Kate Kennedy, which calls the student from his slumbers to his toil. At the end, shutting out all sight of the sea, stands the ruin of a matchless Cathedral which men reared to the Glory of God and pulled down to the glory of John Knox, the saviour of his country, they say, but plainly a pestilent fellow with little of the artist in his composition.

When John and I first pulled over our shoulders the gown of scarlet baize with purple velvet collar we became Bejants and our trenchers bore tassels of fine blue silk. A Bejant is a first year's man, a freshman. At Aberdeen he is a Bajan. The meaning of neither word is self-evident; but we believe (and I for one will still put my hand in the fire for this derivation) that their origin is to be sought in the French *bec-jaune*, signifying yellow-nose, greenhorn, tomfool, jack-ass, or any other common noun denoting an imbecility which can alone excuse a total ignorance of college etiquette in those who have had no opportunity of studying it.

That tassel is to be noticed. By their tassels ye shall know the four years, Bejants, Semis, Tertians, and Magistrands; blue for the Bejant, red for the Semi, black for the Tertian, and gold, bright gold, for the Magistrand, the Gerundive Master of Arts.

The average age of our Bejant year was sixteen years and three months, but at the opening lecture of the Humanity Class there were many students much older than that. The room where we obtained our introduction to university life was filled

with a crowd of one hundred and fifty boys ranging in age from sixteen to twenty. They were singing when we entered a song whose chorus consisted of loud vowel sounds, and may go down in writing thus, *With a ki-yi-yi-yi-yah!* We took our seats modestly, bearing ourselves humbly towards our seniors as good Bejants should do.

There is no one whom a distinguished air leaves more entirely unimpressed than a Scottish student. My friend Mr. Stewart of Colconquhar, a young man of gentle birth and great possessions, has told me that, fresh from Sedbergh, he attended the first lecture of his first year class at Glasgow. He marked, among the roaring mob which surrounded him, the red hair and sprouting whiskers of a vast bulk, clad in homespun, which beat time to *Moriar Melpomene* with a fist that shook the desk as a sledge-hammer might have done. Suddenly this fearful wild-fowl caught sight of Mr. Stewart and, ceasing his bellowings, slid along the bench and thus accosted him. "Weel, ma mannie, an' whut's yew're name?"

"Ah," replied the new comer, a little loftily, "Stewart, Henry Stewart."

"Aweel, Hairry," said the other, putting his inflamed countenance within an inch of the boy's nose, "A'll hae ye ken there's mair Stewarts than yew in the worruld. A'm yin tae," and so, having put Mr. Stewart in his place, he resumed his vociferations.

An elderly gentleman (to return to the Humanity Class) in carpet slippers, wearing a patriarchal beard, came suddenly out of the retiring-room and climbed on to the platform amidst a thunder of stamping. For the space of a minute he smiled upon us, beaming indulgently, stroking his beard, and, from time to time, thrusting at his scalp with the point of a

penholder. Still the tumult went on unabated and when it continued I began to think that we might be overdoing the thing. However popular a Professor may be, three minutes is quite long enough for his students to testify their esteem, at any rate by stamping on the floor. The learned man seemed to think so too, for he held up his hand to command silence.

And now broke forth Pandemonium itself. To the stamping was added the smiting of desks with books, the loud shouting of lusty lads, the finger-whistle, the cat-call. Again the Professor held up a hand, two hands, and uttered words inaudible. Presently, among that chaos of all the Cacophonies, there became distinguishable, as it were a nucleus, a note of order and rhythm, which won upon the unregulated tumult, imposing itself little by little, gathering to itself a voice here, stilling a desk-thumper there, till it took shape at last and was recognisable as singing. At one moment the new element in this Devil's concert was struggling for its life. At the next it had triumphed. Caught up by one hundred and fifty loud and unmusical voices it swelled out suddenly into the International Anthem of the European student—

Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus.

Three verses were sung while the Professor stood helpless. Then came absolute silence, and the lecture was allowed to proceed.

Imagine such a scene when Mr. Potts delivers his opening lecture on Constitutional History in the hall at Christchurch. But St. Andrews and Oxford differ, the one from the other, as widely as it is possible for two British Universities to do. A lecture at St. Andrews is little more than a large school-class. The students, at

any rate those of the first two years, construe in turn the portion of Homer, Virgil, Livy, or Thucydides which has been given them for preparation. They receive marks for their work and are placed at regular intervals of time. At the end of the session the top boy gets the prize. It is no more than a class in school. Outside the University buildings the difference is even wider. Once in the street the student is at complete liberty. He lives in lodgings, owns a latch-key, and, if he comes home after nine in the evening, there is no sliding scale of petty fines till midnight, and, later, no rustication. There are no proctors, no bull-dogs. He is not called upon to wear academic costume when he goes abroad at night. He may smoke as he walks about in his gown. As a rule his only enemy is the policeman. The *Senatus Academicus* rarely interferes with his amusements out of doors; but he must not insult his professors.

And here I may usefully relate the midnight adventure of Professor Leslie. This poor gentleman was, early one morning, roused from sleep by a hammering upon his front door and the sound of roaring voices. On opening his window to enquire the cause of this most unusual disturbance he was shocked to observe two members of the University who, in an advanced stage of liquor, supported each other upon his doorstep and dared him to come out. One of these young men, the Professor noticed with pain, had recently been admitted to St. Mary's College, the Divinity Hall. In the other he seemed to recognise one of the most prominent members of the Rugby team. Professor Leslie, with pardonable indignation, bade them begone, and had they observed his directions, I dare swear nothing more would have been heard of the matter. But they replied to him;

they slandered him in language which caused the chaste moon to veil her face. This was not to be borne, and the Professor, withdrawing his head, hurried on some clothes, determined to assure himself of their identity. When he reached the doorstep it was void, but far in the distance two figures, mutually helpful, could be seen making their tortuous way along the pavement. Professor Leslie, in the most unconsidered of attire, set out in pursuit. He overtook the boon companions outside No. 2 Tweedside Place.

In this house dwelt two students. One, Reid, a hard worker and soon to be called to the Ministry, occupied the ground-floor room and on this night of nights read late. Already he had suffered from the visits of the sociable and was in no mood to brook further distraction. Upstairs lodged Cameron, who, having learned that afternoon that he had been successful in passing the B.D. examination, now celebrated this event in his own peculiar way. He was at the moment when Professor Leslie arrived outside the house, rather more than half-way through his second pint of whiskey.

The Professor caught the football player by the shoulder. "It is you, Mr. Archibald," he said. "I must report you to the Senatus for this disgraceful conduct."

Mr. Archibald, always good-tempered, caused the street to reverberate with the Professor's Christian name. "Tommy," he roared, "here's Tommy! Ha'e a dram, Tommy"; and he presented a bottle to his Professor.

Reid, the student, aware of an uproar outside his window, assumed that his friends were back again, and running out into the roadway, seized Professor Leslie by the collar. "Look here, you fellows," he cried, "I won't have this. You're always coming making beasts of yourselves outside here."

And now the upstairs window was flung wide open, and Cameron appeared, glass in hand, gloriously drunk. "Who says I'm not better than the Prophet Ezekiel?" he enquired loudly. "Proph't Eskiell was never a B.D. and I'm a jolly B.D. Who says," he again asked, "I'm not brnprofzekel?"

No one offered to combat his proposition, but the Professor fled.

With this matter the Senatus did subsequently deal, but I think the infliction of a fine or the suspension of a Bursary was considered sufficient punishment. In Oxford, apart from the impossibility of such an incident taking place there, the offenders would probably have gone down for a term, perhaps for ever. No; so far as personal liberty is concerned the Scots student is vastly better off than the English. It is surprising, considering his tender age, that he comes to so little harm. Perhaps the grandmotherly protection which the English University throws over her undergraduates is a mistake. I can witness at any rate that of the men that I have known at St. Andrews I can think of only one who has not made a good place for himself since he went down.

The centre of student life is the Union Building, most of which was presented to the students by the late Marquis of Bute. In the early days of this club its premises were to be found in the Imperial Temperance Hotel. One wing of the building, which was not in use during the winter months, was set apart for the students' use. A green baize door shut them off from the hotel proper. They had their own entrance, their own billiard, smoking, and committee rooms. The arrangement was convenient enough, and as the students were supposed never to pass the green baize door the visitors to the hotel

saw nothing of them. But once a lady who was climbing the hotel staircase on her way to her bed was confronted on the second landing by Mr. Arthur Dobie, the politest man in the University. Mr. Dobie had no earthly business in that place, and it is only fair to him to say that he had lost his way and was infinitely desirous of getting back to the Union billiard-room. With an impressive civility which no man of his time could equal, he bade her good-evening and begged her assistance in his dilemma. The poor woman, much alarmed, cried out loudly that there was a drunken man in the hotel. This pained Mr. Dobie very much. Steadying himself by the banister as he swayed towards her in a most ceremonious bow, he said: "No, Madam, *not* a drunk man; an intoxicated g'emman." With a superb gesture he passed on his way down stairs and left her, if she pleased, to reflect upon the comparative value of words.

The social advantages which St. Andrews offered to a student were, in my day, considerable. A man may pass four years in Oxford without ever encountering a woman more highly educated than his landlady. In the article of society the college is all-sufficing. But there were many ladies in St. Andrews who were, in the phrase which was current, "kind to the students." In other words they organised parties to which other ladies, who could not undertake the burden of hospitality, came in large numbers to assist in the good work of polishing the raw material of Scottish manhood. In due course my cousin John and I were bidden, and went, to one of these festivities.

The room, when we arrived, already contained twenty students, a callow brood of fledglings, who stood by the door in a compact mass. Further into the room they would not go, nor might all the efforts of the thirty conscien-

tious ladies who sat about on the chairs draw one of them from among his fellows. They were fearful of the polishing process, yet stood, as if at the gates of Paradise, loth to leave the house, and not without envy of the two or three bolder and older spirits who, with a young Minister, and two Colonels (on half-pay) moved easily among the ottomans. Now and then our hostess would descend upon the huddled wretches and lead one of them away with her, to leave him, a moment later, palpitating by the side of some mature lapidary who took him in hand, set her wheel going, and began to polish him without delay. Presently a Students' Chorus was suggested and the poor boys were driven, *en masse*, to the piano where they rendered POLLY HILL without enthusiasm and without success. It is odd that students should return to these ghastly entertainments; but they do, and, odder still, they learn in one session themselves to penetrate in among the ottomans — all praise to the good women who work the change!

And now, a word about Mr. McManus. Though the Bejant is shy as a hawk and awkward as your left hand itself, it is rare that he comes out with anything very remarkable. He is generally too miserable to speak at all. But Mr. McManus was neither shy nor miserable. He had passed some sessions at Glasgow, and, quite at his ease and intent on saying something kind to his host he remarked, in that curious lilting sing-song which marks the West Country man: "Eh, Principal D., this is a graun' room of yours, but ye ken its no sae graun' as Principal C.'s at Glasga." It was this same McManus who said of Shakespeare, "Ay, he writes a good piece."

But if these boys feel sadly uncomfortable at an At Home it is a different matter at a Spree. A spree is a private festivity. If it is organised in connec-

tion with one of the College Societies it is dignified by the name of a *Gaudeamus*. In either case its nature is the same. It is, or I should say, it was,—for of the spree of to-day I have no knowledge—a drunken debauch, though, curiously enough, the Total Abstinence Society, whose existence in the University was certainly not uncalled for, had the wildest sprees of all. The first is almost historic. This Society began in my day. It succeeded to a colourless enterprise called the Temperance Society which admitted the moderate drinker. When I arrived in St. Andrews this thing was on its last legs. It's credit was gone, it's financial condition was desperate, it's members were nearly all moderate drinkers. None can say how it came to an end, but one day it was not. Then arose the Total Abstinence Society, all strict abstainers. It made a good start by getting one of the great men of the Temperance Movement to address its opening meeting. It caught the University eye; numbers joined it, and it began to flourish exceedingly. Then it occurred to its leaders that a Teetotal *Gaudeamus*, carried out on lines of the strictest sobriety, would form a valuable lesson to the unconvinced. If they could show that conviviality does not depend for its existence upon alcohol, what a step would be gained for principle. They proceeded to give practical effect to that sentiment which is best expressed in the lines :

Oh, how I love a social glass !

So do I, so do I.

It makes the time so merrily pass ;
But it must be filled with water.

The Teetotal spree was gloriously successful, of that there is no manner of doubt. What happened during the actual festival I do not know, but its aftermath was striking. At half-past ten thirty-five enthusiasts

issued forth upon as damp and chilly a night as ever cursed the Kingdom of Fife, and, sober as lords, passed through the town to the pierhead, singing, shouting, cheering—yes, and dancing. No element of disorder was wanting to complete the proof of their theory.

At an ordinary spree it was customary to begin the evening by winding up our watches, after which we supped. We ate mutton pies, cheese, apples, bread, raisins, scones, and ham ; we drank beer, porter, and whiskey. A kettle sang on the hob ; a bottle of coffee-essence stood on the sideboard, and there were lemons in the press. We talked politely to each other of athletics, of politics, of Shakespeare, and even of the musical glasses. And when we had put from us the desire of meat we fell to drinking in a manner that would have surprised the ladies of the At Homes, while the conversation flowed from us with a freedom that would have entirely staggered them ; nor would they have recognised the choruses that we sang. At midnight, if it were a Saturday, we rose solemnly (so many of us as were able), chanted a psalm and went to bed,—surely the queerest fruit of Scottish Sabbatarianism. On any other night we remained together until the last drop of liquor was drained, and then (again so many of us as were able) we went, unless it rained too hard, to the pierhead where was played the last act of all good sprees. There, at three or four of a Scottish winter morning, I have often gone, with half-a-dozen stout-headed heroes, to celebrate in song the immortal peck of maut that Wullie brewed for Rab and Allan, while the fisher-folk by the harbour turned in their beds and cursed “they daft student bodies,” and the pale moon looked down on St.

Regulus's tower, and the big grey rollers climbed up the stones to fall back again with a sigh for the folly of youth.

Folly of youth, folly of youth! Oh, for an hour of it! How shall we regain that first fine careless rapture? The vile years have swallowed it up for ever. Even were it possible for a middle-aged and respectable person to risk his health once more in such circumstances, it is certain that he would get no joy out of doing it. The east wind, which in that far-off time passed harmlessly through his slender person and went on its way, would to-day remain with him to chill his liver or touch his lungs. Most of those good comrades now lead blameless lives in scattered country mansees, rearing sons (yes, and daughters) for St. Andrews, and in no circumstances could they be reunited, least of all upon the pierhead. No, that page is turned down,—for good.

This paper of mine is beginning to rival Sir John Falstaff's tavern bill, for there is an intolerable deal of sack in it. But it must not be thought that we did nothing at St. Andrews but consume whiskey. A considerable amount of application to books was necessary, for the work which we had to do for our classes, and indirectly for our degrees, was not light. Classics, mathematics, logic, psychology, and natural and moral philosophy,—in each of these the student had to pass an examination the standard of which was fairly high, and men rarely left the University without graduating. When we broke out, we broke out with a will; but as a rule we led sober and industrious lives, and the spree marked some halting-place in our toil, the end of a term, a class examination finished, when self-restraint might be thrown off without fear of endangering our ultimate success for the Master's degree.

We cultivated moreover the liberal arts. Debating claimed two Societies, the Literary and the Classical. Now they are amalgamated, very much, I fancy, to the benefit of St. Andrews oratory. At the time of which I speak they were fierce rivals. The debating was not of a high order. The attendance was small and in consequence the speaking suffered. A St. Andrews poet has written of the time when

My ready made opinions upon all things
under Heaven
I declaimed, with sound and fury, to an
audience of eleven.

And eleven was, I should say, a fair average attendance, at any rate in the Society to which I adhered. It is difficult for a dozen people to debate in a class-room which would hold them five times over. It is a cold-blooded business. The speaker can feel none of the excitement which a crowded meeting inspires. It is impossible for him to awake enthusiasm in such an audience. It weighs his words too impartially, it examines his statements too closely. It is a good school enough, but its scholars are apt to play truant. Once in the session the two Societies held an open debate in the College Hall. To this the public was admitted. It was always purely political in character, and in form it was a conflict of the Liberal and Conservative principles. But, in truth, it was more of a contest between the Literary and the Classical Societies. The leading men of each opened, seconded, and summed up in the debate, and very often the speaking reached a high level. But it did nothing to encourage latent talent, which, intimidated by the chill atmosphere of the weekly debate, was still more shy of venturing to open its mouth on this great occasion.

The drama flourished exceedingly under the guidance of the Professor of Greek. It is quite impossible to estimate the amount of care which this gentleman and his wife took in the preparation of the annual play. They placed their services entirely at the disposal of the Dramatic Society, and it is not too much to say that without such services the Society would have been impotent. I am glad to think that the ungrudging labour which they underwent in its behalf was not entirely unrewarded, for the acting often was more than meritorious. Those who saw the first production of *TWELFTH NIGHT*, in which, I think, the Society touched its high-water mark under that management, will admit that, for an amateur performance, it was very good. Nor will they easily forget the tempest of cheering which greeted the statement of the Sea Captain that he

was bred and born
Not three 'oors' travel from this vera
place—

which, indeed, was self-evident.

The play of the next session was *DON CESAR DE BAZAN*. The part of the King of Spain was undertaken by one Robertson. It is neither arduous nor attractive, but Robertson, whose first leading part it was, made, let us say, the most of it both in and out of rehearsal. He could indeed talk and think of nothing else. No one was safe from him. He would seize upon men in the Union to tell them of his part, his conception of it, its importance relative to the other parts, his doubts about it, his qualifications for undertaking it, its limitations, its possibilities, its length, its breadth, its height, and its cubic capacity. This ultra-solicitude which Robertson displayed drove certain fiends in human shape to perpetrate what was, I think, the cruellest prac-

tical joke that I have ever known. On the morning of the first performance St. Andrews was billed from end to end with large posters urging people to *Come in their thousands to see Mr. Robertson as the King*. This was bad enough. It drove poor Robertson very nearly out of his wits with chagrin and fury. He was for throwing up the part, which was, of course, out of the question. He was for thrashing the offenders, which was a suggestion much more practical, but, as they retained a strict incognito, equally impossible. By the evening he had been brought to a better frame of mind; everyone had united to condemn the base action and he was almost restored to equanimity.

The audience assembled; each actor put the last touches to his make-up; the stage was set; the prompter was in his place. The green curtain which concealed the drop-scene was rolled up, and a shout arose which shook the windows of the Town Hall. There, pinned in the very centre of the drop-scene, entirely concealing its handsome classical landscape, was a vast sheet of paper on which in the boldest of lettering were the fatal words: *Mr. Robertson as The King. Come in your thousands.*

In this horrid crisis Robertson displayed amazing courage. No one who has not played a theatrical part can realise the effort which it must have cost him to act at all. But he did it. The audience, whose sympathy, after its first wild and unrestrainable hilarity had subsided, had instantly been his, gave him a magnificent reception. Braced to his task, and feeling that the house was with him, he excelled himself, played his part with dignity and success, and turned into a veritable triumph a circumstance from which the jesters must have anticipated a complete disaster.

Had I the space, and the reader the patience, this article might be prolonged indefinitely. There are a hundred memories ready to my hand. I could write of the Raisin Fair in November when the unwary Bejant, venturing among the booths, was seized by the Magistrand and forced to pay toll, one pound of raisins, getting in exchange a receipt in dog-Latin which freed him for ever more from the impost. I could tell of the University Volunteer Battery, how it trundled, with wooden handspikes, the poor old harmless cannons on the cliff above the fisher-town, and so learned to repel the invader. I could take the reader up the Kenley Burn, through some soft clear day in early April when the little trout should be wild for the March-brown, and the creel, I promise him, should be heavy when, about half-past four, we struck the high road together at Stravithie. Or I could invite him, if he should not be a fisherman, to sit with myself and a very good friend among the bents on the sandhills, with the sea like a turquoise, save for the league

of creamy foam (where the little waves curl over), with the first hot sun of the year on our backs, and the savour of bird's-eye in our nostrils, a-planning what we should do with the seven months' vacation that is almost upon us.

But I seem to see the large editorial pen, with a big round full stop on it's point, hanging imminent over these random histories of mine. Let them draw to an end ere it fall. I have shown you half-a-dozen pictures of my life at St. Andrews, but I have given you no conception of the fascination which the adorable little town possessed and still possesses for us, its students. I can exhibit one hundred and fifty lads singing *Gaudeamus*, but I cannot supply the peculiar emotion with which an old student hears that song. I can ask you, in short, to look out of the railway carriage as we go by Leuchars, but I cannot expect you to be thrilled as the College and the Cathedral towers show for an instant across the estuary of the Eden.

W. QUILLIAM.

THE CASE FOR A REDISTRIBUTION BILL

To those who have, like myself, written and spoken for some years past in favour of the re-adjustment of the representation of the United Kingdom in the House of Commons, the statement recently made by the Prime Minister that the subject "has engaged and is engaging the most anxious attention of His Majesty's Government," is most gratifying. That statement evidently was not dictated by expediency or a mere desire to save an awkward situation raised by a question from the Government benches. In these circumstances Mr. Balfour would doubtless have used less emphatic language, which, indeed, would have served such a purpose equally well. His answer, however, has in it that tone of sincerity which is too often lacking in Ministerial utterances; and the language he deliberately employed upon that occasion suggests that, although the Government as a whole are in full sympathy with those who are pressing upon them this urgently-needed reform, there is some serious obstacle in the way of giving it statutory sanction, but that, nevertheless, an honest attempt is being made by them collectively to surmount it.

The consensus of opinion among the great bulk of the members of both Houses of Parliament, and of the electors of the United Kingdom, declares that a scheme of redistribution of seats is imperatively necessary in the interests of what has been called the Predominant Partner. Five years ago I was the first to call public attention to the fact that, upon the basis of the total Electorate, Ireland

returned thirty-three members of Parliament more than her fair proportion; that England was under-represented to the same extent, but that Scotland and Wales, although needing some internal readjustment, were entitled practically to the number of members they respectively return to the House of Commons at present.¹ In that article I suggested a scheme of redistribution which has, at least, the merit of removing the main anomalies and, at the same time, disturbing but comparatively few of the parliamentary divisions. A couple of years later I showed that in the interval the evil complained of had appreciably increased.² Since then several persons, notably Sir Henry Kimber, have taken the question up and pressed it upon the attention of the Government with considerable insistence. Any attempt at this stage, therefore, to argue the case for redistribution would be unnecessary and unprofitable.

The obstacle in question cannot be that the members of the Government are not convinced of the need of reform in the direction indicated. On the contrary, I think I am not wrong in stating that every member if not of the Government, certainly of the Cabinet, has publicly admitted the need of a redistribution of seats. Nor do I think it can be fairly objected that the age and expectation of life (to make use of an actuarial figure) of the Administration renders the present an inopportune time for

¹ THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, September, 1899.

² THE EMPIRE REVIEW, January, 1902.

promoting a measure, which may dislocate the parliamentary representation of several constituencies, and even determine for ever the existence of not a few. True, this Parliament is still in its prime, considered in point of years, but its opponents have continuously alleged for the past twelve months, and not it must be admitted without some reason, that it is in a moribund condition. Indeed even its most devoted friends awaited with grave apprehension the issue of more than one crisis which arose during that anxious period. With consummate skill Mr. Balfour rallied those recalcitrant followers who were powerless to resist the influence of his personality, and he was followed into the division lobbies on important occasions by substantially his normal majority. The tonics, however, which he administered, although they proved temporarily effective, have evidently failed to correct that lassitude in his party which has now become chronic, and an acute development of which may at any moment induce the untimely demise of his Government. Clearly then the accepted time for redistribution is the present. Nor can it be said that the Government have not for the moment sufficient vitality left to pass such a Bill, in view of their large majorities in the divisions of the highly contentious Licensing Bill, which, on the one hand, was strongly opposed by some of their most loyal followers, and on the other hand received the support of none of the Opposition.

In my view the only obstacle that can lie in the path of redistribution is the Constitutional aspect of the question. It is now an open secret that there is at least one member of the Cabinet, whose views upon this question cannot be disregarded, who has grave doubts of the competency of Parliament to abrogate, or even

alter, the terms of the compact embodied in the Act passed in 1800 for the union of Great Britain and Ireland. My object, therefore, in writing this article is to discuss the question from that standpoint.

The reform under discussion may be regarded for all practical purposes as affecting only Ireland and England. Assuming that it is decided to allot to each country that proportion of representation to which it is entitled, that object can only be effected in one or other of two ways. Parliament may simply increase the strength of the House of Commons to such an extent as would admit of England being allotted the number of seats to which she is fairly entitled, calculated upon the only true basis of electorate, which, it may be observed, would be more favourable to Ireland than the basis of population. This scheme would have the great advantage of obviating the need to reduce the number of Irish members and, therefore, would disarm all opposition from a Constitutional point of view. It, however, would swell the House of Commons to unwieldy dimensions. If Ireland be entitled to return her present one hundred and three members it follows that Great Britain should return nine hundred and eight members to Westminster. The total number of popularly elected representatives would be increased from six hundred and seventy to one thousand and eleven. Now if there is one thing upon which politicians of every shade of opinion are agreed, it is that the number of members of the House of Commons cannot be further increased without seriously impairing, if not destroying, the efficiency of our representative machine. In these circumstances it may safely be assumed that such a scheme of reform will never be proposed by any responsible Minister, but no person will

suggest that this scheme would be open to any Constitutional objection.

The only other way to adjust the representation is by a reduction of the total number of members returned by Irish constituencies, and a corresponding increase in the representation of England, as distinguished from Great Britain.

That Parliament has inherent power to effect such reduction seems clear on the authorities. Coke claims unlimited legislative authority for Parliament.¹ Mr. Dicey's view is that: "Parliament has the right to make and unmake any law whatever, and no person or body is recognised by the law of England as having a right to override or set aside the legislation of Parliament."² The late Rt. Hon. Mr. Ball, Lord Chancellor of Ireland in the Beaconsfield ministry, whose opinion always carried great weight, states that:

According to the Constitutional principle accepted by the highest English legal authorities, the legislative jurisdiction of Parliament was of a high and transcendent nature. It had been exercised to change the dynasty; to remodel the succession to the Crown; to supersede the establishment of one form of religion and declare that another widely different should be professed by the nation. Parliament had even altered its own Constitution.³

Mr. Todd also enunciates the same principle in, if possible, clearer language:

It is equally certain that a parliament cannot so bind its successors by the terms of any statute as to limit the discretion of a future parliament and thereby disable the legislature from entire freedom of action at any time when it might be needful to invoke the interposition of parliament to legislate for the public welfare. . . . No court of law

would venture to question the right of parliament to legislate in any case or upon any question, or presume to assert that any Act of the Imperial Parliament was *ultra vires*.¹

But it may be urged, assuming that Parliament has the power contended for, it would be a breach of faith to reduce the number of Irish representatives below that fixed by the Act of Union, which it must be remembered was one hundred and not one hundred and three, the number of members returned at present. That depends upon whether it was the intention of the two Parliaments, the parties to the Articles of Union, that the number of Irish members should never be less than one hundred for all time. No such intention is expressed in the Act of Union, and if such really were in contemplation, one would expect to find clear and unequivocal language employed, as, indeed, is in fact employed in the Fifth Article, which insured the perpetual existence of the Established Church; but clear and unequivocal language is not to be found in reference to the representation. We are, therefore, forced to construe the Act, and if it receives literal interpretation, then any increase or diminution of the number fixed would be an infraction of the Act and treaty. Surely a literal reading cannot commend itself to politicians in view of the interference of Parliament in the Act 2 and 3 William the Fourth, c. 88, pursuant to the provision of which the boroughs of Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, Galway, and Trinity College, Dublin, each received an additional member, thus bringing the representation up to one hundred and five, not to mention other interferences. The Act of Union must be construed, I submit, like any

¹ FOURTH INSTITUTE, p. 86.

² LAW OF THE CONSTITUTION, p. 88.

³ Ball's LEGISLATIVE SYSTEMS, p. 188.

¹ Todd's PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT OF THE COLONIES, p. 246, *et seq.*

other statute, namely, with a view to ascertain, and give effect to, the intention of the legislative authority which enacted it; and it seems to me that the speeches delivered prior to the Union and in reference thereto throw much light upon the subject by furnishing the principle upon which the respective representation of the two countries was arrived at. Mr. Pitt, who subsequently introduced the Bill, clearly stated the basis upon which the number was fixed in the debate in the Commons on the King's message respecting a Union with Ireland :

At the same time when it is necessary that the number should be fixed it is necessary to have recourse to some principle to guide our determination, and I am not aware of any one that can more properly be adopted than that which was laid down in the discussion upon this part of the subject in the Parliament of Ireland; I mean a reference to the supposed population of the two countries and to the proposed rate of contribution. . . . So that the result upon a combination of these two will be something more than five to one in favour of Great Britain, which is about the proportion that it is proposed to establish between the representatives of the two countries.

In the same debate Gray laid down the general principles of Irish representation: "Without considering indeed what is the precise number of Irish representatives, it may be said generally of the number of the representative body that it ought to be analogous to the population of the country." That this was the recognised principle, and was put forward as the basis of the number one hundred, further appears from the speech by Dr. Lawrence in opposition to the Fourth Article: "The basis," he said, "of population and contribution were such as had never been heard of until this moment." Mr. Windham's speech also supports this view. Speaking on the same article he said: "The popu-

lation of Ireland was double that of Scotland and the contribution of Ireland was more than double, and as these two points combined formed the basis of the proportion (100) it would be found to come as near the truth as possible."

Manifestly, therefore, it was present to the minds of the members of both Houses of Commons that the basis upon which the number of Irish members was fixed by the Act of Union was population and constitution; and as, in all human experience, the sum of these two factors is never constant, the framers of the Union must be deemed to have contemplated a probable change in the Irish representation, in direct proportion to the basis upon which it was admittedly calculated. I have carefully read the various speeches delivered in both Houses of Parliament, but certainly have failed to find any language that would even lend colour to the contention that the one hundred members was to be an irreducible minimum.

But reform in the highest representation is objected to on the grounds that the Fourth Article of Union secures to Ireland an indefensible right to send one hundred members to St. Stephen's for all time. This objection was urged in the debates upon the proposal to disestablish the Irish Church, which ultimately became law in 1869; but that it was neither seriously put forward nor seriously entertained is patent to any one who has taken the trouble to read the many debates upon the question. Mr. Gladstone saw no Constitutional objection to an amendment of the Act of Union; and, indeed, early in his career when strongly opposed to that very principle of which in later years he became the ardent and successful advocate, he never supported his opposition by suggesting any Constitutional difficulty. Neither did Mr.

Disraeli, yet if such an objection could properly be made it certainly would have been raised by that protagonist of the Constitution. Speaking in one of the debates on the Disestablishment question he said :

I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles of Union between the two nations are irreversible. I have not for a moment pretended that the Articles of Union and the great Acts of Parliament which were passed to carry them into effect cannot by the consent of the Sovereign and of the Estates of the Realm be changed or modified. . . . I do say it is preposterous that we should be asked to reverse such solemn muniments at eight days' notice.

In the same debate the late Lord Chief Justice Coleridge enunciated the same principle. Referring to the previous speaker he said :

He does not mean to say that anything could be done by one Act of Parliament which another Act of Parliament could not undo? He cannot gravely mean to contend that there is anything in the Act of Union which makes it different from any other Act so as to put it beyond the competence of the Imperial Parliament to repeal it. . . . Mr. Pitt, Lord Castlereagh, and Lord Cornwallis were the last men to put forward the argument that what they were doing was to tie the hands of Parliament.

The late Lord Sherbourne's speech contains the following passage :

It is said that we are giving up the Act of Union. I should like to ask any honourable gentleman, whether legal or non-legal, whence the Parliament of 1800 derived the power which enabled it to bind all future Parliaments?

And Lord Goschen tersely expressed his view on the constitutional objection also in the form of a question : "The Fourth Article of the Act of Union has been dealt with again and again. Why not deal with the Fifth?" A gifted Irishman, Mr. Whiteside,

afterwards Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, was one of the sturdiest advocates of the inviolability of the Articles of Union, and argued the constitutional objection, but with more vehemence than conviction. Against his view, however, may be set the opinion of another great Irish lawyer, the late Sergeant Armstrong, member for Sligo. He stated that :

He had always understood that the present Parliament represented both of the parties to the Act of Union, and that the same authority which made that or any other Act, could repeal it. He maintained that there was nothing in the Union to prevent the repeal of either the Union or any article in it. They now had the authority of the Solicitor-General of England in support of this proposition, and he hoped they would hear no more twaddle either about the Coronation Oath or the Act of Union.

In that series of great debates reference was made by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, and other exponents of the Constitutional objection, to Lord Ellenborough's interpretation of the Act of Union in 1805 :

By the Fifth Article of Union it is declared that the continuance of the Established Church of England and Ireland shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union. By fundamental is meant with reference to the subject matter such an integral part of the compact of Union as is absolutely necessary to the support of the whole fabric of the Union raised and built thereupon, and such as, being removed, would produce the ruin and overthrow of the political union founded upon its immediate basis.

Not only was the continuance of the Established Church of England and Ireland "an essential and fundamental part of the Union," but it was the very price paid for the consent of the Irish Protestants, who as a body had hitherto opposed Castlereagh's intrigues. Nevertheless Par-

liament asserted its right to abolish the Irish Establishment. It cannot in reason, therefore, be contended that Parliament has not the power to alter the number of members fixed upon a variable basis, and in respect of which no words are used which even suggest that that number was never to be altered. In this connection the celebrated Scotch case known as the Auchterarder Case is in point. In that trial the House of Lords decided that the act of the General Assembly restricting the power of patrons was in violation of the Imperial Statute of 1711. This statute was declared to be binding upon the Church of Scotland, although it was a direct infringement of the Scotch Act of Union, because it has emanated from the supreme legislative authority of the realm.

But as a matter of fact the number of Irish members fixed by the Act of Union has been already altered more than once. By the Act of 1833 it was increased to one hundred and five, and subsequently that figure was reduced to one hundred and three by the disfranchisement of Cashel and Sligo. By the Irish Church Act of 1869 the Irish representation allotted by the Fourth Article of Union was again reduced by the exclusion of four Irish bishops from the House of Lords, and it was never suggested in the debates that Ireland should receive any compensation in the form of four additional lay peerages or otherwise. I venture to affirm, therefore, in view of the foregoing facts and precedents that no well-grounded objection to the proposed reform can be urged from the Constitutional point of view.

But even if such were valid there are paramount reasons for carrying a Redistribution Bill notwithstanding. On the one hand there are ten English counties and double as many

boroughs crying out for their just proportion of representation, and on the other a junto calling itself the Irish Nationalist Party which by reason of its numbers enjoys a position in the House of Commons entirely disproportioned to what it is entitled to. That party consists of more than four-fifths of the total number of the Irish members, and although occasionally varying, its numerical strength is practically constant. It casts its votes solidly as directed, for membership of the Irish Nationalist Party involves the surrender of the least exercise of independent political action at the bidding of the leaders. Any breach of this rule is visited with the severest penalties, namely, political excommunication by bell, book, and candle. Witness the cases of Dr. Thompson, Major Jameson, and Mr. Timothy Healy. Indeed the vendetta, both political and social, waged by his former colleagues against the latter, down to the present time, finds a parallel, outside Corsica, only in the bitter and relentless attacks made upon Mr. Parnell by Mr. Healy himself; and it would seem that this attitude towards the member for North Louth is actuated by much the same fraternal feeling as led Mr. Healy to proclaim at the time of the Parnellite split, that he had resolved to drive the Uncrowned King "either into a lunatic asylum or into his grave."

This solid block of votes, varying from fifty to seventy according to the state of the war-chest, is openly for sale, and is sold, to the highest bidder. Having prostituted itself to one political party and received payment in full, it is found, with all the fickleness of a venal beauty, shamelessly flirting the very next night with the other. In these circumstances it is not putting it too strongly to say

that the Irish Nationalist Party in its present strength, menaces and seriously menaces the interests of good government, for its avowed aims are to make so far as possible all government in Ireland, or England, impossible. If the country has not already learned the truth of this assertion it certainly is not because they have not been told by the members of that party themselves. Time and again they have proclaimed their propaganda in the House of Commons, with an audacity that has never been excelled and rarely equalled in our political history, and which is the offspring of unscrupulousness and power. In every House of Commons which has assembled since the Reformed Parliament until 1880 such a party would have to a certainty commanded the situation, and could have wrecked at will the Government of the day. It is true that Mr. Gladstone had a majority in 1880 of one hundred and seventy-six and Lord Salisbury majorities of one hundred and eighteen in 1886, one hundred and fifty-two in 1895, and one hundred and thirty-four in 1900. The Radicals, however, even with

the Irish vote, had only a majority of forty in 1892, and as a result the boast of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the Irish leader, that he held the Gladstone - Rosebery Administration "in the hollow of his hand" was amply justified. It cannot be assumed that the days of small majorities, like other systems, have had their day for ever. Some political guidances are of opinion that whichever party returns to power after the next general election, it will have a narrow majority. The most sanguine Tory is prepared for a substantial reduction in the present majority. Then at length will be the desired opportunity for which the Nationalists are "groaning and travelling together," and of which they will not be slow to avail themselves. Then, indeed, if the representation be not adjusted meantime, will Radicals or Unionists learn by actual, and probably bitter, experience the Quixotic folly of refusing to remove a glaring injustice to this country because by so doing it chanced that a substantial benefit might thereby accrue to their respective party.

F. ST. JOHN MORROW.

THE REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

WHEN travelling in the United States in the autumn of 1901 I visited Boston, the capital of the State of Massachusetts, and while in that city made careful enquiry into the subject of the Probation Laws for the reformation of criminal offenders in force in that State. I was very much interested in the subject, having been for forty-one years an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary, which force I had the honour to command for nearly fifteen years. I had read and heard a good deal about this system of Probation, and was anxious to see for myself how it worked. Accordingly I attended the Criminal Courts, conversed with some of the judges of the High Court, and with the Probation Officers who, under the supervision of the judges, administer the system. Before visiting Boston, when in the State of New Jersey, I had the great advantage of meeting and hearing the views of the Honble. J. Franklin Fort who has written a great deal on the subject, and through whose influence the Probation system was adopted by the State of New Jersey. After close and personal enquiry into the system when at Boston, I was greatly impressed with its excellence and usefulness in preventing crime and reforming criminal offenders. It struck me that the system was more humane and was decidedly in advance of that for the same purpose in our country. It appeared to show a more careful study of human nature and a more practical, natural, sensible method of dealing with criminals. While the peace was as well preserved, and the public interest as well,

if not better, protected, it afforded many offenders an opportunity of reformation under the most favourable conditions; at the same time much expense was saved which would otherwise have been incurred by the actual imprisonment of the offenders.

The system was brought about in the following way. Some years ago in the State of Massachusetts benevolent visitors to the Criminal Courts observed that many persons were convicted of crime and sent to prison whom it would have been much better, in their own and the public interest, to keep out of prison and place under guardianship. Accordingly the judges were appealed to and induced to suspend sentences, while the men and women who might have been sent to gaol, were committed under certain conditions to the guardianship of the kind persons who offered, and engaged themselves as sureties to the Court to take charge of them. This new method of dealing with offenders was found so successful in the experimental stage that it was embodied in the Statute Law of the State. It is called the System of Probation, and its object is to give those who are convicted of crime and who are not hardened criminals a chance of reformation under conditions which are most likely to effect that desirable end. The system was first applied to children guilty of criminal offences and to adult offenders guilty of drunkenness, and was afterwards extended to offenders of all ages convicted of criminal offences. First successfully tried in the State of Massachusetts, it has since been

adopted in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Kansas.

The people of Massachusetts (nearly three millions in number) are among the best educated and most enlightened of American citizens. Their capital, Boston, with a population of over half a million, has as fine churches, libraries, galleries and museums of art as any city in the States. And notwithstanding that a large portion of the population are immigrants from all countries of the world, there is no more orderly or better regulated city in the world; and in no city are life and property safer. Their police are highly efficient and their prison system and its administration cannot be surpassed. The laws of this State are based on the old common law of England, and the principle of their Probation System they regard as a part of their common law which confers upon the judges, who administer it, the power of releasing a prisoner, except in the case of a capital conviction, on his recognisance, with or without sureties, to come up for judgment when called upon.

The System can best be understood by a perusal of the Probation Laws of this State which are as follows :

PROBATION LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Act 1891, Chap. 856, as Amended by Act 1892. "An Act to provide for the appointment of Probation Officers."

Section 1. The Justice of each Municipal Police or District Court shall appoint one person to perform the duties of Probation Officer, as hereinafter named under the jurisdiction of said Court. The appointment of such officers for the Municipal Court of the City of Boston shall be made by the Chief Justice of said Court who may appoint as many Assistants, not exceeding five, to said Probation Officer as are needed to carry out the purposes of this Act. Each Probation Officer appointed as herein

provided shall hold his office during the pleasure of the Court making the appointment.

Sec. 2. Said Probation Officers shall not be active members of the regular Police force, but shall in the execution of their official duties have all the powers of Police Officers.

Sec. 3. Each Probation Officer shall enquire into the nature of every Criminal case brought before the Court under whose jurisdiction he acts, and may recommend that any person convicted by said Court be placed upon probation: the Court may place the person so convicted in the care of said Probation Officer for such time and upon such conditions as may seem proper.

Sec. 4. Each person released upon probation as aforesaid shall be furnished by the Probation Officer with a written statement of the terms and conditions of his release; each Probation Officer shall keep full records of all cases investigated by him, of all cases placed in his care by the Court, and of any other duties performed by him under this Act.

Sec. 5. The Clerk of each Municipal Police, or District Court . . . shall when an appointment is made under this Act, forthwith notify the Commissioner of prisons of the name of the officer so appointed. Each Probation Officer shall make a monthly report to the Commissioners of Prisons in such form as said Commissioners shall direct.

Sec. 6. Provides for the salary of each Probation Officer.

Sec. 7. A Probation Officer may, at the request of any justice of the Superior Court, investigate the case of any person on trial in that Court and make a report upon the same to said justice, and may upon the order of the Court take on probation any person convicted in said Court.

Sec. 8. Any Officer who refuses or neglects to make returns or to perform any of the duties required of him by this Act shall forfeit two hundred dollars to the use of the Commonwealth.

Act 1898, Chap. 414, Section 1. Whoever arrests a person for drunkenness shall make a complaint against him for that offence. Any person so arrested may make to the officer in charge of the place of custody in which he is confined, a written statement, addressed to the Court having jurisdiction of his case, giving his name and address, what persons, if any are dependent upon him for

support; his place of employment, if any; and whether he has been arrested for drunkenness before within the twelve months next preceding, together with a request to be released from custody. He shall be informed by said officer of his right to make such statement and request. The officer who receives such statement shall endorse thereon the name of the arresting officer, and, if the arrest was made within the jurisdiction of a Court having a Probation Officer, shall transmit said statement to said Officer, who shall at once enquire into the truth or falsity thereof, and into the record of said person as to previous similar offences, and shall endorse thereon, over his own signature, for the use of the Court having jurisdiction of the case, the result of the investigation, and the Court thereupon, in its discretion, may direct that such person be released from custody without arraignment.

Act 1894, Chap. 868, Sec. 1. When a person has been placed on probation the Court may direct and authorise the Probation Officer to expend for the temporary support of such person, or for his transportation, or for both such purposes, such reasonable sum as the Court shall consider expedient, and the sum so expended shall be repaid to said Probation Officer from the County Treasury.

Act 1897, Chap. 286, Sec. 1. Any Probation Officer may without warrant or other process, at any time until final disposition of the case, take any person placed in his care by any Court, and bring him before the Court, or the Court may issue a warrant for the re-arrest of any such person; and the Court may thereupon proceed to sentence or may make any other lawful disposition of the case.

Act 1897, Chap. 286, Sec. 1. The Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of Boston may appoint two women to act as assistants to the Probation Officer, under the jurisdiction of said Court and may determine their compensation which shall be paid from the Treasury.

Sec. 2. It shall be the duty of the said Assistant Probation Officers to investigate the cases of all women against whom a Criminal charge is brought in said Court, and to perform such other duties as may be required of them by the justices of said Court.

Sec. 8. Said Assistant Probation Officers shall hold office during the plea-

sure of said Court and shall be liable for refusal or neglect to perform their duties to the penalty specified in Section 8 of Chapter 856 of the Acts of the year 1891.

Act 1900; Chap. 449, Sec. 1. When a person is placed on probation by any Municipal, Police, or District Court, . . . sentence may first be imposed upon him. The Court may direct that the execution of the sentence be suspended for such time and for such terms and conditions as it shall fix, and may place such person on probation in the custody of the Probation Officer of said Court, during such suspension. If the sentence is to pay a fine and to stand committed until the same is paid the fine may be paid to said Probation Officer at any time during the period of probation. Whereupon the order of Commitment shall be void.

Sec. 2. At any time prior to the final disposition of the case of any person placed on probation in the custody of a Probation Officer said Officer may arrest him without a warrant or other process and bring him before the Court, or the Court may issue a warrant directing that he be arrested and brought before it. When such person is brought before such . . . Court the Court may revoke the suspension of the execution of his sentence, whereupon his sentence shall be in full force and effect, or the Court may continue the suspension.

Sec. 8. The Probation Officers . . . shall give to the Commissioners of prisons such information as the Commissioners shall request regarding their work, and shall report to said Commissioners on blanks or forms furnished by them such facts as they shall ask for regarding all cases brought before the Courts and investigated by said Officer and regarding all cases of persons placed upon probation in their custody.

Sec. 4. It shall be the duty of the Police of the several Cities and towns to co-operate with the said Probation Officers, and with said Commissioners, in obtaining information, and said Probation Officers shall assist each other and said Commissioners in their several duties.

Sec. 5. It shall be the duty of the said Commissioners, from time to time, to confer with the justices of the several Courts for the purpose of securing an improvement of the probation service, greater uniformity in the administration of the duties of Probation Officers, and

a better co-ordination of their work. They shall also confer with the Probation Officers of said Courts and shall give said officers such assistance as will promote the best interests of the service.

Sec. 6. Whenever in the opinion of said Commissioners a conference of any or all of the Probation Officers and assistant Probation Officers will secure their better co-operation with each other and will promote the efficiency of their work, said Commissioners shall cause such conference to be held, and one of the said Commissioners shall preside over the same.

It will be observed that the judges of the Criminal Courts have the appointment and removal of all Probation Officers (both male and female) whose duty it is to supervise the conduct of convicted prisoners released on probation. The judges thereby provide that the released prisoner is placed in such a position as is most likely to ensure his reformation, and that he cannot while on probation relapse into crime with impunity. The Probation Officers wear no uniform, are not policemen, and have no connection with the police, further than that the police if appealed to in any case are bound to aid them. Each offender released on conviction receives a card on one side of which the following warning, signed by the Probation Officer is printed :

To The Court before whom you were convicted has placed you on Probation to give you an opportunity to reform, without punishment, and to save you from prison, *on your promise* to be of good behaviour and keep the peace towards all persons. To appear at Court when your bonds require and save your surety harm. To pay to the Court the costs you have made the county if required. To report to your surety every month during your probation. *Special Notice*—If your promise is wilfully neglected you will be surrendered back to Court for sentence. (Signed) Probation Officer and surety.

These laws make special provision

for dealing with cases of drunkenness, as that vice is the parent of three-fourths of the crime committed. It may here be noted that in the United States drunkenness is regarded as a very serious offence, and in many States it is punished more severely than it is in our country. The Probation Officer has full power, should he deem it necessary, to arrest the prisoner on probation at any time and bring him before the Court. There are sixty-eight Probation Officers employed in connection with the various Courts in the State of Massachusetts. The Probationers are regarded as prisoners on parole, and the Probation Officers have to report monthly to the Commissioners of Prisons on prescribed forms their work and particulars regarding the persons on probation. There are five Prison Commissioners who form the Prison Board for the State of Massachusetts. The Chairman is the only member paid; the four others (two men and two women) are unpaid.

It is shown in the Annual Report of the Board of Prison Commissioners of Massachusetts for the year ending September 30th, 1903, that the number of criminal offenders committed to prison in the whole State during the year was twenty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-four. The number taken on Probation during the year in the Superior Courts was one thousand two hundred and fifty-five, and in the Municipal and District Courts eight thousand one hundred and forty, making a total of nine thousand three hundred and ninety-five Probationers.¹ It also appears in this Report that the conduct of seventy per cent. of these Probationers was satisfactory. The offences of which the Probationers were convicted include most of the

¹ In the Commissioners' Report for 1902 it is stated that the ages of persons on probation range from seven to seventy years.

felonies (except murder) and misdemeanours known to our law. In this Report the following passage occurs: "During the year the Chairman of the Board (of Prisons) has conferred several times with the justices of the superior Court in regard to the operation of the Probation Law, and has also had several conversations on that subject with justices of the Municipal and district Courts." It thus appears that the Prison Commissioners, the judges, and the magistrates co-operate with each other and frequently consult as to the best manner of carrying out these laws. Every year the Prison Commissioners hold a conference with all the Probation Officers of the State at the State House, in Boston, when the work of the Probation Officers is considered; and when suggestions for the better working of these laws may be made and are discussed.

The chief Probation Officer of the Criminal Court in Boston is Mr. Richard Keefe, who, with his assistants, has offices in the Court buildings. He is a bright intelligent man about forty-five years of age, most courteous, full of common-sense, and seemed most enthusiastic about his work. In the course of several conversations he told me that he was frequently consulted by parents about their erring children, by masters about their servants, and even by children about their parents, and asked for advice as to the best course to be adopted to keep them from crime. He gives the best advice he can, and helps those consulting him to attain their object; and being an officer of the Court invested with much power, he has a deterrent influence upon those who are inclined to go wrong. In that way many are checked timely and effectually on the path to ruin. The clergy of all the Christian Churches heartily co-operate with the Probation Officers in their good work. Mr. Keefe has, as provided in the

Probation Laws, seven assistants, five men and two women.

I had several interviews with the two female Probation Officers, Mrs. Elizabeth Tuttle and Miss Mary A. Maynard. They are highly educated, clever women of business, very active, and take a keen interest in their work, which is considerable. I saw them in their office, which has presses full of pigeon-holes and registers containing records of all the women who have passed through their hands. They seemed to me to be doing a noble work. Having regard to the amount of labour and time they have to give to their mission to make it successful, it occurred to me that they were overworked, and that they had more responsibility and toil than two women could fairly be expected to undergo. Their work, I thought, would fully occupy the time of five or six women.

The following is a statement which these ladies most kindly gave me of their work in connection with the central Municipal Court of the City of Boston.

All women arrested within the city proper are brought to the House of Detention (or city prison for women) from the station-houses, as soon as practicable after their arrest. With each prisoner is sent a card giving her name, address, and description, the offence with which she is charged, and the name of the arresting officer. Every morning, Sundays and holidays excepted, one of us is at the House of Detention before seven o'clock, when we copy the cards sent from the station-houses, listen to such information as the matron of the house may have gained during the night, and examine the statements which all women arrested for drunkenness are obliged to sign, said statements being petitions to the presiding justice for release. We then proceed to talk to the women, and learn as much as possible concerning the environment of each one, her mode of living, habit of work, and inclination to reform. The time given to each is necessarily brief as records in our office (of previous offences, &c.) must be examined. In addition to

this, visits must be paid to many of the addresses given, before the arraignment of the prisoners in Court. We are obliged to be within call, usually in the Court room, until a disposition of all cases of women has been made. We must be prepared to furnish such information as the presiding justice may require concerning each woman who is arraigned, knowing only too well that upon our report may depend the final disposition of the case. While constantly keeping in mind the good of the Commonwealth, it is our aim to keep from prison every woman who is inclined to help herself to overcome such habit as may have caused her arrest. The judges seldom place a woman on probation unless at our suggestion, while with very few exceptions has a woman been sentenced when we have asked for probation,—probation being a continuance of the case for such time as may be required, from five weeks to one year. During this period the woman is required to abstain from the use of intoxicating drink and from violation of the law, to report to us at such times as we may designate, and always to advise us of change of residence; we visit her in her house or at her work, as the case demands. If she fails to comply with our requirements, she is brought to Court and surrendered, when a sentence is usually imposed. If she fails to appear at the time appointed by the judge, a default warrant is issued, and she is brought into Court. Occasionally we find that ignorance and not wilful neglect is the cause of her non-appearance, and the woman is given another trial on probation. We keep careful records of each case. These records must be kept accurately in order that they may be of service in the Courts if required. If we have reason to believe a woman who is on probation, or one for whom we have a default warrant, is frequenting disreputable houses, smoking-parlours, the dance-halls, &c., we visit these places at night accompanied by one or more officers (constables). If she is found we take her to the House of Detention or the nearest station house, where she is booked for violation of Probation, sent to the House of Detention and in the morning taken to Court where she is surrendered and sentenced. The first of each month we send to the Prison Commissioners a full report of the work of the preceding month.

Among the most hopeful features of our work is that of taking on *voluntary* probation, and so keeping out of Court,

wayward girls and women, who by reporting regularly, learn to confide in us and apparently to appreciate the narrowness of their escape.

We have frequently received letters and calls from women many months after their dismissal from probation. For more than three years one woman has not failed to call once in two months, when she has invariably brought flowers. This preventive work is of vital importance to the individual, the city, and the State, and is happily increasing year by year.

We made frequent visits during the year and corresponded with those who could not report in person, while the women called at the office from three to eight times a month, as the case seemed to require. Many were induced to take, and what is more to the point, to *keep* the pledge; employment and temporary homes were found, and a number of women were persuaded to save their earnings and put them to a proper use.

The procedure of the male Assistant Probation Officers for male offenders is in all respects similar.

I was present in the women's Court and heard a number of cases of offenders and probationers investigated by the judge (or magistrate). The Court was private, no newspaper reporters were present, nor were the proceedings otherwise published in the Press. The female offenders and probationers in Court had a respectable appearance, many of them being very well dressed. Each woman as she was called stood on a platform in front of the judge's bench with the female Probation Officer beside her. The Probation Officer reported all particulars of the case and made her recommendation as to its disposal, when the judge gave his decision. No lawyers were present, and the proceedings were carried on in the quietest manner possible.

Some of these cases were disposed of under what is known as the French System of Probation, when the sentence is first imposed and

afterwards suspended, the offender being placed meanwhile in the care of the probation officer.

The Probation Officers not only supervise the conduct of the probationers but in certain cases,—for example, in the case of drunkards—collect the wages and earnings of the probationers and give it to their families so that none of the earnings may be squandered on drink. It is stated that one Probation Officer collects four thousand dollars (£800) yearly of the earnings of probationers and disburses it among their families.

Major Griffiths, late Inspector of H.M. Prisons, one of our best authorities on penology, has stated that our prison population may be classed in two grand divisions: those offenders who ought never have been sent to prison at all, and those who ought never to be released. To help to remedy the first of these two evils an Act was passed by our Parliament in 1887 entitled *The Probation of First Offenders Act*, which enables first offenders convicted of certain criminal offences to be released on probation of good conduct "on his entering into recognisance with or without sureties." But though the promoter of the Bill, Colonel Sir Howard Vincent, did his best to have provisions included in the measure for the appointment of guardians or persons to supervise the conduct of those persons while on probation, he was obliged to omit them in consequence of the opposition given in the House to the proposal. The common law on the subject is very clearly stated in the latest edition (1900) of Archbold's *PRACTICE IN CRIMINAL CASES*, p. 220. "*Binding over to come up for judgment.* The Court may in the case of a first or subsequent offence, if the circumstances of the case warrant it, release

the prisoner, except in the case of a capital conviction, on his recognisance with or without sureties to come up for judgment when called upon." And on the same page it is stated in regard to the Probation of First Offenders Act 1887: "This statute does not give Courts of Record in England any jurisdiction which they had not already." Sir Howard Vincent has recently stated in the House of Commons that the Probation of First Offenders Act has saved from imprisonment some seventy thousand persons. But release on probation without proper and controlling influence must in many cases be ineffectual. An eminent French writer has stated that "one of the best means of assisting the poor is to afford them guidance." Many of those persons released on probation have no relative or friend to advise them or afford them this guidance, and if necessary help them to earn an honest livelihood. And a judge will very rightly not exercise his discretion and release an offender, when he considers that, without such controlling guidance, the offender would in all probability continue his evil course, and that it would therefore be better for him to be sent to prison. To provide this guidance and control is therefore in most cases absolutely necessary to give the prisoner a fair chance of reformation. If officers were attached to our Criminal Courts for this purpose, who might be called Probation Guardians, such persons would have this guidance. These Probation Guardians would form a part of the strong arm of the law, and wayward persons released on probation, who would not take advice from relatives, friends, or clergymen, would in most cases be certain to pay attention to the advice and admonition of a Probation Guardian, well knowing that

the power of the law, that terror to evil-doers, was behind him.

Miss E. P. Hughes has written an excellent pamphlet on this subject which has been issued by the Howard Association. This lady made personal enquiry into the Probation System when on a visit to the United States about three years ago. In her valuable paper she sums up very lucidly what the advantages of the system would be if adopted in this country as follows :

(1) Instead of prison officials you have a number of independent well paid Probation Officers, chosen for their knowledge of human nature and their skill in reforming it. (2) Far greater adjustment of treatment to individual cases. (3) The stigma of prison is avoided and while great care is taken that the prisoner shall be strictly controlled and effectively restrained, his self respect is carefully developed. (4) The family suffers far less. The home is not broken up, the wages still come in, and if the prisoner is a mother and a wife, it is, of course, most important that she should retain her place in the home. (5) The prisoner does not lose his job, nor his mechanical skill, if he is a skilled workman. (I was told that even six months in prison will materially damage this in many cases.) He does not lose his habit of regular work. (6) He has one intelligent trained friend at his side to give him all the help that a brother man can; and this friend has a unique opportunity of studying his case, and an extraordinary power over his environment. (7) Good conduct and a capacity for rightly using freedom is constantly rewarded by greater freedom. (8) It is far cheaper than prison. The prisoner keeps himself and his family, and one officer can attend to from sixty to eighty prisoners.

The Probation Officers (or Guardians) should be carefully selected. None but the most suitable persons should be chosen, and they should not be policemen. The Chief Probation Guardian in a large city, or in a county, would not cost more

than the governor of an ordinary prison, and good assistants to this officer could be obtained for the pay given to a first-class prison-warder. In cities and populous localities paid assistants would be required. In rural districts, where there would be only a very few probationers, I am satisfied many philanthropic men and women could be found who would without salary act as Assistant Probation Guardians and accept appointments from the Courts. They would of course act under the direction of the Chief Probation Guardian for the county, and communicate with him, if his advice or assistance should be required, in any of the cases given to their charge.

This system of official Probation Guardianship, which has been tried for many years and has been found so successful in other civilised countries, is surely worth a trial in ours. But unless the British public themselves take the matter up and show a strong desire for some such change in the present system, it is useless to hope that anything will be done. The principle of Probation is, as I have shown, part of our common and statute law; and the proposal advocated in this paper is merely to effectually carry out this principle by providing that security be given to the Court that the clemency of the law will not be with impunity abused, and that an offender released on probation will receive every help from the Court (through its officers) to reform and lead a new life.

To say a word in behalf of fallen men and women of the criminal class, or to raise a voice in their favour, is regarded by many of the educated and prosperous people of our country as a sign of weakness and folly. So true is this that many who desire to see an improvement in our mode of dealing with this class are either

afraid to speak their minds, or consider it useless to do so. This is but natural, as we have inherited that feeling. Our forefathers firmly believed that severity of punishment was the wise course and indeed the only method to prevent crime. There are men and women still among us who were living when our criminal statute book was written in blood and when more than two hundred offences were punishable by death. Sir Samuel Romilly, who did so much to mitigate the severity of the criminal law, was on one occasion speaking in the House of Commons in favour of the abolition of this punishment (except in the case of a few grave crimes) when at the very time a little child of ten years old was lying in Newgate under sentence of death for a small theft. If therefore reforms in our criminal law, so drastic and yet inspired by the true feeling of humanity, have taken place within the time of living memory, we may surely hope for further changes which will consider not alone the actual crime itself but also the circumstances and the motives which caused it.

Let us reason with ourselves, and even in the strong confidence of our own infallibility and unassailable virtue ask ourselves the question, which of us would have resisted the temptation if we had been placed in

the same surroundings, subject to the same evil influences, without any restraining power of religion or education, such as is the lot of many of our fallen brothers and sisters? Are there not many weak-minded and unstable men and women of all classes who to the end of their lives remain children, and who live on the very verge of the balance of rectitude and are kept from falling solely by the restraining influence of home, of relatives and friends? Few of us can realise the trials of the poor, many of whom have no home and no relatives or friends to help them in their moral and pecuniary difficulties. As an agent of a Philanthropic Society, who is constantly visiting the poor and wretched in their dwellings in a large city, said to me a short time ago: "What surprises me is how good many of the poor are, living as they do in the midst of wretchedness and often of vice."

It will be said that the great end of punishment is the protection of society. That is perfectly true, but when people of other civilised countries find that this can be as effectually attained by dealing with criminals, who are not hardened in crime, in a more sensible and humane way, why should we not give this system of Probation with official guardianship a trial?

ANDREW REED.

ROME BEFORE 1870.

A STRANGER who had found himself in Rome the week before September 20th, 1870, would have noticed the strange expectation, and also the strange apathy of the Romans. "The Italians" were besieging their city, and when it pleased them to enter they would enter. The Pope would not resist them, and no one in the city thought it his business to die a martyr to such a cause. At five o'clock on the morning of the 20th the bombardment began, and at ten the white flag was hoisted in Rome. Then a great silence fell over the city; everyone stayed within doors, and the papal Brigand Corps patrolled the streets. Some workmen who had orders to make a barricade had got themselves under way with much difficulty and not without many complaints, declaring, as they prepared their tools and tramped along the hot road in the September sun, that a great deal of wine was needed for such thirsty work. And thus ingloriously the Patrimony of Peter, the historical sway of the Popes, came to an end.

Did the Romans welcome or reprobate the entry of the Italians? To answer this question for ourselves we must bear in mind the political events which preceded 1870, and the various elements of which the citizens were composed. In September, 1870, when the Italians entered, Rome was already won for Italy; the Pope could not have offered any effective resistance to Italian arms, and Italian unity was already an accepted fact. It only remained to take possession of Rome as the centre and capital of this political unity, Victor Em-

manuel having, out of consideration to the Pontiff, fixed his capital first at Turin and afterwards at Florence. And the events which led up to this result had not spelled harmony between the Pope and his subjects or been years of peace in the Papal States. When Pius mounted the throne in 1846 people were tired of Gregory the Sixteenth's old-world methods, and Giovanni Mastai-Ferreti was no sooner elected than the Romans asked him for a constitution, a parliament, and the substitution of laymen for clerks in various departments of the executive. Pius the Ninth accorded a constitution and a parliament of laymen. He did more. Against the suffrages of his cardinals he granted a general amnesty to political offenders; and the story runs that, when he saw the rows of forbidding blackballs which the cardinals had cast, he lifted his little white skull-cap and covering the balls with it, said, "I will make them all white," and thus the amnesty was granted.

It is often said that the liberal impulses of Pope Pius and his ready response to popular clamour were repaid by outrageous ingratitude, and that his Romans made him fly from Rome at the risk of his life to ponder in solitude at Gaeta the futility of liberal pretences on the part of Popes. But the Romans were not merely ungrateful; they wanted more, they thought they had a right to more, and what they wanted was more than any Pope could concede. They asked for modern civilisation, and the Papacy represented ancient civilisation. The original demands had not been made in good faith of

a prince who has power to give and to withhold what is asked. They were part of a political campaign, the end of which was to be the destruction of the temporal power. Mazzini's instructions to Young Italy, to make one demonstration after another under the windows of the Quirinal, when one liberty was accorded to return the next day and demand another, until the Pope's position was rendered intolerable and impossible, are not pleasant reading; all that can be said in their favour is that the revolutionary annals of no other people afford any better.

The time had come when men who lived in contact with the Italy outside the walls of Rome, in contact with the ideas which were the conquest of the nineteenth century, could not admit that the governed had only duties and the ruler only rights, or reconcile with the modern ideal of civil life the notion of a prince-bishop governing a subject people in virtue of a theocratic idea, the abstract idea that certain temporal rights fell in spite of all concerned, to the vicar of Jehovah on earth. The time will come when the existence of such a pretension, the existence of such a government one moment after it responded to the universal sentiment, will appear the strangest fable. Will they be better or worse times? The future alone knows what it has in store, but we can only say that they can never be worse times than some of those which the Papacy created for the Romans. This consideration would have sufficed at any time to make the tenure of temporal power on the part of the Roman bishops precarious; but it did not by any means stand alone. We have to add to it the rise of Italian patriotism, the passionate call for a united Italy, for the country to issue once and for all from the tyrannies, the immoralities, the crush-

ing canker of pettiness which clung to the princely and ducal governments, and to rise to its place among the nations.

Thus in September, 1870, the feeling was very mixed in Rome. A large part of the population had helped to prepare the catastrophe, and knew its advent was only a question of time; others, members of faithful Roman houses, had used voice and influence to induce the Pope to institute necessary reforms, and had fallen into despondency when Pius on his return from Gaeta issued the *Non Possumus* and settled down to a morose, implacable reactionism. There remained the large army of priests, of papal functionaries and retainers, the cardinals and their numerous *personnel*, the religious orders and congregations of both sexes and the hundreds upon hundreds of persons dependent on them, the papal police and soldiery, with their families. There were the great families which owed their titles and their fortunes to the Papacy, and whom common gratitude or honour kept at its side. And lastly there was the *popolino*, the ignorant poor, untouched by modern aspirations or by socialistic theories, living from day to day, from hand to mouth in the strictest sense, with no ambitions, no standard of comfort or human dignity, ready to fall on their knees at any hour of the day when the Pope, *Dio in terra*, passed, agape at the latest royal visitor to the palace of their Pontiff, content to encounter injustice with cunning fraud, to sweeten the hard buffets of life by the finesse required for some small scheme of speculation, or some dastardly scheme of revenge. Such human passions as lay outside the gratification of hunger and the greed for spectacles were satisfied by the periodical uprising and savage disloyalty habitual to the turbulent

Roman people. And what applied to the populace applied in some sense also to the *bourgeoisie*. There are always those who find it easier and pleasanter to keep within the pale of small joys and small miseries, small achievements and small risks. There were thousands of such people who stood well with the Papacy, and who could only lose by a competition with the world outside for which they were, by training and talent, unprepared.

These then were for the Pope; not because he had a divine right to be in Rome, but because they individually and collectively flourished under his rule. They flourished because there was no hunger, because, though there were unsanitary hovels, there were no haunts of starving people who could obtain neither bread nor work; if anyone were in need of bread they threw a petition into the Pope's carriage, and he sent it to them when he got home. They flourished because of their blissful ignorance, and no wave of unrest, few of the ignobilities and none of the nobilities of a more strenuous life had passed over them. The Papal government, compared to a modern European government, was like a blunderbuss in a modern arsenal; but though it was entirely ineffectual, though the people under its care merely lived out their lives with enough to eat, and generation succeeded generation neither better nor worse than the men who went before them, it was an honest government in the financial sense. The people were not taxed: indeed prices were kept low as a means of humouring them; and the Pope's subjects were not harried to fill his exchequer. In the strange medley of Roman ideas it seemed better to accomplish this end by the methods of the Jubilee year which made the most of the

soul of the foreigner. The papal government did not speculate, but the hated *sbirri*, the papal police, were often responsible for a missing bale of cloth or a burglary; and a child who had been left a fortune by her aunt only learnt when she was grown up that the *curato* of the Pantheon, who had been made trustee and executor of the testament, had not thereby been constituted sole beneficiary. The administration in all departments was simpler than now, and the evils of the present bureaucracy were not known; but it was a government of privilege and patronage, "one under which a gentleman could live" said an Irishman, but the unprivileged person might find himself in prison for not kneeling when the Pope passed. An English sculptor, who remembered the days of Gregory the Sixteenth, told us that Rome was the paradise of artists, who in their velvet jackets and soft felt hats did what seemed good in their own eyes, no man hindering them. The curious traveller of family and fortune (this was before the days of Cook) enjoyed every liberty under the hospitable papal government save only the liberty to speak or write about politics and religion, and suffered nothing save the occasional loss of a newspaper or book which the paternal government stopped at the frontier as likely to imperil the peace of mind of the Romans. They lived in a picturesque world, recalling the Middle Ages at every step, where the prosaic dead level to which justice and civilisation had reduced the rest of Europe did not penetrate; and they admired in Rome and for the Romans what they would have exposed in Parliament or *THE TIMES* as intolerable abuses in their own country. From 1848 onwards recourse was had to political rigours unworthy of the Holy See, though these were relaxed

before 1870. Some art-students, who had prepared Bengal fireworks to celebrate the anniversary of the victory over the French at Porta San Pancrazio, were sentenced to twenty years imprisonment. A similar sentence was passed on a man who did not smoke (not to smoke was a protest against Austria at the expense of its tobacco-trade) and had come to words with one who did; and this barbarous sentence was enthusiastically upheld by such a journal as the *CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA*. Commendatore Silvagni, who cites these and similar instances in his *CORTE E SOCIETÀ ROMANA*, writes indeed like a man too sore at what he has seen and too near to what he describes to present it in perspective, and he seems to the present writer a prejudiced guide to Rome before 1870. Sedition and conspiracy have met with scant ceremony at the hands of every nation and every prince in turn, and the way in which Pius the Ninth treated the Patriots does not differ from that which may be read of in the history of any other country.

What was peculiar to the Papal States was the confusion of the spiritual and the temporal; the special scandal came from the union of these two powers in one authority, the temporal being used to enforce the spiritual, and the spiritual being abused to assist the temporal. The spectacle of priests, your "fathers in God," your spiritual directors, ordering the public flogging, even the public torture, of men and women, could hardly edify or civilise. Pope Gregory had abolished these public castigations, which used to be suffered in the Campo de' Fiori, but in 1856 Antonelli strove to revive them in the Piazza del Popolo. Other medieval barbarities ceased the day the Italians entered Rome, and among them the Ghetto.

The people, then, were not taxed but neither were they taught. Some subjects were altogether prohibited, modern history for instance. Obscurantism reigned supreme. Girls were taught to read in order that they might read their prayers; but they did not learn to write lest they should indite love-letters. This was typical of the papal system. You took away the light lest the child should happen to burn itself, and you pursued the same policy with the adult. No instruction was vouchsafed, no information given, no education whatever of the intellectual or moral man. Girls were often destined from birth to the nunnery, and the veil was the never-failing remedy against a marriage distasteful to the parents or even the brothers, grandparents, or uncles of the victim. No one denies that this compulsory enclosure was commonly practised in Rome. "Are you not ashamed to be reading? Go and knit stockings!" shouted a Jesuit to a poor lady who sat reading in her carriage in the Corso as the worthy father, who had been preaching a retreat to women, crossed the street. Many of the poor ladies in convents became imbecile, so void were their minds, so vacuous their lives; and in our own day a Roman community of thirty nuns required the services of no fewer than thirty-one confessors. The education received by the boys of good families sent them home with the airs and gestures of so many little *abbés*. The children's games were tarred with the same brush, the same universal insipidity. The little boys dressed up as priests and played at saying mass or moved about pieces of white cardboard which represented the Host, explaining to their little sisters that such solemn fooling was not for wicked girls. Occasionally the natural talent, the natural wit and moral

courage of a girl might come to her aid, and allow her to dominate, instead of being the sport of, circumstances. But the young men, as a rule, fell victims to that weak-kneedness which makes them a prey to the fear of derision in their school-days, intensified by a training which made self-dependence and self-development impossible. Thus one of the Doria, a family which had given heroes to its country, the younger brother of that Doria whose English wife's name *Mary* is cut in a box-hedge in the Villa Pamfili, broke the heart of the noble Vittoria Savorelli because his uncle, of whom he was independent, objected to their engagement. A Roman noble, having been struck in the face by another Roman in the Corso at mid-day, rushed off to consult his confessor as to what steps he should take; and we are not surprised to learn that he was able to follow the advice proffered, and "bear it patiently." There is a story of a friar who could have put this noble to the blush. As he was crossing a bridge a man struck him on the cheek; the good friar immediately turned the other cheek; then he picked up his man and pitched him into the river; for, as he explained, the Gospel bid him turn the other cheek to the smiter, but it did not tell him what he was to do afterwards.

The fierce light of publicity has transformed the lives of the Roman clergy and the Religious since 1870. Those Roman priests who live without reproach themselves, confess that the revolution has brought about this signal benefit. The *Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*, which received impoverished nobles, ordained them, and sent them at twenty-five years old to rule as prefects over the papal provinces, was the fertile nursing-ground of a corrupt prelacy. The

proud and affectionate interest with which the Romans, despite many lapses, regarded the Popes was not extended to the great papal officers, who, from the Governor of Rome downwards, did not cease to provide a scandalous example to the people until the moment when the Italians entered the city.

It will be said that these people at least were taught their religion. They were taught their religion as they were taught everything else,—that is to say, not at all. They knew that you must obey the Pope and obey the priest, that you would be damned if you did not go to confession and hear mass. But they thought one Madonna would hear their petitions better than another—" *Non andate da quella, non vale niente* (don't go to that one, she is no good)"—and that exorcism was a surer remedy for a plague of bugs than cleanliness. They never heard a single verse of the Gospel explained to them, and young men of the higher *bourgeoisie* learnt their religion, if they learnt it all, after 1870, when they were grown up and thought and read for themselves. Such men, many of whom belong to the *Circolo San Pietro*, are to-day the mainstay of intelligent and faithful religion in the city. Before 1870 there was in Rome a real ignorance of the doctrines, the beauties, and the duties of Christianity. The one moment chosen for a great religious impression was of course the first Communion. Boys and girls were then secluded for eight days, spent in pious exercises and instruction. The sons of the poor went to the *Cappellette di San Luigi* at Ponte Rotto, the sons of richer parents to the same institution near Santa Maria Maggiore. On the other side of the basilica the girls of rich families were prepared at the *Bambin Gesù*, the poor at San Pasquale. We are assured that at Ponte Rotto the

effect of these eight days spent in a religious house frequently changed the lives of boys with vicious tendencies. In other classes the appeal to unreal emotions was not always so successful, and the girls at the *Bambin Gesù*, dressed up in the stiff unaccustomed habit of the Religious, often communicated with the one dread filling their minds that they might inadvertently commit "the sin" of touching the Host with their teeth. Not less mistaken was the custom of the Six Sundays, the girls and boys alike for the next six weeks communicating "in honour of the chastity of St. Lewis Gonzaga." And then *buon viaggio*, as the Italians say; they probably never communicated again except as "paschal lambs" at Easter. They communicated then, of course. At the rails, the moment they had received the Host, a ticket was handed to them, with the name of the parish and some pious Latin verse inscribed on it. To this the communicant appended his name and address, and no succour was given, no *grazia* accorded, except to those provided with this ticket. The names of those who had not communicated were posted at the church-doors. Thus not only did all who could in conscience do so communicate once a year, but those who could not, and would not, procured the services of some woman who made it her business to communicate every day, or several times a day, during Easter-tide, selling the tickets thus received for a franc or two francs each.

Here was one of the inevitable degradations of a theocracy. Another was this: people found working at their trade, in their back shop, in their private room, on holidays, were arrested and imprisoned sometimes for several days. Respectable citizens, who found themselves compelled to finish a piece of work behind closed

doors in this way, were subjected to the ignominious and futile punishment, which was certainly not calculated to educate their own religious senses or that of their families and children. Spies, under such a government, were always easy to find, and this and similar laws gave fine scope to the purveyors of private revenge. You could not ostentatiously abstain from going to mass; if you were poor you could not abstain at all, for the Roman parish priests were so many civil magistrates with definite powers, and if the answers to their numerous questions were not satisfactory it was the worse for the householder and his prospects. One means of finding out people's private affairs was through the servants who acted as spies reporting everything to the priest. Pinelli, the famous designer and engraver, whose bust to-day adorns the Pincio, who had never been pious or even respectable, repaid the old woman who reported his habitual absence from mass by ringing up the neighbourhood between half-past four and five every morning, and in reply to the usual "Who's that?" calling out "It is Pinelli on his way to mass." Nor did he desist ringing at his enemy's door till she got out of bed to hear his announcement. The carabinieri of the theocracy also had a mixed service. A room had to be set apart for the temerarious folk who required meat on a Friday or a fast-day, and the carabinieri entered the restaurants and eating-houses, sequestering the dish which smoked before the customer if this regulation were not observed. Moreover at the head of every department was a cardinal; the Roman wife of a political exile once described to us what a difficult business it was for a young woman to run the gauntlet of these clerical departments if she had to ask some favour for the exiled husband.

But if they were unlettered and superstitious, were the people in those days better than now? The comparisons we sometimes hear urged are not really fair for two reasons. There is to be found in Rome to-day among the lower and half-educated classes all that want of moral equilibrium which a revolution of ideas brings with it. Moral Italy has yet to be made, as the moral unity of Italy is also as yet only in the making. Before 1870, on the other hand, those who were faithful to the standard then put before them, were faithful to what was never better than a poor and low ideal of conduct, sentiment, and religious duty. The papal standard required no refinement of feeling, no education of the conscience; no man was scandalised that a shop should display the barbarous notice, *Qui si castrono per la cappella papale*, or that the popular story ran that, when Guido Reni was painting his picture of the Crucifixion before a living model attached to a cross, he killed him at the last moment in his frenzy to see and seize the death-struggle, and was absolved by the Holy Father because the picture was a masterpiece. And the poor man killed to make a fine picture of Him Who endured death to teach us pity for each other? *Ebbene poveretto!* The Pope is like Nemesis, like the blind forces of Nature, like an avalanche, a falling mountain or an earthquake, not a moral force, but a weight of authority. As you can see for yourself if you go to San Lorenzo in Lucina the work is a masterpiece, and the Pope knows better than you. Moral judgment is silent before the weight of authority.

Our narrator, who only wished to magnify a great picture, not to raise a moral problem, always carried with him a paper blessed by the Pope, and of extraordinary efficacy; that is to say, it was Spanish and was covered

with writing; every corner had something pious in it, and no one who carried it could die unabsolved. The proof was set forth in the blest paper itself, for one man did die unabsolved; they cut off his head in fact; but the head was not to be brow-beaten; it went off to the nearest town,—and in these cases, as the Marquise du Deffand said to Gibbon, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—and found a priest (what priest ever shows himself the least disconcerted in such circumstances?) who at once confessed the head, and there the matter ended.

Rome before 1870 was not even externally what we see it now. It was an old-world city of tall palaces (the windows in the lower storey grated), of monasteries and churches, of ruins in unconscious beauty, of fountains of waters, of kitchen-gardens, of orange and lemon gardens which at every turn surprised and delighted the eye. The main streets were straight as Roman roads, the *piazas*, in contrast to these, full of sun, intolerable from May onwards at noonday. It was a city of narrow squalid streets huddled together, in which the domesticities were carried on unrebuked and unabashed; in the poorer quarters every third house appeared to be a washer-woman's, the linen hung across the road on lines stretched from window to window. And everywhere an unpromising door, an open gate, might reveal a little picture, a cool garden and fountain, orange and lemon trees, a bend of the river, a view of the Janiculum or the Aventine. A Roman smell pervaded everything, sufficiently characteristic to make you sure, if you were suddenly set down in any part of the town, that you were in Rome; and at night another smell, the smell of the ages, unwholesome, penetrating, coming up from the soil, or the freshly turned earth,

and making one shut the windows hastily on the loveliest of moonlit evenings. A wealth of street cries, varying with the season, and the nocturnal serenades assisted that atmosphere of movement and noise for noise sake which is essential to the Italian; the noise of the shabby two-horsed carriages grinding along on the paved streets and driven by the bad Roman drivers with a constant application of the squeaking brake, of wine-carts lazily winding their way across the streets of the Eternal City with that sense of infinite time and space born of long colloquies with the sun by day and the moon by night across a deserted *campagna*, a score of little brazen bells perhaps clanging and jingling at the driver's ear,—the constant noise by day and night of a life-loving, loquacious, complaining, gesticulating, rebellious, and keenly observant people. It was a city of priests and dependents of priests; here there were no industries, no great machines were set in motion every day, no factories open with daylight to give employment to hundreds of skilled workmen. Everyone who was not a priest worked

for priests or for the monasteries. The little workshops might be seen in the Borgo of St. Peter's, in Campo Marzio, in the arches of the theatre of Marcellus; every little porter's-box contained a cobbler; the *piazze* which lead to the big churches were crowded on *festas* with vendors of religious pictures and rosaries. The convents of women made their own habits, but there was a great industry for providing the thousands of priests, the seminarists, canons, monsignori, cardinals and cardinals' retainers, and Vatican functionaries with cassocks, robes, uniforms, hats, *berrettas*, stocks, and pumps. In the centre of this life, which was ecclesiastical even for the layman, it seemed right that when we noticed a stir and turned round with the rest, we should see the papal *cortège* and the Pope round whom all this life revolved, the centre of this city of churches and cassocks, because he was the centre of a far larger world. For Rome was what it was because its sovereign bishop was the cynosure for the eyes of that Christendom which counts the largest number of adherents on the face of the globe, and their Mecca is still his city, Rome.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XX.

THE pale light of that February dawn rose quietly over Ruddiford. It may be that Lady Marlowe's sudden and awful fate had the effect of stunning men; it may be that everyone was tired out, mind and body; in any case, a strange stillness, throughout castle and town, succeeded to the turmoil and noise of the last few days. The standard of Lancaster hung in heavy folds once more upon the keep, side by side with the Roden colours. Her ladyship's men, those of them who had escaped in the surprise, humbly made their submission and begged for mercy from their rightful master. Rival houses were not much to them, nor the colour of a rose, so long as they were warmed and fed and had a lord to follow.

Mistress Margaret had shut herself up in her own rooms, with Dame Kate and her maids, and seemed to think of nothing but tending the Vicar, who lay sick to death, as it appeared, his small remains of strength ebbing from hour to hour. Before Margaret followed those who carried him helpless to her tower, she had turned and said to Harry, in the hearing of them all: "The command is yours, my Lord. You will hold the place for my grandfather, for me, for the King. My men will obey you."

Harry bowed profoundly and accepted the charge. Jasper Tilney frowned, his Fellowship grumbled among themselves, but no one made any open resistance. It was known,

besides, that Lord Marlowe was one of the executors of Sir William's will; and the command of Ruddiford could scarcely have been given to his worthy colleagues.

After Lady Marlowe's death, after she had been carried into the priest's house and laid on a bed, and after Harry, pale, with fixed eyes and thoughts wrapped in this new horror, had hurried down from the castle in the twilight of dawn to see for himself and to give his orders there, Antonio slipped back to find the new rule established. Coming up with Jasper Tilney, stalking round the defences with dark brows of heavy discontent, Antonio looked into his face and laughed.

"So! times have changed," he said. "The captive has become the master, the master, the obedient watch-dog. Who would not joy to live in such a world of wonders?"

"Call you me dog? Dog yourself!" replied Jasper. "Another word, and I fling you over the wall into the river."

The threat did not seem terrifying. Antonio laughed again; he was too triumphant to be angry.

"Pardon, Master Tilney; I had no wish to offend," he said. "What does it matter to you or to me, this little power with which my Lord clothes himself? We are equal with him. A turn of Fortune's wheel this very day, and you or I may stand where he stands, but—even nearer the throne."

Jasper did not answer at once. They were standing on the ramparts, looking over the slow river, just be-

glimmer grey in the dawn, and the fields of mist where willows like wandering ghosts shadowed the morning paleness. Beyond these, miles away, lay King's Hall, and the squire stared gloomily towards his home.

"Ay," he said, "but you mistake, Antonio, if you think that game of silly chance will bring advantage to you or to me, however it may turn. I was within an ace just now of ordering the horses and riding home,—why stay here to dance at another Marlowe wedding? But there seemed a stroke of work to be done in ridding Ruddiford of Yorkists. However, whereas I should have strung up her Ladyship's band of rascals in a row, my Lord forgives them freely. He will repent, maybe; anyhow, 'tis no affair of mine. But I tell you, we may as well be off, you and I, before your cursed lot-drawing as after it. I tell you again, young man, if you win, I shall kill you,—but you won't. And if I win,—my Lord is something between the maddest of fools and the truest of gentlemen, but I doubt him enough of either to give her up, against her will, even for the honour that may lie in a straw. But I shall not win." He paused, staring grimly into the mist. "Would she marry me," he said, "if I won her three times over, or killed the man she loves? If I thought so,—but nay, she is no more the child that old Sir William used to dandle on his knee. I might as well ask St. Margaret in the church window to step down and marry me. And as for you,"—his low laugh revealed inexpressible depths of negligent scorn.

The tone brought a touch of colour to Antonio's pale cheek. But he smiled. "You are too down-hearted and measly-mouthed," he said. "You threaten to kill me, but 'tis an even chance that I may kill you, if by

chance you draw the prize. And why should we give her up to Lord Marlowe? What has her will to do with the matter? The trial is no mockery. You swore to me, both of you, that you would abide by it. We may quarrel afterwards; but if I pull the longest straw, Master Tilney, neither you nor my Lord nor any bolts and bars nor angels nor devils will keep my prize from me. Ay, you may take the castle if you will, and share all the estates and riches between you. If I live I will have her,—my bride,—and I will carry her away out of this muddy England to a country where the sun shines,—to a land of joy,—joy for me—ah!"

He drew a long breath, smiling. Jasper turned his fierce eyes upon him.

"If you live—my fine fellow—but you won't live," he said. "Failing him or me, your bride, as your insolent lackey's tongue dares to call Mistress Roden, would find a knife to stab you with."

"I will run my risk," Antonio said, and slipped away with flushed cheeks and dark eyes dancing. The companionship of Jasper Tilney on the high rampart was neither pleasant nor safe; his hand kept fumbling with his sword-hilt. Antonio's swift feet carried him to the lower door of Margaret's tower. There Fortune helped him in his plans, by bringing Dame Kate scrambling hastily down the stairs on her way to the kitchen. He snatched at her cloak and stopped her, asking how the Vicar fared. She, knowing no reason for distrust, answered him fully and frankly, and then, on her side, began eagerly questioning him as to the death of Lady Marlowe. She held up her old hands in thankfulness that Providence had delivered her precious lamb from such a guardianship.

Antonio would not dwell on that

subject. It was past; the woman was dead; the only creature who could match him in craft and boldness, the only one, he believed, who could spoil his life and step in between him and the object of his passionate desire. He had no thoughts to spare for her now, no time to rejoice in his freedom; the future demanded all his wit and power. The absent hurry with which he answered her questions annoyed Dame Kate a little, and reminded her of her own claims. Every one seemed to forget that her bold venture, not so many hours ago, had shown the besiegers the way into the castle. She had had no reward, scarcely even thanks, in spite of Antonio's promises; and now she began to grumble, and to remind him how she had risked her old bones,—aching now, she swore to him, worse than they had ever ached before. That ducking in the chilly stream had been comfortless enough to finish off an old body, let alone hours of wakefulness and starving. And was she to have nothing for it? Then my Lord and Master Tilney were a couple of ungrateful rogues.

"Patience, dame," said Antonio. "Sure they have enough to do to-day, without thinking of you. I'll jog their memories when the right time comes. But you, too, you owe some thanks to him who pulled you out of the Ruddy. An I had not been there, where would you be now? Tumbling and washing down the stream, like a dead rat in the gutter. What do you owe me for that, dame?"

"Nay, good thanks and a kindness, when there's time to do one," the old woman answered with a chuckle.

"You might do me one to-day," Antonio said. "Come, don't turn away,—you have known me long—"

"And whipped you before now, Master Tony," said Dame Kate.

"Little wicked foreign sprite as you were, with your black eyes and cream skin—'twas ever hard to refuse you—there, hands off—" for Antonio slipped his arm round her solid waist, and hurriedly kissed the apple-cheeks under the wings of her cap.

Then, before letting her go, he whispered a wonderful romance in her ear. He told how he was riding with two of Jasper Tilney's Fellowship from King's Hall, and how they found a fine gold chain lying in the road, and how he saw it first, but the others were ready to fight him for it, and how they agreed to keep the peace then, as they were riding to take the castle and avenge Sir William, but to draw lots for the chain so soon as their work was done. He knew they would cheat him if they could, he said, though they called themselves gentlemen; and here she agreed with him. He laughed as he told her his plan, and being a woman of adventurous spirit, and of no very strict principles, she entered into his little plot and promised to help him, on condition that he would jog Lord Marlowe's memory as to the debt the besiegers owed her.

"You do not think it will be a sin, Master Tony?" she asked rather anxiously.

"What sin? The chain is rightfully mine, I tell you. 'Twas I who saw it first; the others tried to rob me. 'Tis a just act you are doing, good dame, helping a man to come by his own. If your conscience be sore afterwards, confess to the Vicar, if he lives, or to Parson Curley—he'll shrive you the more easily."

"Ah! And what would Mistress Meg say?" the old woman muttered doubtfully.

Antonio paused a moment. Had Dame Kate looked at him then, she might have been warned to avoid him and all his plots. But he said,

with a low laugh: "What can your nursing have to say to such a little matter? She has greater things to think of, and greater men than the poor secretary."

"That is very true, Master Tony, for since the night Sir William died, she has not breathed your name."

He still smiled, murmured some foolish word in her ear, and kissed the old face again; then they parted for the time, she trotting on giggling to the kitchen.

A few hours later, Harry Marlowe came striding back alone from the house by the church, where his dead stepmother was lying. It was like the man, to honour Isabel in death as if she had really been the good and loyal woman his father had believed her. As to her guilt in the death of Sir William Roden, that must be enquired into. At present he had no one's word for it but that of the young Italian, in whom he placed no credit at all. He listened with downcast eyes to the opinion of Simon and Timothy Toste, whom he had summoned to wait upon him. They, trembling half from exhaustion of body, half from anxiety of mind and the nervous strain of their narrow escape from violent death at her ladyship's hands, were not likely to take a favourable view of her doings in the past; he saw that they believed the worst.

He gave his orders shortly and sternly. The body was to be embalmed. It was to lie here, in the priest's house (for he would not offend the folk of Ruddiford by removing it into the church) till a funeral procession could convey it home to Swanlea. Nuns from the neighbouring abbey were to watch it night and day; a priest was to say litanies; candles were to burn round the bed where it lay. Messengers were to be sent at once to

find Richard Marlowe, wherever he might be, and to call him to his mother's burial. Harry sat down and wrote tender letters, more than one, to the young brother who had ridden out into the world with his gay bride, careless of trouble and innocent of crime.

The will, a roll of parchment, lay upon the table. Harry handed it to Timothy Toste. "Keep that, Master Attorney, till you are asked for it. Now go, all of you, let me alone for a time."

He knelt down and prayed, and looked for a long time on the face of the dead woman, beautiful, spiritual, stately as it had never been in life. After this he left her to the care of little Simon, and returned to the castle.

He had given no order to stop the ringing of the bells, and they were still shaking the air with triumphant clash and peal as he marched through the gate, the guards saluting him, and up the broad stone-paved way to the inner courtyard. He walked fast, looking on the ground, with stooping shoulders and absent eyes, his cap pulled forward, his hair in dishevelled curls, pale from his captivity, worn by the late sleepless nights and straining days. He looked more like a half-crazed scholar buried in studious thought than a courtier, a soldier, his Queen's right hand, the lover of a noble girl and the lord of her fate. Was he indeed so much?

As his long steps turned towards Margaret's tower, one stood bare-headed in his way and said to him: "My Lord! The three straws, my Lord! The time has come."

Harry started and stood still. Antonio had not spoken above a loud whisper, and even that seemed to tremble on its way, with a quick catching of the breath that might have meant impatience or fear. But

he smiled, showing his white teeth, till the full and solemn gaze of Lord Marlowe's eyes met his, which fell before them; and then his smile died suddenly.

"Lead on, sir," Harry said. "Where is Master Tilney? Let us have done with this foolery."

Antonio was smiling again, even laughing to himself, as he darted on towards the steps leading to the hall. There Jasper Tilney joined them, with a dark flush on his sullen face, and blue eyes that blazed threateningly on the Italian.

But Antonio went swiftly forward, mounting now the low broad staircase that led from the hall to old Sir William's room, with its great window commanding the bridge and the south road. A pale yellow gleam of sunshine lay across the room, dazzling and thick with dust, so that at first the only creature there was invisible; a crouching figure in the corner of the settle by the fireplace, so swathed in wrappings that one could not tell whether it was male or female, blindfolded with a broad white scarf, holding out, one above the other, stiff old bony fists that clutched three shining straws.

"Our fate hath a rugged outside," Jasper was beginning, when Antonio made him an eager sign to be silent, and coming nearer, said in a whisper: "Surely, sirs, 'tis your wish to keep this bargain secret from the world? The hag you see there knows nothing; she serves me thus for a small reward."

"The Italian is right," Lord Marlowe said.

His manner was absent and careless still. After a passing glance at the strange object in the corner, his eyes wandered to the window, where, lighted up by sunset glory, he had first seen Meg Roden leaning forth. And in this old room he had asked

her in marriage. There, in that great empty chair, Sir William used to sit; he could see him now, his good blue eyes somewhat foolish, his white and venerable beard. How could a woman—he shuddered, and looked again towards the window.

"A tool of yours, Master Tonio? I thought as much," Jasper Tilney was saying. "'Tis very well to be indifferent, but if I am to lose, I will not be cheated."

Three strides brought him up to the settle. Then he paused, staring fiercely at the figure, which shook under his eyes, though blindfolded.

Antonio smiled; he had expected something of the kind. "Have a care, sir," he said softly. "The dame is a vixen, a fury, it may be dangerous."

"And a witch, hey!" shouted Jasper. "She shall be burnt and you hanged"; but he shrank back, all the same, from touching her. Who knew that a hand too bold might not be mysteriously withered? Such things had happened before now.

"I said nothing of witchcraft," murmured Antonio. "I know a little magic of my own country. Did I choose to be dishonest, I need not ask the help of any old woman in England. Come, will you draw?"

Lord Marlowe stepped forward with outstretched hand.

"Your pardon, not so fast," said Jasper quickly. "Open thy hand, gammer; show us these straws of thine. I will be sure there is no foul play."

The old blindfolded woman muttered something between her teeth: "Here's a coil about a piece of a chain!"

Antonio first frowned, then laughed, looked at the others and touched his forehead. "A machine, masters, a mere machine, a holder of straws."

He was shivering from head to foot with impatience. But Jasper was not to be hurried, and Lord Marlowe

stood by, looking on dreamily, as if the matter was no great concern of his. Jasper drew his dagger, and touched the woman's hand with the flat of the cold steel.

"Ah, villain!" she cried out sharply. "Master Tony, you swore I should come to no harm."

But her fingers opened wide, and Jasper with a fierce smile caught the three straws as she dropped them.

"Keep still, dame, all's well, no one will hurt you, only keep still," Antonio muttered hastily, for the old hands were fidgetting towards the scarf that covered the eyes.

Jasper laid out the three straws on his broad palm, and held them towards Lord Marlowe. They were of unequal length, but otherwise appeared exactly alike. He took up each separately, the shortest, the next, the longest, and examined them with a keenness that made Antonio's lips grow white. Neither of the men looked at him. Lord Marlowe, having glanced at the straws, turned his head again towards the window.

"The longest, then, is the prize," said Jasper. His eyes with a bold stare seemed to seize and hold Antonio's, and lifting the long straw to his lips, he drew it slowly from end to end along them; then he laughed and gave up the three into the Italian's eager hand.

"Nay, sir, you accuse me of cheating, but what is that?" said Antonio, reddening angrily; and then, while Jasper watched him, he took the end of his own scarf and carefully dried the damp straw.

Both young men leaned forward, and it was Antonio, Jasper watching him keenly, who replaced the three straws in the old woman's hand, then bade her turn them about several times and close her fists upon them. When this was done, no ordinary eyes

could have spied any difference between them.

"And why all this delay?" Lord Marlowe asked, waking from his dream suddenly. "Draw, and let the matter end."

The deep music of his voice, so different in tone and accent from those of the other men, made the old woman start and tremble. Antonio, standing close beside her, let his fingers close upon her wrist; the grip was a sharp warning to be still.

"Which first?" said Jasper, turning to Lord Marlowe. "How decide?"

"It matters not," Harry answered.

He looked at Antonio, but there was nothing to be read in those dark inscrutable eyes. Was it suggestion, witchcraft, Italian magic, that made him add quickly, "The youngest"? Then under his breath he added, "God will provide." He waved his hand towards the young Italian with a slight gesture so high, so scornful, that Antonio shrank and set his teeth. It seemed that Harry's faith in the justice of Fate, the kindness of Providence, raised him above all fear and suspicion.

"Right, my Lord, — say the meanest," said Jasper Tilney, and he began to play with his sword-hilt, while Dame Kate, still fast in Antonio's grasp, trembled still more and would have risen, had it been possible.

"Now," said Antonio, "now my good patron, Saint Antony of Padua." He drew one straw from the three, not without, as it seemed, an instant's difficulty, so tight was it gripped in the hollow of the old dame's thumb.

Lord Marlowe waved to Jasper, and he took the next; his colour faded and he bit his lips; it was certainly shorter than that he had held in his hand before. Lord Marlowe stepped forward and took the last; it was shorter still.

Antonio faced the two men for a moment of terrible silence.

"Nay, nay!" Jasper said viciously. "Now take your choice, Master Tonio; renounce what you have gained, or—," he drew his sword with a sudden clatter—"you die!"

"I have your oath, sir!" cried Antonio. "You swore to abide by this trial,—you too, my Lord,—you are an honourable man,—I appeal to you. The prize is mine,—I have drawn it,—I have it fairly, and no man shall force me. No, Jasper Tilney, leader of ruffians, you are not master here. I, — I am master,—bride and castle are mine. My Lord, you cannot gainsay it."

"Do not touch him, Master Tilney," Harry said. "Leave this quarrel to me. You will fight with me first, foreigner, and then, if you have the best of it, with Master Tilney. If I honour you so far as to meet you in single combat, a low-born man, he for my sake will do the same. I will ask this favour of him for you."

"I thank you, my Lord, cried Antonio, laughing. "But why, forsooth, should I fight with any man? I have won, and fairly. Your honour should drive you to take my side against this man who threatens me, who will not keep his word. Go! I defy you both! I will drive you from Ruddiford."

Drawing the dagger at his belt, he leaped out of Jasper's way, and the blow of the sword missed him. He dodged his attacking enemy round Sir William's great chair, while Jasper, with a sudden roar of laughter, called aloud to him to stand and be killed.

"Patience, patience, Master Tilney. Fate is against us; we must meet her in another way. Do not murder the wretched boy," cried Harry Marlowe.

Dame Kate groaned aloud in the background. Terrified by the noise,

and by finding that Antonio had deceived her, though she hardly yet realised all that hung upon the drawing of those fateful straws, she scrambled out of her muffings and tore the bandage from her eyes. "Oh, my Lord! Sirs, sirs, what is all this coil about? Mary Mother, have mercy!" she cried, wringing her hands. "Alack, how have I been misused and cheated, a poor innocent dame! Master Tony, thou deservest the dungeon for this. But stop, stop, Master Tilney, 'tis not a killing matter. My Lord, pardon; will you see bloodshed? Enough, master, enough! What doth it all mean?"

Antonio went edging, dagger in hand, towards the door, Jasper pursuing and striking at him. The sliding of their feet, the hissing of their quickly-drawn breath, were the only sounds except the groans of the old woman. Suddenly over the misty meadows, echoing back from the distant wall of looming woods, and from the castle-walls as it drew nearer, came the loud and shrill blast of a trumpet, and with it quick ears could hear the tramp of many horses and armed men.

"My God! Who is there?" cried Harry Marlowe, and rushed to the window.

He threw the lattice open and leaned out, as Meg had done that evening when he and his little troop rode in over the bridge.

Now, a couple of hundred men, splashed from head to foot with the mire of the roads, were advancing slowly from the south, with jingling of bridles, clash of pikes, and tramp of weary feet. There were also pack-horses and country waggons, a number of grooms, and in the midst of all two horse-litters rich with hangings on which the royal arms were blazoned. With the trumpeters who rode in

front was the standard of Lancaster, and every man wore in his cap the silver swan, the badge of Edward, Prince of Wales.

From the front of the foremost litter a woman was leaning out, her beautiful worn face lifted, with dark eyes scanning the castle as she drew near. She smiled, seeing the colours on the keep. She was still looking up, smiling, when the bridge-gate was set open at a word from the men who rode before her, and advancing on the bridge she suddenly saw the face of a follower she knew and had long missed, gazing down upon her little army from the window. She snatched a white kerchief from her neck and waved it, crying at the same time to those behind her: "Look up! See our captive Marlowe, who scarce knows his old friends, so dazed is he by long enchantments."

Her voice reached Harry's ears plainly enough. With a flushed face and eyes full of fire he turned to Jasper and Antonio, who had suddenly forgotten their quarrel at the sound of that trumpet which announced to Ruddiford the coming of Royalty.

"It is the Queen!" he said. "I shall meet you later,"—and dashed from the room.

Jasper Tilney gazed open-mouthed from the window. Leaning on his sword, forgetting for the instant the very existence of Antonio, he lingered thus for a minute or two as the trailing procession crossed the bridge; then he was roused by a sudden loud clang to remember all, and turning round fiercely, found himself alone with the old woman, still groaning in the corner.

"What wickedness is this? What lies, what lies? Ah, my poor lamb, are all these wolves after thee, and has thy poor nurse helped the worst brute of all? Ah, Master Jasper, do

not glare upon me so! He cheated me; he told me 'twas a matter of a gold chain, that two of thy Fellowship were to draw the lots with him. Alas, alas, what have I done! And where are they gone now, and what is this—a new army coming to besiege us? Alack-a-day!"

"What, Dame Kate, is it thou?" said Jasper. "I thought 'twas some wicked old hag from the worst hovel in the town. But I've no time to waste with thee." He was striding towards the door, when something she said arrested him. "He knew, said'st thou? He knew which straw to take? But how?" He stooped and picked the straws from the floor.

"This—the longest—you say he knew where you held it—he marked it too? but how, where? What—ay, by heaven, I see—a dint of a finger-nail, no more than the print of an eyelash. The incarnate liar and devil! Do you know what he has done? He has taken the prize,—your mistress, dame, whom you should have guarded with your life. I have a mind to chop off those hands of yours,—they deserve it. Now he *shall* die, and my sword shall have no mercy. Where is he now? Gone to her? And her fine lord of a lover flown away to his Queen? No Queens for me!"

As Jasper spoke he was wrenching hard at the door, but it would not open.

"The Queen! And our kitchen all in disarray!" cried Dame Kate. "Sakes alive, Master Tilney, be we locked in? That is his doing,—ay, now I think on't, I heard him turn the key."

Jasper beat and kicked on the door, swearing furiously.

Down in the court and the hall below a tide of noise was swelling; the bells had struck up again, and all Ruddiford, at the sound of the

trumpet, was pouring with shouts from the town to the castle-gates. For the litters were set down at the end of the bridge, and from them stepped not only a woman, beautiful, majestic, through all her misfortunes holding men's hearts with the magic of her smile, and throughout her unhappy career the heroine of the north and the Midlands, but a slender man, dark-eyed, nervous, sad, shivering under his wrappings, and a boy of seven years old, with golden curls flowing on his shoulders.

Thus Harry Marlowe, the Queen's man, governor for the moment of Ruddiford Castle, kneeling on his knees at the bridge gate, received King Henry the Sixth, Queen Margaret of Anjou, and Prince Edward of Wales, as they fled from south to north again after the short-lived triumph at St. Albans.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE music of the bells so filled all the air, that the other sounds of the royal arrival only faintly reached Margaret's tower on the eastern side of the castle. From its windows the bridge was hidden, neither could the great court and the stairs be seen, where Lord Marlowe was now welcoming the King and Queen. The distant trumpets set the waiting-maids wondering, and as Dame Kate was not there to keep them in order, they slipped down one by one to the inner court to find out what was happening. It was better to do this, they argued, than to disturb their mistress as she watched Sir Thomas on what they all believed was his death-bed. If there was really something to tell, then they could go to her; in the meanwhile curiosity led them, one and all, to start on this journey of discovery, leaving their mistress unattended.

As the last girl crossed the threshold, she was met and pushed aside by Master Antonio, springing like a wild animal through the door.

"Ah, have a care! What news? Whither so fast?" she cried, as he dashed past her.

"Go and find out," he said, and leaped on up the stairs, laughing wildly.

The girl lingered and looked after him. "'Tis something joyful," she said to herself. "Another victory for the Red Rose? He bears the news to Mistress Meg. Well, we have had sorrow enough, and maybe this is something to bring the Vicar to life again. They have all left me behind,—haste, haste!" and she scampered over the damp stones of the small court, dived under a black archway, and flew in pursuit of her companions.

High up in the tower the old priest lay in his bed, conscious so far that he knew where he was and recognised the dear child who watched and tended him, but so weak from the fever which the damp and starvation of the dungeon had brought on, that he could scarcely speak or turn or lift his hand, or use his brain to think reasonably. His sheets and pillows were fine and soft, his curtains and the coverlet thrown over him were of rich cream-coloured silk embroidered with red roses. All this was in strange contrast with the ascetic hardness and simplicity of his own home life. But when he touched the coverlet with wasted fingers, and looked up at Meg with eyes of distressed remonstrance, she leaned over him and said, trembling: "Dear Sir Thomas, my grandfather died without my care. His old friends are all that is left to me. Lie still, I beg you, and let me have my way. There is peace, you know. Lord Marlowe commands, and we are safe, for

she, they tell me, she, the arch-enemy—”

His lips moved. “She is dead?”

Meg bowed her head and turned away. The Vicar’s eyelids drooped and his lips went on moving. Looking back, she knew that he was praying for the miserable soul who had brought such harm and sorrow to Ruddiford.

For Meg herself the news of Lady Marlowe’s death had come as the first real gleam of light in the dark tragic labyrinth she had trod ever since Christmas Eve. That evil presence gone, Harry near and faithful, it seemed as if there might be some good and joy in life after all.

She moved to the window, and looked out into the tree-tops where rooks were building; a breath of spring was stealing across the meadows; the distant trumpets were ringing out triumphantly; but she heard only the rooks and the bells. “Why,” she asked herself for the hundredth time, “why did I at first believe in the Lady Isabel, nay, almost love her!—those dark eyes smiling, that stately look, those long soft hands!”

A slight sound from the bed made her look that way. It seemed that Sir Thomas wished to speak; there was a light in his face, almost a smile. Unconsciously, as Meg afterwards thought, she must have asked her question aloud.

“My child,” he whispered, “you knew not wickedness. Alas, like an angel of light—but do not, for all that, lose faith—”

Even as she leaned over him, trying to catch the indistinct murmurs with which he strove to keep Heaven about her, this child of his love who had been so roughly driven out of Eden, even at that moment Antonio came to the door with noiseless feet, opened it without knocking, was be-

side her before she knew, his bold hand touching her arm, her waist, his eyes full of triumph which, when she turned with a sudden start to meet them, made her flush crimson and then turn pale.

She stepped back, instantly freeing herself, and said very coldly: “What do you here, Antonio? I have not sent for you; I do not need you Begone at once.”

“Patience, fair lady,” he said. “I have news for you. Hear it, and know that you can no longer order me away. Your three lovers, sweet Mistress Meg, have drawn lots for you, and poor Antonio,—even he, your lover from childhood,—has gained the prize. So now,—I will not even ask you for the kiss you refused me a few days since, till I have made sure of what is my own. Cheer up, Sir Thomas; is there life enough in you to join our hands in marriage instantly? Do you say no? A prick of this dagger might rouse you to sit up in your bed.”

Sir Thomas gasped, with wide-open eyes of horror. “God and His Saints protect us! What wickedness is this!” he muttered breathlessly.

Meg stood at bay, like a beautiful living creature attacked by wolves, or devils in form of men. “You have drawn lots? You are lying to me,” she said. “It is a trick of your false tongue. You, and—”

“I and Jasper Tilney, and mad Marlowe,” he said, and laughed. “We made the bargain before we took the castle. I showed them the way in, and they gave me my chance of the reward we all desire. We drew for the longest of three straws, and it has fallen to me. Tilney threatened to kill me, attacked me with his sword, but I escaped him. As for my Lord, he is a very just gentleman, and trusts in Providence.”

It seemed as if Meg was turned

to stone. Antonio's sneer was at first nothing; the fact was all. That babble of straws between Harry Marlowe and Jasper Tilney, which had made her believe that captivity had shaken her dear lover's wits,—this frightful truth was its foundation. She remembered now every word that he had said last night, remembered the agonised look of remorse and heart-wrung pity with which he had told her that he could do no other, that some debt of honour must be paid, and bade her trust in God and in him. It was not madness then; Harry Marlowe had actually ventured their lives,—hers and his—on the length of a straw. And the powers he trusted in had failed him; he had tempted God, she swiftly thought, and was punished; but where was he now? It was impossible, beyond thinking, that he could give her up, alone and unprotected, into the hands of the Italian. Did he expect her to save herself? Certainly she would do so, if she must throw herself near a hundred feet from the tower window, to be dashed to pieces on the hard stones below; but where was he? And again, with panting breath, she said to Antonio,—“Villain, you lie!”

He answered her unspoken thoughts. “Ah! you will not believe that my Lord cared for you so little? You think, if the story were true, he would not give you up to me? You ask why he is not here? Your eyes ask it a dozen times, looking at the door. See you, fair lady, this mad Marlowe is a very honourable gentleman. He fulfils his part of the bargain. I gave him and Tilney the castle; they promised me my chance. That chance has given you and Ruddiford to me. As to that, I care little for Ruddiford. No more mud and fog for you and me, my beautiful. Your mother was Italian, torn from Italy; your husband shall carry you back there.”

It seemed as if she hardly heard him. He quailed before the scorn in her eyes, as she stood, young and slender, but so majestic, her hand resting on the old priest's pillow. Sir Thomas glared upon him with eyes wide and hollow, and lantern jaws and cheeks so bloodless that he might have been a dead man already, but for the fiery spirit and soul roused to new life by this presence of victorious evil.

“Where are they?” Meg demanded. “You say that Jasper Tilney tried to kill you? I honour him for it. Where is he? And where then is my Lord?”

“Jasper? I escaped from him, I tell you. I locked him in and left him swearing. And,—the last news has not reached the fair lady of Ruddiford? The lot was scarcely drawn, the straws scarce measured, as they lay on our three palms, when a trumpet draws my Lord to the window. Over his shoulder I saw a troop ride in; I saw a lady wave her handkerchief; I saw the royal standard of the Red Rose. Queen Margaret has arrived,—I believe King Henry and the Prince are with her,—running away from York—but yet they make a goodly show. Off hurries my Lord, your precious Marlowe; I doubt, sweet Meg, the old love may be stronger than the new. Ah, I have touched you? Come, 'tis better to be first with the little than last with the great. And now, Sir Thomas, you have known us both long. There, let me lift you on your pillows. Gently, I shall not hurt you, old man, if you obey me. Stand here, Mistress Meg. No book, but he knows his part, or a little sharp argument shall remind him. Rings,—you have one there,—here is mine. Now marry us, Vicar, and quickly.”

Meg stood immovable, only lifting her hand to her head. Was she in

her senses? How much more could she bear? Why,—a voice dinned in her brain,—why keep your self and life for this strange man, content to lose you, forgetting that you need his guardianship, and at this supreme moment following other duties—perhaps willingly—what were the last words, or almost the last, that Harry's step-mother had said in Meg's hearing? That the Queen loved him, that he had loved her, till Meg's fair face distracted him and made him false to her! And now, what said Antonio? the old love stronger than the new.

All the room, Antonio's beautiful evil face, his eyes that burned into hers, his half-sheathed dagger, swarmed before her sight. "False!" she said under her breath; then with a sudden and great effort she made a step towards the door. "The King and Queen have come to Ruddiford," she said aloud. "The castle is mine; I must receive their Highnesses. I must go; where are my people?"

She was trembling, and tottered slightly as she walked. Antonio stepped in her way, and suddenly seized her in his arms, crying, "No, my adored! First be my wife, and then together to the Queen, if you will,—my prize, my love, my lady!"

For a moment the girl's senses were almost gone. He held her close and kissed her passionately; then she struggled violently to be free.

"Child of the devil! Satan himself! Let her go, or God's curse be upon you!" the sick man shrieked, starting up in his bed.

Such supernatural strength seemed suddenly to be given him, that in another moment Antonio would have been seized and dragged backwards by the bony hands already clutching at his cloak, had not stronger help been clanking with armed tread on the stairs.

Jasper Tilney burst open the door and strode into the room with his sword drawn, followed by several of his Fellowship.

He did not speak a word or ask a question, but caught Antonio by the throat and forced him to his knees. Margaret, suddenly released, fled back to the old priest and leaned trembling, white with rage and horror, against the head of his bed, while he fell back and panted on his pillows, the flame of life in his face dying down into an ashy greyness. For a moment his hard breathing was the only sound in the room.

"I warned thee, Tonio," said Jasper's deep voice.

"Nay, let me up, let me up," Antonio cried, crimson and choking. "Your hand,—you are killing me! Remember the oath,—your honour,—the straws—ah!"

"Honour! This knave talks of honour," Jasper said, looking first towards the priest and Margaret, then turning towards his companions. "We drew lots; the longest straw was to give the prize, the Ruddiford estates and Mistress Roden's hand in marriage. 'Twas against my will and judgment, for the Devil likes his own way in these things. But my Lord Marlowe found 'twas the only way to gain the castle,—some secret entrance this rascal knew. And he made sure all would be well; the lot would fall to himself, or even to me, and then we two men could fight out the matter. I said that if this Antonio pulled the longest straw, I would kill him. I meant it,—but now I mean it a dozen times more, for the villain marked the straw. He was sure of winning—ah, wast thou not, Master Tonio? and so thou didst win. But the poor old dame who helped thee, when she found out the truth, she and I being locked in by thine own craft together, repented

and confessed thy sins and her own. And I am not bound, like a priest, to hold my tongue upon them. So prepare to die, friend Tonio. I will give thee five minutes to confess thy bad life to the Vicar in his bed yonder. Mistress Roden, at your service; my men will attend you downstairs. Mark you, the second straw was mine."

Margaret collected her failing senses, drew herself erect, met Jasper's gaze, as his voice dropped on the last words, with eyes as proud and fearless as his own. "Silence, sir," she said. "I will hear no more of your insulting bargain. I am mistress here, remember. Your friends can escort me to meet the Queen"; she bowed her head towards the fierce Fellowship crowding about the door. "As to this miserable boy,"—she looked at Antonio, struggling under Jasper's hand—"do not kill him; but send him away, for I will have him in my house no more."

For the moment her quietness had a strange effect; the men looked at each other. Antonio seemed suddenly to lose his fighting spirit, and tried to crawl to her feet. Behind the group at the door Dame Kate crept in, sobbing, and Jasper pointed at her as she came. "Ah, dame, 'tis not wise to help a traitor."

"He deceived me, traitor to me as to you!" the old nurse burst out angrily, and made her way round by the bed to her mistress who looked at her with unseeing eyes and said very low: "Come with me, nurse. I must dress to receive the Queen."

The two women passed through into an inner room. Jasper's companions began to mutter among themselves, and he, still holding Antonio, glanced from him to the half-lifeless figure in the bed.

"To thy prayers, Tonio," he said, and dragged him to the priest's feet.

No 541.—VOL. XCI.

"Quick, or the old man will not live to hear thee."

For a moment the Italian pretended to yield to his fate. He hung slackly upon the hand that grasped his collar; he did not resist; it was a passive body that Jasper dragged along the floor. He even groaned something of *pardon* and *mercy*, to which Jasper replied: "Ask mercy of God; you will not have it from men. I am not a pitiful girl, to be touched by your pretty face—dog!"

Antonio leaped to his feet, and with wild-cat swiftness drove his dagger at Jasper's throat. He just missed his aim, but struck him on the jaw, cutting his cheek so that the blood streamed from it. Jasper cried out sharply with rage and pain. Antonio, free for the instant, hardly knowing whether he had wounded his enemy mortally or not, made a dash for the door. Three of the men standing there caught him and held him fast.

"Ah! would you, my lad? Nay, don't struggle. Not much odds for the like of you, to die with shrift or without it," said one of them.

Jasper snatched a napkin from the old priest's pillow, and held it to his bleeding face. "Here's a pretty mess for my lady's chamber," he said grimly. "Downstairs with him; make an end of the young devil, as quick and quiet as may be. I follow you. Leonard, Ralph, John, Giles, Lance, stay you here, friends. Attend Mistress Roden to meet their Highnesses. My duty to her,—say a cat has scratched me, and I go to hang it on a tree, or drown it with a stone round its neck. A plague on this cut! one of you fellows must bind it up for me. Here, see to the Vicar. Tell Mistress Roden she will hear more of me. My Lord and I will settle that matter between us."

He strode out of the room. The young fellows he left there nudged each other and laughed at this strange turn of affairs.

They had always known there was something weak at the root of Jasper, though his position, fortune, and desperate daring had made him their leader. It was not the first time he had thrown away his own advantage, and they, as it were, had taken it up and carried it after him.

"Why, he drew the second straw," they whispered to each other, "and as the villain Tonio cheated, the prize is rightly his. What is he doing? Leaving her free to join that lover of hers, whom he shut up for weeks to keep him out of her way? Leonard, what think you?"

Leonard, the older man, Jasper's grim and envious lieutenant, stepped back and joined the group. He had busied himself for a few minutes, with hands which could be tender, in settling the Vicar's pillows and giving him a few drops of cordial. The old man lay with closed eyes, breathing more evenly, but now almost unconscious of what went on around him.

The five men had no fear of his hearing them, as they talked matters over in low tones among themselves. Ralph, John, Giles, and Lance, all strong fellows of fair birth and a certain education, had no doubt or varying opinion as to what ought to be done in Jasper Tilney's interest. Leonard agreed with them. He saw the difficulties better; he also knew how to surmount them. He thought of several improvements on their first rough plan. The five were still in deep conference when the inner door opened again, and Mistress Roden came back, followed by Dame Kate in red-eyed penitence.

All eyes were fixed on Margaret. The men who had been speaking remained with parted lips; those who

had laughed over their plotting became suddenly grave. For the first time in their lives, perhaps, they saw a beautiful girl beautifully dressed, the lady of a castle prepared to receive Royalty.

Margaret's hair in its rich colour and quantity, wildly streaming before, was now gathered into a gold net; round her lovely throat she wore the pearls her grandfather had given her on Christmas Day. Her gown was of white satin and white fur, laced with silver; her long and heavy girdle was of silver, set with diamonds and pearls. Holding herself very erect, she looked like a young princess about to receive her lieges. The party of adventurers, who had never seen anything so stately, so exquisite, so cold and strange, stared at her in silence. Lancelot, the youngest and the gentlest, caught his breath. Leonard's stern mouth relaxed, and he rubbed his hands together.

Margaret walked up to the bed and leaned over Sir Thomas, laying her hand softly on his forehead. He smiled faintly and his eyelids trembled. "Dear Sir Vicar," she said, "I have not a black garment in the world, or I would not deck myself so, when I should be mourning for my grandfather. Yet he would have told me,—you know it—to wear my best for the King and Queen. I am going now to wait upon them; these gentlemen from King's Hall will follow me, and Dame Kate will stay here with you. I will come back soon, and Lord Marlowe with me; we will ask for your blessing, Sir Thomas, on our betrothal. Live, live till then!"

Standing again upright, she turned to Leonard, and as she moved, her white gown trailed in the blood on the floor, where it had dropped heavily from Jasper's wound. She did not notice it; almost it seemed as if she had forgotten all that had happened

before, the very existence of Antonio, the story of the three straws. She showed no surprise that Jasper and Antonio and several of the men were gone. For a moment, as she looked silently at Leonard, standing square and martial before her, so stony a look came into her lovely wild eyes, so colourless was her face, that he half expected her to fall senseless at his feet.

He spoke, with a rough laugh of admiration. Master Leonard had not even the manners, such as they were, of his birth and time. "By the Lord, fair lady, you might be dressed for a wedding!" he said.

"My own wedding, perhaps," she answered him quietly. "Lord Marlowe is in the castle, and the Queen, my godmother,—what could be more fitting?"

"Ay, mistress, we saw him, your fine Lord, a few minutes since. I'm bound to say he looked a happier man than when we had him caged in our garret and fed him with what we could spare. A very handsome lady, too, is the Queen. There he knelt beside her, like the best courtier of them all and something more, holding her gracious hand to his mouth like a starved man who wanted to eat it, and she in no hurry to draw it away. There sat King Harry, save his poor half-fledged Grace! Had I been him, I would soon have stopped their cooing and courting."

Leonard hardly knew if she heard him, as he grumbled on. His companions chuckled, except Lance, who frowned, his young heart suddenly touched by the tragic, helpless beauty of Margaret. It seemed that if she heard, she did not choose to understand; not an eyelash moved, not a tinge of colour came, as the words fell on her ears. "Let us go," she said, and stepped towards the door.

The men followed her closely; one

or two of them muttered to each other that the pearls were worth more than the maiden who wore them. Leonard turned back as soon as she had passed the door, and with a twist of his hand pulled the embroidered silk coverlet off the sick man's bed.

"I have more use for this than you, father," he said, and shut the door after him without noticing Dame Kate's cry.

Margaret walked on down the stairs, looking straight before her, noticing nothing. She passed the door of a lower room, where two or three of her maidens, having run back to their duty, were waiting huddled with terrified faces. Some horror was happening, they scarcely knew what; they had seen Jasper Tilney, wounded, and men dragging one they thought to be Antonio. They would have clung to their mistress's skirts, had not something in her face, and the fierce looks of the men, kept them back. Leonard, indeed, with the great roll under his arm, pushed them all with one hand into the room, and clanged the door upon them and their idle embroidery frames.

At the foot of the stairs, in a dark place by the door that opened into the small court, there was a slight scuffle, a smothered scream. Two of the men slipped out and ran in quest of horses, to bring them to the place Leonard had appointed. He and the others turned the opposite way, carrying among them a figure swathed and muffled from head to feet in long folds of cream-coloured silk embroidered with red roses.

"Listen, pretty mistress," Leonard growled in his prisoner's ear. "Be still, and we do not hurt you. Scream or struggle, you are gagged and bound. What is that you say? 'Harry, Harry'? Nay, my lass, his Lordship is not thinking of you. Be

content; we'll find you a better bridegroom. You are his by lot, and King's Hall will give you up to no Harry, so long as his Fellowship are there to stand by him."

The willows by the Ruddy saw strange sights that afternoon, when the mist, stealing again over the marshy meadows, had veiled the whole wintry sun.

The small river-door in the castle wall, by which Antonio had escaped when he went to call help from King's Hall against Lady Marlowe, was cautiously opened again. Three men carried out a woman, who lay in their hands as if dead. Keeping as far as possible in the shadow of the buildings, they brought her across the sluice and the weir. They laid her down by the willows, in a place where a bank of earth hid her, gorgeously wrapped as she was, from the ramparts and any high windows of the castle.

The rooks cawed and flapped among their new nests, high above in the tall trees, and flew, swaying and floating in the air, over the meadows and back again. The castle was full of the clamour of the Lancastrian troops, and from the town the loud joy-bells kept ringing, while in the hall Queen Margaret looked down smiling into her servant's eyes and said: "But where is Sir William Roden's sweet grand-daughter? Where is the young Margaret we held at the font? Nay, my Lord, we heard rumours—"

The willows by the Ruddy saw more men creeping up through the mist from the bridge, leading horses with them, and then Jasper Tilney's Fellowship mounted, and the strong Leonard carried his fainting prisoner along across his saddle, and so galloped away with her southward, to the house of him who had drawn the second straw.

The willows by the Ruddy saw

even more that day. Under their very branches, where they grew close to the water and hung over it, a dead man was washed by. His white face rose out of the muddy stream, as the grass on the bank caught his hair. The willows and the water knew him well. It was not twenty-four hours since he had dashed into the stream at this very place to save an old woman from drowning,—for his own ends, like everything else he did in his short life. The river had not drowned him, though the cold water now had his young body, strong and beautiful, born under the Italian sun, to play with as it would. His life-blood had ebbed from many wounds with which the Fellowship carried out their leader's threatening.

The boy might have died triumphantly, for there was a smile on his pale lips. He might have died with two thoughts in his unshriven soul,—that the old master, whose life he vainly begged from a worse creature than himself, had loved and trusted him to the end,—and that, fairly or foully, he had snatched one moment's wild joy in the hour of defeat and death,—he had kissed his lady.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARGARET RODEN came back slowly to the consciousness of life in a gloomy, ill-lighted room, its long latticed window open to the darkness of the night. A fire was smouldering on the hearth under the yawning chimney; a faint rush-light glimmered on the table. She found herself propped up in a tall chair; there was little other furniture, except an enormous bed with long dark curtains that swayed in the wind. An ugly old woman, with the face of a witch, was standing by, trying to feed her from a silver bowl with a large spoon.

"There, my pretty, open your

eyes,—that's well," she grunted. "Swallow some of this good stuff, 'twill warm the cockles of your heart,—there."

But Meg lifted herself in the chair, staring wildly round, and waved the spoon away. "Where am I?" she said; and added under her breath,—
"Harry, Harry!"

"Nay, we've no Harrys here," the hag chuckled, grinning; "but one young man's as good as another. If you can call for one, you can speak to another; and so I'll e'en do the master's bidding, and fetch him here."

She set down her bowl, and waddled out of the room.

Meg pressed both hands to her brow, and tried to think, to understand. She did not, honestly, know where she was. She could only remember leaving Sir Thomas, the old, faithful friend, his dying eyes following her as she swept to the door—how, why, where was she going? Ah, to meet the King and Queen. Yes, she still wore the beautiful gown of white and silver; the pearls were still upon her neck. She knew all now, and remembered that Harry Marlowe, in the presence of the Queen, the other Margaret of his adoration, had forgotten her, had left her undefended, to the mercy of the men who had joined him in that odious bargain of the three straws.

A sudden flame burned in Meg's heart, and she knew that she could never forgive Harry for this that he had done. If he felt himself bound to consent to such a means of gaining the castle and releasing her, he should not have left her to bear the consequences; he should not have allowed his love, the lady of Ruddiford, to be claimed successively by a cheat and a ruffian. Crazy! That was his only possible excuse. Such devotion to the Queen was madness; it could not exist side by side with a real, good love

for another woman. The warnings of all the old friends came back to her. Gazing into the dark recesses of this strange room, where the night-breeze howled and the rats clattered behind the wainscot, Meg told herself that all was over, that Harry was dead to her, and she to him.

She now realised that she had been carried away from home, and as her senses returned she knew where she was.

A sound at the door made her turn her eyes that way: she tried to rise from her chair, but her head swam, and she fell back, closing her eyes for an instant. When she opened them again, Jasper Tilney was standing before her.

Never finished or gentle in appearance, the master of King's Hall now looked fierce and terrible enough. His face was wrapped in bandages; his wild blue eyes glared upon Meg defiantly; but his words and actions were milder than his looks. "By all that's holy, you look but ill!" he said. "Has the old dame waited on you as she should? If not, I'll have her ducked in the river"; and stooping, he pushed a footstool to Meg's feet.

She looked down at him in the dim light, and strangely, suddenly, something in him made her think of Alice, her friend; it made her also remember that this wild being had had a good father and mother, her grandfather's neighbours and friends. Bad as his life had been, unworthy of his ancestors, Jasper Tilney could never quite descend to the level of the men who followed and sometimes led him.

Meg pointed at the smoking silver bowl on the table, and her lips trembled with something like a smile.

"Spare the old dame," she said; "she has done her best."

"But you have not drunk the

stuff,—the posset, the broth, whatever it be," he said gruffly.

"I thank you; I cannot swallow it," she answered.

"Ay, nothing at King's Hall is good enough for you."

"It is not that," she said, and stopped; then she went on, with grave eyes fixed on him, "You are hurt, I see."

His face deepened in colour, so far as it could be seen. "'Tis nothing," he said. "Did not they tell you? I left you a message; a cat clawed me, that was all." He tried to laugh and made a grimace. "I was a handsome fellow," he said, "though you may not believe it, for you never looked on me kindly before."

"The wound will heal, but it is very ill bandaged," Margaret said. "Let them bring me hot water and a cloth; I will do it better for you."

He looked at her hard. "For whose sake, Mistress Margaret?"

"For your sister Alice's sake," she answered him.

Jasper tossed his proud head slightly. "Better than nothing! Nay, it is very well, the cut is not deep. You shall not soil your hands or your white gown."

"It is soiled already. There is blood upon it—look! And yet I am not hurt," she said.

"Mine, I wager," Jasper muttered. "For 'twas not in your presence that—by heaven," he said aloud, "they told me you were dressed in a wedding gown, and they spoke the truth, I see!"

Meg looked at him calmly. The strange situation did not disturb her young stateliness. She sat upright, with her hands folded; the pearls gleamed softly on her neck. The Fellowship had been in two minds about robbing her of them, but Leonard had discouraged this idea. "Jasper shall give us their value

many times over," he said, "when he is master of Ruddiford. Do not take them now, or he will be angry."

"A wedding gown? No wedding gown for me," Meg answered Jasper, and even laughed a little, not merrily.

"What?" he said. "You will not marry him who drew the second straw, not now that you are in his house, in his power, carried off by his Fellowship?"

"And by his orders?"

"No," said Jasper; "no, fair lady, 'tis true, not by his orders. But my fellows are very faithful; no man has better. They judged for themselves. They knew that long ago I asked Sir William Roden for his grand-daughter. He refused me bluntly enough then. Will you refuse me now?"

Meg was silent, so long, with eyes now bent on the ground, that Jasper stared at her in astonishment. At last she looked up. "You ask very strangely," she said. "As for the straws, let me hear no more of them. I am a straw myself, it seems, and made of no more account among you all. You have me here in your power, as you say; with some, that would be a better argument, but not with me, for I fear neither you nor any man. Why do you wish to marry me, Jasper Tilney? Do you pretend to love me, by chance? Alice used to say—"

Again he tried to laugh, and winced with the pain.

"I cannot say soft things to please you, Mistress Meg," he said. "I leave that to lords and fine gentlemen. Love you? Well, you are beautiful, you are noble-hearted, but,—believe me if you will—I have never loved a woman as you mean. But any man must be proud of such a wife as you; and truly I love your acres of meadow and forest, and your snug little town, and your high castle with its banner waving, so proud, like a queen of the country-side. All that is what I have

coveted, and all that you can give me, —your pretty self into the bargain." He laughed again.

She laughed too, lightly and carelessly, with a sudden change of manner; no one had ever known such a Meg as this. "It was for love of my castle and lands, then, that you took Lord Marlowe and kept him here for weeks, —in this very room, was it?" she turned her head from side to side, while Jasper stared at her in wonder. Had she ever loved the man, that she could speak of him so heartlessly? Who would put his trust in a woman? And Harry Marlowe could have freed himself at any moment by the promise to see her no more! And the wretched Antonio had risked his life, sacrificed it, for the sake of her beauty! A touch of scorn crept into Jasper's thoughts of the beautiful girl who sat there. He was too simple to understand her madness of proud anger against the man whom she now thought she hated just as passionately as she had loved him. She had been fooled and scorned, she believed; the Roden blood was not of a kind to bear these things patiently. "This room—no," Jasper said, after a moment's silence. "This is the guest-chamber, the best room in my house. My Lord lived under the roof. I will show you, when you please."

"I do not care to see," she answered coldly.

"Very well. Decide your own fate, mistress, and instantly. We do not waste words here. If you will give me your hand in marriage, I will clear King's Hall of the rabble that make a warren of it now. They shall be sent packing, men and women, I promise you. I know what a gentleman's house should be, and I will not disgrace you. Neither will I marry you without your free consent. If I have not that, you shall stay here till dawn, if you will, and sleep as sound

and safe as in your own tower at Ruddiford. Then the men who brought you here, muffled and a prisoner, shall attend you home in the morning with all respect, mounted on the quietest horse in my stables."

"Ruddiford, — return to Ruddiford," the girl murmured, almost unconsciously,

"Ay," he said. "You have nothing to fear. The Italian viper is dead, who by a rascally trick thought he had won you."

"Antonio dead?" the girl started and shivered.

"Dead,—do you mourn for him?" Jasper said roughly.

To that she made him no answer. Her lovely eyes, full of some strange passion and despair, rested upon him an instant, then once more wandered vaguely round the room. She muttered something very low, of which he caught only the two last words, "the Queen." He stood waiting, with a patience that would have seemed marvellous to those who knew him. He was a manly and fine figure, in spite of his bandaged head; his eyes were honest and clear; his red hair curled close, where it could be seen.

Margaret looked at him again. Her mouth and eyes were very sad, but she spoke with clear decision. "My grandfather refused me to you," she said; "but he did not know that I should be left alone, without friend or lover. Those to whose care he trusted me, see how they failed us,—worse than failed, oh my God!—and what a winter of horror and pain! You are a man, Jasper Tilney; I believe you will not be false or cruel. Love!—it is a pretence, or a horror. If you care not for me, you care for my old Ruddiford, and you will be a good master to my people. And it is not giving the castle to the White Rose, for you will hold it for King Henry, for my grandfather's sake, in

spite,—in spite of—” she broke off, for her voice failed and her eyes dimmed and fell.

He still waited, grim and soldier-like, on her words.

With the dignity of a young queen, and with a grace all her own, she rose and made a step towards him, holding out her hand. “I will marry you,” she said. “Ruddiford shall be yours, Jasper.”

He stared, as if he had not heard aright; then he went down on his knee, took her hand gently and kissed it, as well as his clumsy bandage would let him. Rising to his feet, he looked down upon her from his great height with a wondering kindness. “I thank you, Margaret. I will be true to you,—and to the Red Rose,” he said.

The Fellowship listened with lengthened faces, when they heard the consequence of their latest essay in kidnapping,—that King's Hall was to be a haunt for them no longer, But Jasper did not mince matters. To the argument that he and his lady wife would surely live at Ruddiford, and that he would have plenty of use, in these stirring times, for a bold company of devoted friends keeping house for him at King's Hall, he answered that his mind was made up; he would live as a decent lord of the manor should, and would lead a wild Fellowship no longer. He promised them large sums of money, and help and friendship in the future, especially if they would keep the laws. But King's Hall must be cleared of them and all the disreputable following they had gathered together since he turned it from a peaceful country-house into a haunt of adventurers. He had promised Mistress Roden that the old house should be once more worthy of his parents, who would have turned in their graves could they have seen the use their wild son had made of it.

They laughed, they growled, they called him ungrateful, when he came down into the hall that night and broke his tidings; but he was master among them, and they dared not grumble too desperately in his presence. To all minds was present the example, so much talked of in their fathers' and grandfathers' days, of wild Prince Hal and the change in his life when he became King of England. These two men of strenuous natures may have had something in common. And there were those among the Fellowship, after all,—young Lancelot and others—who were a little tired of their daily life of violence and rapine. They were influenced, though they would not confess it, by Jasper's advice. “If you want fighting, go and fight for the Red Rose. The King and Queen want every strong arm we have, and will want more, I reckon, as the months fly. England has a stormy time before her. If you are weary of it all, go home and hunt over your fathers' lands and drive their bondmen to the plough.”

That was a strange night of noise and clamour at King's Hall. Only one person slept, and that was Margaret Roden. She laid herself down on the great bed, knowing herself as safe, under her wild bridegroom's roof, as in her own tower at Ruddiford, safer indeed than in these last weeks of treason and conflict. She slept profoundly, and was not awakened by the howling of the wind and the dogs, the tramping up and down of armed men, the excited chatter of the women, who, in obedience to their master's most unusual order, were sweeping and cleaning the hall and the great staircase; the roaring of fires, the shouting of the cooks who were beginning to prepare the wedding feast of which the Fellowship would not be balked, being bent on

a glorious end to their jolly life at King's Hall.

Meg slept through all these sounds and others which concerned her even more nearly. She was waked before dawn by the old hag who had waited on her the previous night, and was told that the priest was ready to hear her confession, that Jasper had already confessed and been shriven.

Meg made no difficulty. Old Dr. Curley himself, who had been carried back from Ruddiford by Leonard's thoughtful orders, was far more disturbed than she. His pink face was almost livid and his hands were trembling. Helpless as he knew himself to save her, he adjured her to speak the truth; was this marriage forced upon her against her will?

"No, father," she answered. "It is by my own free-will and consent"; and she smiled upon him, so that, when his duty was done, the old man went away muttering to himself, while tears ran down his face. "To see so lovely a maid broken-hearted! For some tale lies beneath this. Our Jasper is not entirely a child of the Devil,—none knows it better than I!—but he is not the mate for Mistress Roden, and old Sir William knew it well. Ah, King's Hall and I would have had little to say one to another, had I known the work that lay before the Vicar of King's Hall. Lent, too! Marrying and feasting in Lent! But God knows I dare not refuse. Ay, He knows all."

The first light of the spring dawn was beginning to shine in the east, when he stood before his altar, prepared to celebrate the second strange and sudden marriage King's Hall had lately seen.

The candles flared in the wind which rushed in at many a crack and crevice, and the scene was ghostly and wild enough. All the crowd of faces were there again, some hidden

in the shadow of the great pillars, some, nearer the windows, lit up by the glimmer of dawn that struggled, faint and white, with the few yellow and flickering lights within.

Out in the wide space before the altar, with the vaults under their feet where the old Tilneys lay, the two stood alone. Meg was very erect and perfectly still; her satin folds gleamed in the crossing lights, and her jewels flashed softly, drawing many greedy eyes from the congregation. She was perfectly pale; even her eyes had no life in them, as she kept them fixed on the brightening glory of the east window.

Jasper Tilney towered on her right hand. His head was still bandaged, but the barber of the house had cut his matted hair and washed his face. He was dressed in a fine suit of blue velvet and fur, and, but for Antonio's dagger, would have been as handsome a groom as any bride could have desired. The eyes that held and devoured Margaret were depths of blue fire; if she had met them, she might have read there something more than love of her castle and lands; but she looked steadily away from him.

As Dr. Curley opened his mouth to begin, a trumpet-blast rang and thrilled through the church. He stopped, breathless, and every man looked at his neighbour.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was explained to Queen Margaret that the young mistress of Ruddiford Castle did not meet her and King Henry in courtyard or hall, because she was waiting on the death-bed of Sir Thomas Pye, her grandfather's faithful old friend and executor, himself truly a martyr for the cause of Lancaster.

Henry Marlowe, representing the

owner of the place, ignorant indeed of all that his love was suffering from his absence, found it impossible at first to leave the presence of their Majesties. When the King, weary and frail, had gone to rest after his journey, the Queen retired from the hall to Sir William's room above, and summoned Harry, attending on her, to give an account of his own adventures and of the changes and chances that had happened to Ruddiford since he first arrived there a couple of months before. Queen Margaret herself had seen vicissitudes during that time. She had had her triumph at Wakefield, her march southward, full of hope and courage, her fresh victory at St. Albans, with the rescue of the King. Then,—through the fault of her wild northern followers more than her own—she had been turned back from the gates of London, and was now retreating to the friendly north again, with a spirit as high as ever, a beauty more wonderful, so brightly and resolutely did the flame of life burn behind delicate features wasted with hardship and sorrow. The softness of early youth and the gaiety which had won so many hearts were gone for ever, and it was a stern face in repose, but for a friend and trusty follower there was still the smile and the gracious sympathy that enchanted men. Margaret always forgot her own many troubles and few joys in those of her friends.

She sat in Sir William's great chair, leaning her cheek on her thin hand, her eyes dark, soft, and intent, her mouth set quietly, as the evening light from the great window filled the room, and Harry kneeling beside her in the scene of two of the chief events of his story, told her all, from his first sight of Margaret Roden and disobedience to his step-mother's mission, to the adventure of drawing lots that very day,—told her, with a flush

on his face, of his step-mother's false-ness, of the Yorkist banner flying on the keep, of the tragic death of Isabel. Whatever Margaret of Anjou might have felt, only the faintest smile showed rejoicing at the fate of her enemy. And those who chose to tell scandalous stories, either in malice or ignorance, as to herself and the favourite courtier who knelt now, pale and haggard, beside her chair, saying that not loyalty alone, but some closer and less honourable tie linked him to her fortunes, might have been ashamed if they had heard the talk of the two that day.

"Then, my Lord," she said, watching him closely, "you fear that in regaining this castle for the King you have in strict justice renounced your right to marry Sir William's heiress?"

Harry hesitated a moment. "Madam," he said, "let justice be what it may, I cannot resign her to that low-born knave. I thought the lots were safe; I prayed to God that they might be; 'twas like the ordeal of fire or water or red-hot iron. It seemed to me that God would show His will in such a matter, but that cannot be," as Margaret smiled and moved her head. "Nay, I have but one thing to do. I told the youth I would fight him, would stain my sword with his rascal blood,—better that than—"

"He may have cheated you in the drawing of the lots."

"Impossible! I saw the whole matter. So also did Tilney, my enemy and rival, but an honourable man."

"This matter must be in my hands," the Queen said. "I will take the maid into my care and wardship. Her grandfather is dead; your step-mother, to whom the foolish old man trusted her future, is dead; God rest their souls, loyal and disloyal, in His mercy! Come, I am Queen of Eng-

land yet. I held your Margaret at the font ; she must be mine, her castle and lands mine, to give to whom I will. Do not concern yourself about this Italian ; I will send him abroad. I need a messenger to carry letters to Naples ; he shall go. I will see you married, and you shall hold Ruddiford till I have gathered my fresh army and return from the north again. Cheer those gloomy looks, my Lord ! Master Tilney's prison has entered into your soul. I tell you, these successes of Edward of March are but like a summer storm. The Midlands, the north, the backbone of England, we hold them still ; in the south and east, too, we have many a stronghold. Your brother, Dick Marlowe, holds your house of Swanlee. He brought his wife to me,—though her brother be lawless and your rival, Tilney of King's Hall is a loyal old name—but I sent them back to keep their corner of Buckinghamshire. You hear me, my Lord ! All will yet be well."

As the Queen spoke, her dark eyes softened and shone with the inspiring light that had sent many a man to death for her sake. Stooping forward, smiling, she touched the hair that fell over Harry's brow with the points of her long fingers. The touch was like a friendly benediction. "Rise up, Sir Knight," she said, almost playfully, "and lead us to your lady. We are curious to see the maiden who made such a conquest. We will visit the good old man whose bedside she cannot leave. He will pass the more happily, with his Queen's thanks and farewell."

"Madam, you are very gracious," Harry Marlowe said.

A tear fell upon the Queen's hand as he kissed it. Her eyes lingered on him for a moment with a kind smile, in which there was the faintest shade of wonder and pity. Possibly the

nickname of Mad Marlowe was not unknown to her.

She wrapped herself in a dark cloak, and went with him alone through the twilight across the castle courts to Margaret Roden's tower. In the court below all was very still ; there were no guards to be seen. The door at the foot of the winding staircase stood open, and voices could be heard above ; some argument was going on ; there was a confused terror in the sounds, yet the voices were low, as if in the presence of something awful.

The Queen and Harry paused upon the stairs. "What is this chattering?" she said.

He turned a white face towards her. "She is not there," he muttered.

Then, forgetting all ceremony, he leaped up the stairs to the half-open door of Margaret's apartments. Looking in, he saw a group of girls huddled together at the foot of a bed, while old Dame Kate, sobbing bitterly, was drawing the sheet over the face of one who had that moment died. Harry Marlowe strode forward, and laid his hand in place of hers as she started back in a terror that turned instantly to relief and joy. The Queen wrapped up from recognition, followed him swiftly in and stood at his elbow.

"Ah, my Lord, and Mistress Meg ! Thanks be to God !" the old woman cried trembling. "But you are too late ; his Reverence the good Vicar is gone. Alas, alas ! I sent these foolish maids to find a priest in the town, and they pretend they could not find him. Heaven bless and comfort him ! He has died without the sacraments, even as his worship Sir William did, but in peace, in peace, and praying to God with his last breath to bless and protect you, Meg, sweetheart. Lord, Lord ! and you were away with the Queen ! But

she is safe with you, my Lord; and if I be not mistaken, Master Tilney will provide that the wicked Tony trouble you no more."

Harry Marlowe had taken the sheet in his hand. He held it for a moment, while Margaret of Anjou leaned over the bed and made the sign of the cross on the peaceful brow. "It is the face of a saint," she murmured. "God rest him! God comfort him! Paradise is for such as he. A martyr may safely die unhouselled."

With one hand she took the sheet from Harry, and lightly laid it over the face of the old man. With the other she threw back the hood that screened her face, and then turned with a sudden fierceness to Dame Kate, who stared and trembled. The words that were on Harry's lips were spoken by the Queen. "Where is your mistress?"

"Madam, madam," the old woman stammered hopelessly. "Madam, she,—hath gone to meet their Highnesses the King and Queen. But who—who?"

"What does this mean?"

"When,—with whom did she go?"

The questions were asked simultaneously by the Queen and Lord Marlowe.

Dame Kate's confused explanation was not re-assuring. Harry Marlowe stood with clenched hands, stunned for the minute by this new misfortune. The Queen's questions, quick and haughty, terrified both the dame and the maidens, who now guessed who it was with whom they had to do. Dame Kate could only tell what she herself had seen and heard; punishment descending on Antonio for some insult, she supposed, to her lady, the sudden sharp struggle between him and Jasper Tilney. "I doubt he claimed her,—your Lordship knows,—he thought her his own—"

"Leave that, nurse, leave that; he will answer it to me," Harry cried passionately.

"Ah! and your Lordship scarce knows how much he hath to answer for. The prize was not honestly won."

"We said it, my Lord!" exclaimed the Queen. "Leave the wretched Italian, old dame, but go on, we command you. Where is your mistress now? Answer, or to the dungeon with you!"

Dame Kate dropped on her knees and cried for mercy. Her words tumbled over each other as she hurried out the story, how Mistress Meg had seemed mad, had called her to dress her in her most gorgeous array, had ordered Jasper Tilney's men to escort her to the hall, that she might receive the Queen, had bidden the Vicar a loving farewell, telling him to live for her wedding,—*"with you, my Lord."* Dame Kate stopped suddenly; she dared not repeat Leonard's words as to Lord Marlowe and the Queen.

"Go on,—what more, what more?" Harry Marlowe cried impatiently.

Truly there was no more, except that Mistress Meg in her beautiful gown had swept through the door, the men following her—robbers as they were, one of them stole the coverlet (of Mistress Meg's work) from the Vicar's bed—and so she went, and Dame Kate saw her no more, but the maidens who were in the room below could bear witness that the men told them their lady was going to meet the Queen.

"My Lord, there is some foul play here," the Queen said. "Mark you, woman, your mistress never reached the hall. Miserable wretch, why did you let her out of your sight? What, a young and lovely girl, alone with men whom you say were robbers and ruffians! Good God, dame, why did

you not keep your mistress safe locked within the room there? Well might she desire our presence and protection,—but yet—but yet—” She turned to Harry Marlowe. Forgetting her and his courtier duties, he cried out: “The castle must be searched. Jasper Tilney, I must find him”—and he rushed from the room.

“On my honour, this Tilney is a lad of spirit,” the Queen murmured, and smiled, though angrily. “Our good Marlowe finds himself scarce a match for such a rival. First to kidnap the bridegroom, then the bride!—’tis a lively game, savouring more of France than slow-blooded England.” As she turned to go, the frightened girls met a glance which made them cower before her. “Follow your Queen,” she commanded them.

The ignorant ringers went on clanging the joy-bells for the triumph of Lancaster, the presence of the King and Queen; the royal standard drooped in heavy folds beside that of Roden on the keep. Neither the ringers, nor the strong men who had hoisted the banner, knew that Sir Thomas the Vicar lay dead, and that Mistress Margaret had disappeared into the mists that were gathering thick and white over the marshy fields.

The consternation in town and castle was very great when these news became known. People told each other in the street, whispering fearfully, as if Ruddiford had reached its lowest depth of evil luck; and this, though the woman who had worked so many harms lay dead in the priest’s house.

The brothers Timothy and Simon came back from their task of preparing her for burial. They had not left it when some one, looking in at the door, told them open-mouthed that the King and Queen were come. Per-

sonally the two worthies had no special devotion to the King and Queen. They might have expressed their feelings in immortal words: “A plague o’ both your houses!” Why must the cruel civil war ravage a peaceful country town, such as Ruddiford had been for centuries? Timothy and Simon cared neither for King nor Queen, mad Lord nor treacherous Lady. They were faithful to their old master and chieftain, and therefore to his side in the quarrel; but all their love and heart’s loyalty was for Mistress Meg.

Weak and tired from their painful day’s work and from the hard imprisonment which went before it, the brothers hurried back towards the castle.

“Now, Simon, come you home,” said the little lawyer. “You need rest and refreshment; the colour is clean gone from those cheeks of yours. Come; I have the will in my pouch. Queen or no Queen, nothing can happen to Mistress Meg without us, the executors.”

Simon only answered by quickening his short steps, and passing the turn which led to their house. “Talk of cheeks, brother Timothy!” said he. “You were always lean, but now you are as lantern-jawed as the Vicar, God bless him! Mistress Meg and Dame Kate are no bad doctors, but heaven knows what confusion there may be now, with all these strangers about. I go as fast as shanks will carry me, to tend the Vicar and see that all is well.”

As they came near the gate there was a great clamour within. Suddenly Black Andrew, breaking through a quarrelling group of the Queen’s troopers, rushed past and stopped an instant to cry to them.

“O’ God’s name, masters, where have you been? The Devil is abroad with a vengeance, and has spirited

Mistress Meg away. You may well stare. She is gone,—gone,—no one knows whither. My Lord is mad indeed. We ride—”

“And the Vicar!” shrieked Simon, catching at his sleeve; but the man-at-arms tore himself away. “They say he is dead, and lucky for him,” he shouted as he ran.

The two worthies looked at each other for a moment, pale and stony, then raced together through the gateway with the speed of young men. “God forgive me if I am wrong, but I suspect Master Tonio hath a hand in this,” Simon muttered breathlessly.

The hoofs of two horses clattered over the bridge, plunging out into the dark country veiled in mist, thundering over hedge and ditch and along the deep miry ways towards King's Hall. The riders were Lord Marlowe and Black Andrew. Though no sure knowledge was to be had of Meg's fate, all suspicion pointed to her having been carried off by Jasper Tilney and his men. If this was the case, it was certain enough that only superior force would rescue her. But Harry's impatience would not wait for the preparing of a troop who should over-awe Jasper into giving up his prize. He must see for himself. Without a plan, and against the Queen's advice, he took Black Andrew and they rode.

It was deep dark night when they reached King's Hall, for though Andrew knew the road well, the mist confused him so that he lost his way more than once. All the gates of the old place were fast locked and barred, but the inhabitants were neither quiet nor asleep. Dogs barked and bayed in the yard, there was a confused sound of voices, and the windows that could be seen above the high outer wall were lit up brightly. The silent gables rose a darker shadow against the dark and

misty sky. The river fog wreathed the place about in shifting twirls and heavy masses, one moment impenetrable, the next, broken into waves by an almost imperceptible breath of wind.

The horsemen dismounted and knocked upon the gates; there was no answer. The dogs barked more fiercely, but the human voices drew no nearer. The breeze that sighed lightly from the west brought an amazing savoury smell of all kinds of cookery; the Fellowship fared well, it seemed, and their supper was to be a very late one.

“If Mistress Meg be here, they will not starve her,” Black Andrew muttered as he sniffed the odour of divers meats.

Was she there? Was she not there? Lord Marlowe, battering the gate with his sword-hilt, called aloud on Jasper Tilney; there was no reply.

At last, after riding round and round the place, church and churchyard, house and all its precincts, without the possibility of making their way in, they resolved that this quest of theirs was hopeless. At any rate, two men could do nothing; and Andrew, now conscious of a better liking for my Lord, whose passion for Mistress Meg was so evidently real, gruffly counselled riding back to Ruddiford and returning with a strong force to break into King's Hall.

“Still, I doubt she be not here, my Lord,” he said.

Harry Marlowe looked at him wildly for a moment. “Where is the Italian? He too has disappeared. If she be not in the hands of Tilney and his Fellowship, then,—where is she?”

Andrew wagged his head. By means of Dame Kate, the tale of the straws had soon been spread through the castle, and Andrew felt

measureless scorn for those who, no matter what the reason, could have ventured such a treasure on such a chance. "Nay," he said, "Master Tony was in their hands, and roughly treated, as I hear. He may have escaped them; he was the very devil for cunning; I never trusted him. But he alone could scarce have rescued Mistress Margaret from the guard of a dozen men. Who knows? 'Tis all a mystery. I would we could find Tony. I tell your worship, for craft and wiles I never met his match."

Lord Marlowe groaned. He had dismounted, throwing his bridle to Andrew, and now for a few minutes he stood before the gate, staring aloft at the high gable where he had spent so many weeks as Jasper Tilney's prisoner. "The man is a gentleman," he muttered. "But the other,—a low knave of bad foreign blood—ah God, his tiger face when he pulled the long straw!—and I scorned him, thinking it mattered not. Ay, he may have escaped from Jasper's men, and he may by some devilish cunning have seized upon her. The castle must be searched again, the whole country must be searched; if she be not here at King's Hall, then, in the name of God, where is she! Away, Andrew, mount and away!"

So Mistress Meg's lover grieved and debated, while the Fellowship within their walls, making ready for their leader's wedding, laughed at the clamour he had made, while behind one of their lighted windows the girl he sought lay sleeping peacefully in her white gown, undisturbed and unknowing.

There were many lights about the castle when Lord Marlowe and Andrew rode up again to the bridge, for the Queen's troop kept good guard. It was known that a messenger had been sent by Lady Marlowe to the Yorkist

leader, and rumour said that Yorkist spies had dogged the army on its way north. They might well have carried the news that the King and Queen had separated from the main body and were resting at Ruddiford. But all the country seemed quiet, so far south as King's Hall.

Still, something had disturbed the guards at the gateway, and when Lord Marlowe rode in under the tower, one of them had been let down by torch-light over the parapet and was examining the body of a drowned man, as it seemed, which the stream had brought down past the mill and lodged against a pier of the bridge.

As they dragged it up and lifted it into the light, those who belonged to the place cried out sharply that it was Antonio. But none of the men had ever loved the foreigner; they had envied his favour and resented his authority; there were no tears to be shed for the beautiful Italian boy, now disfigured and wounded, so that they saw it was not the river that had killed him, but the violent hands of men.

"So! Master Tony hath met his fate," Black Andrew growled. "If this be not the work of the Fellowship, may I never draw knife again. My Lord, see you, this answers one question. Mistress Meg is at King's Hall."

Harry stared down on the boy's dead face. The body lay at his feet on the pavement of the bridge, and as the men stood in a circle, their eyes glanced curiously from the dead to the living. Mad Marlowe's lips moved without a sound; then he said aloud, "Give him Christian burial," spurred his horse and dashed on over the bridge into the castle.

Weary as she was with her journey, Queen Margaret had not allowed herself to rest. The King, weak in mind and body, and the little Prince of

seven years old, slept through that night of anxiety under the shadow of Ruddiford's old towers, as if England was at peace and they were paying a friendly visit to the old hero of Agincourt, who would have received them with such honour and such joy. But Margaret of Anjou, on whom the Lancastrian cause depended, had then and always her own claim on the adoring love of her friends and followers; their troubles were hers.

Even before Harry Marlowe came back to her with the news of his failure, she had decided what must be done. His own men and fifty of her boldest fellows had had orders to arm, and long before dawn the little force was ready. It passed out with flaring torches across the bridge into the cold dimness of the fog-laden country. At its head, to the surprise and admiration of all those left behind, who would gladly have crowded after it to Mistress Meg's rescue, but were commanded to stay in guard of the castle and its royal guests, rode the Queen herself beside the Queen's man.

"Slack not your riding for me, my Lord," she said, and smiled. "'Tis nothing new for us to ride on a foray together. I am a good commander, you know. Truly I cannot rest within walls till I have young Margaret safe under my wing."

A hundred yards or so behind the troop, keeping out of sight in the fog, or among the trees as day began to break, rode the two excellent worthies, Timothy and Simon. They were no soldiers: nobody had thought of bidding them arm and ride; but in this matter they took the law into their own hands. Simon was very positive

that it was their duty to find Mistress Meg and take charge of her, wherever she might be. Timothy could not let Simon go alone; he also carried in his pouch the unwieldy parchment, their credentials, in which by Sir William's own desire their names were written. The Vicar being dead and gone, the whole responsibility appeared to rest on them, and they took it up cheerfully. Their stout nags were reined in with difficulty; they had no wish to join the troop, which would not have welcomed them; neither did they wish to come to actual blows with the King's Hall Fellowship. Their prudence was probably their salvation.

In the breaking of the day, just when the wedding service was about to begin in the church at King's Hall, the Ruddiford troop reached that point in the road where a track turned across a field to the old house on the hill. The light was still misty and dim. Suddenly a wild trumpet-blast broke the silence of the fields, till then profound, except for the ringing of bridles and splash of hoofs on mud or grassy margin. Another troop, coming from the south, advanced suddenly, breaking through the mist, prancing, first like shadows, then solid men and horses; then followed a line of archers, forming up across the road. Both bodies of men came to a halt; there were cries and shouts and trumpet-calls.

"Who goes there?"

"A York! A York!"

"A Lancaster! A Marlowe! God save King Harry!"

A flight of arrows parted; three Ruddiford men fell; then the two little armies dashed headlong at each other, and a fierce skirmish began.

(To be continued.)

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THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER V.

THE river lay like a string of jewels in the crevasses of the hills. Away in the sun-haze to the west the sand-dunes of Wairangi blazed like pyramids of gold.

Geoffrey paused on the summit of Bald Hill to gaze at the familiar scene. Eighteen or twenty miles away, but looking vastly nearer, rose a green hillock, cut into terraces, a Norfolk Island pine on its summit. He had once spent an afternoon with Eve beneath the shadow of that tree, and memory recalled easily the homestead in its sheltering plantation, nestling under the pa.¹ His mind's eye saw the flashing casements, the deep, cool verandahs, the sub-tropical flower-garden, the woods and orchards in which the house was embowered. Peace was there if anywhere in the world. It was in the pens, where were the prize-bred fowls in which Major Milward took such a deep interest; in the ducks diving in the creek; in the cows coming lazily down to the slip-rail for the evening's milking; in the flocks of sheep cropping the broad pastures over a score of hills; in,—and his heart beat quicker as he called up the figure of the young mistress, moving everywhere with her light step, like the spirit of Peace herself.

¹ *Pah*, a fortified hill.

Wairangi, the Heavenly Waters. Such a splendour of light lay over the scene that he might well have been gazing into paradise itself. There were rest and content. The memory of the resplendent glories of summer came to him whispering that there also was delight. How could he hesitate? What was it that bade him pause, his feet on the threshold, his will fainting to be there? Was it pride that could not brook the thought of asking so much and offering so little? All his life he had eaten the bread of dependence, but love had sweetened it to his lips. Would it not continue to do so? Was it doubt as to how his advances would be received? Doubt was there, but if it influenced him at all it was towards its own elimination.

The Bald Hill was the highest point in the settlement. It was so named on account of the landslips which had denuded its summit of soil and left the white inhospitable clay exposed. The settler to whom it had been allotted was supposed to be recompensed for its barrenness by an increased depth of soil in the hollows into which Geoffrey now descended; but there were no evidences of any attempt having been made to utilise this compensation, supposing it existed, beyond what were furnished by a hut roofed with kerosene tin and a small enclosure mainly choked with weeds. A slipshod,

youngish woman stood in the open doorway, watching him with the frank, sexless interest which is due to the presence of another human being of the same race. A sound of children screaming came from the interior of the hut. Geoffrey touched his hat and was passing when the woman called to him and came down to the fence.

"I hope you didn't mind my sending for the things this morning," she said as Geoffrey approached.

She leant her arms wearily on the fence and looked steadily at him as though she derived pleasure from the act. Her face showed traces of good looks prematurely faded; her eyes were tired and sullen. Through her imperfectly fastened bodice Geoffrey caught a glimpse of a black bruise staining her white skin.

"Not at all," he said. "We were only too glad to be able to help you—that is, I hope we were—" and Geoffrey looked at her enquiringly.

"I got what I sent for," said Mrs. Andersen, nodding. "I always do when I send to you. That's why I go to you last." Geoffrey laughed, and the woman smiled slowly in sympathy. "I suppose we have got to live," she went on, with a return of gravity. "At any rate we do," she added, the first proposition encountering a bar of doubt in her mind.

"Of course," Geoffrey agreed, as though there could be no doubt at all.

Mrs. Andersen looked at him and condensed the problem of the ages in one word—"Why?"

The answer, several of them, came out of the house ready-made and arrayed in flour-bags. Geoffrey noticed that the family patronised two brands of flour, *Champion* and *Snow-drift*, and there was also among the younger branches an attempt to advertise a special sort of oatmeal from Tokomairiro.

"How is Mr. Andersen getting on?" he asked cheerfully, lifting one blue-eyed, tow-headed urchin of doubtful sex on to the rail beside him.

Mrs. Andersen shrugged her shoulders. "I haven't seen him for the best part of a month—run away, kids, and don't bother—I shouldn't care if I never saw him again," she added, frowning.

There seemed no ready-made convention for a remark of this nature, and Geoffrey looked smilingly at the child.

"I suppose that shocks you," the woman said bitterly. "One thing, I don't often have the chance of saying what I think."

"I'm sorry it's like that," Geoffrey said, forced into saying something, "You must have a hard time feeding and—looking after all these children." He was going to say clothing, but remembering the scantiness of their wardrobe, checked himself in time. "If there is anything I or Robert could do to help you, I'm sure we should be very glad."

Mrs. Andersen shook her head. "What could you do?" she asked. And indeed Geoffrey was conscious as he spoke of the inadequacy of any assistance in his power to render. Short of the reformation, or in the alternative the death, of her drunken husband, there seemed no help for her.

This contact with the troubles of another had turned his thoughts from the too intense brooding on the difficulties that beset himself, and he went on his way in a more reasonable frame of mind.

"'Ook, mammy, 'ook, the pretty sing man div me!"

Mrs. Andersen clutched the money as a drowning person clutches an oar, and for the same reason. "There," she said, as the child began to whimper, "don't cry. Mammy will get you

some jam for tea. Run in, kids, and tell Lena to stir up the fire." She turned on the threshold and waved her hand to the unconscious form of Geoffrey, whose back was just disappearing into the bush. There was a silent benediction in the act.

"I will ask Mrs. Gird's advice." Geoffrey was saying to himself at that moment; "and whatever she advises I will agree to."

Many and very dissimilar people went to Mrs. Gird for advice, and she gave it to all with equal candour. Probably if it suited them they acted on it; but whether it suited them or no, she took care that they got what they came for. She was no witch whose elixirs were potent in the troubles of true love, yet the loves of the settlement were mostly confided to her. She rarely left her home on the section, yet everything that occurred for miles around was known to her almost as soon as it happened. She knew when M'Clusky's bull had broken Finnerty's fence and eaten the tops off his apple-trees; and she had a spirited account of the meeting of Finnerty and M'Clusky ready the same day for the amusement of her husband, who sat all day long in his invalid's chair following her with adoring eyes, but incapable either of speech or motion. She knew when Sven Andersen was in the lock-up for drunkenness, and whether or no Mrs. Andersen had gone into the township to pay his fine; and she called herself a lucky woman when she related the facts to that same listener. She knew when the girls got into trouble, as they sometimes did, and who was the responsible party, and what was the best course to take in the delicate operation of bringing the delinquent to book. But whatever she knew the poor cripple knew also, for on that understanding alone would she accept a confidence.

"You can speak out," she would say, when her visitor showed a delicacy in beginning, "because I shall tell him when you are gone, whether or no."

He made a splendid wreck, this husband of hers, as he sat there day after day, dead up to the eyes, but alive from that point upwards. She had been told that when the light dimmed in his eyes then he would die; so she watched him hour by hour, week in week out, instilling, perhaps, some of her own superabundant vitality into the dying flame. She was a tall, strong woman, yet not so very long ago that poor cripple was in the habit of taking her up in his arms like an infant, and holding her there till a hearty tug at his hair effected her release. But there came a black and treacherous day when wife and children looked for him in vain as the twilight fell. Struck by a flying branch, he lay in the shadow of the woods that would never again have cause to tremble at his tread. That was the first tragedy of the settlement, and nothing that happened afterwards had made such a strong and abiding impression on the minds of the settlers.

Every bushman knows the toll of blood demanded by the virgin forest. It is fixed and inexorable, and though skill in bushcraft will carry a man far in the avoidance of accidents, it counts for nothing when the time comes for the bush to demand its price. There was a superstition in the settlement that so long as Mark Gird lived the woodman was safe, and many besides the devoted wife watched for the dying out of the flame.

Geoffrey heard the sound of an axe in the dimness ahead, and, smiling to himself, he left the track and made softly towards it. In a few minutes he reached the clearing.

"Geoffrey, you wretch," said the lady, "how dare you come creeping up like that?"

"Like which? I thought you always completed your sentences."

"Good. Your sentence is to take hold of the other end of that saw."

"Everything all right?" asked Geoffrey, laying his hand on the tree and looking up.

Mrs. Gird allowed him to walk round the barrel and examine the scarf. "Well?" she asked.

"The fowl-house won't be there when we've done," he remarked, taking off his coat.

"Rubbish!" said the lady. "The fowl-house is fifty yards off."

"Well, you'll see," said Geoffrey, bringing the maul and wedges up to the tree and picking up the saw. "Are you ready?"

Mrs. Gird tucked the sleeves higher up her fine arms, made a mysterious arrangement of her skirt which seemed to convert it into a sort of sublimated masculine garment on the spot, gripped the handle and started the saw.

"Tell me when you are tired," said Geoffrey, smiling behind his side of the barrel.

"A likely thing," said Mrs. Gird, "that you should tire me."

"I am rather nice," the young man admitted.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the lady, with a laugh; "what a gift of repartee. Why this abnormal cheerfulness? You are rather silent as a rule, Geoffrey."

"That is so," the young man admitted, and gave an instance. "Spell oh!" he called presently. "Time for a wedge."

The wedge was inserted. Then came another spell of sawing, followed by more wedges; then more sawing and a vigorous driving with the maul, and presently down came the tree.

"Splendid!" Mrs. Gird exclaimed. "Just where I wanted it to fall."

"Beautiful!" agreed Geoffrey; "but do you notice the undignified attitude of your fowl-house?"

"Well, I never!" said the lady, astonished.

"I did," said Geoffrey; "that's how I knew. I once blew a tent away in precisely the same fashion."

"You might have told me."

"Pardon me; if you reflect a moment, I think you will do me the justice to admit that I did."

"You certainly said that the fowl-house would not be there."

"Precisely," said Geoffrey triumphantly, "and the facts have borne me out."

Mrs. Gird gazed at him with a severity which the twinkle in her eyes belied. "Go," she said, "and put it back where it was."

"I am afraid that is barely possible, but we might be able to make it pretty comfortable where it is."

This proved to be so, and the fowl-house was re-erected not much the worse for the indignity to which it had been subjected by the draught of the falling tree.

"Here come the bairns," said Mrs. Gird, looking with bright eyes across the clearing, as a couple of boys shot out of the shadow of the bush and darted towards her. "Steady now, Mark, don't tear me to pieces; let Rowly have some too. Now shake hands with Mr. Hernshaw. That's right. Off you go to father. Take off your school clothes, and then you can get your tomahawks and amuse yourselves till tea-time. Aren't they just lovely?" This was spoken to Geoffrey.

"Vain woman!" said he.

"Yes," she said seriously; "it is true. I pride myself on my common sense, but I'm a fool with my own."

"They are the handsomest, the

cleverest, the best-natured boys in the settlement," Geoffrey said.

He was still smiling, but Mrs. Gird's bright eyes looked a long way into human nature, and she nodded. "You're not a bad sort, Geoffrey," she said, turning away,

"Well, of all the—" Geoffrey began disgustedly.

"Where have you been this last month?" Mrs. Gird interrupted, leading the way to the house.

"At home, working."

"I thought, perhaps, it was just possible you might be at Wairangi."

"There is a good deal of the conditional mood about that sentence," Geoffrey observed.

"And is there none of it about you?" Mrs. Gird asked shrewdly.

"I propose to occupy a portion of your valuable time in the discussion of my worthless self."

"Very well,—when we get inside. What's stirring in the settlement? Anything fresh?"

"Nothing much." Then, after a moment's thoughtfulness, he added: "I saw Mrs. Andersen as I came by; things seem to be in a bad way with her."

"Do you mean that you judged so from her appearance, or that she told you so?" Mrs. Gird asked sharply.

"The latter."

"Then why not say so. She told you things were in a bad way with her—well?"

"That's all."

"H'm. Well, it's a fact; they are in a bad way, and they are likely to be, unless—" she pursed up her lips. "Do you know a man called Beckwith?"

"Fairly well."

"What kind of a creature is he?"

"I suspect him of honesty," Geoffrey replied thoughtfully. "He never stops working, and he's deadly silent. I think these be virtues."

Mrs. Gird nodded, as though some previous account had received confirmation; then she laughed. "Sven Andersen talks a great deal," she said, "and his English is as broken as his adopted country; *ergo* he is a fool."

"No doubt you are right," Geoffrey said.

"It is one of the data upon which our constitution is founded," Mrs. Gird condescended to explain, "that a foreigner whose English betrays him is necessarily an idiot."

"Quite so; pardon my momentary forgetfulness. But what is your conclusion?"

"I was thinking that Andersen might be forgiven for being a drunkard and a brute, but it is impossible to pardon him for being a fool."

"And so—"

"And so, here we are at the house."

Geoffrey took off his hat reverently as he entered the abode of the man who was dead and yet lived. Then he knew that his arrival was known long ago to the invalid, whose chair was drawn up in front of the window that looked out upon the clearing.

"Father is never lonely," Mrs. Gird said cheerfully, as she wheeled the chair round towards the fire; "there is always some one in sight from the window. Only the day before yesterday we had Finnerty chasing Robinson's pigs with a shotgun, and that was enough to keep any one amused for a week."

"It's marvellous how they carry on," Geoffrey agreed. "One half of the settlement appears to spend its existence in trenches waiting for the advance of the other half."

"The mystery is how they manage to pay court-expenses. Take the Finnertys and Robinsons, for instance; there is never a court-day but what they are down on the order-

sheet. If it's not Finnerty *versus* Robinson, it's Robinson *versus* Finnerty. Damages for assault, damages for trespass,—good Lord! they seem to be all mad together. Finnerty laid an action against Robinson for damages caused by Robinson's pigs. Defendant denied that any damage had been done, or that, if damage was proved, it had been caused by his pigs, and in any event he denied liability owing to the plaintiff not having a legal fence. Plaintiff alleged that he had a legal fence 'acchordin' to th' act, yer reverence,' and that in the alternative said fence had been removed by the Robinson family for fuel. Then they went at it hammer and tongs. Mrs. Finnerty, duly sworn, alleged that Mrs. Robinson was a liar. 'You'll not be lis'nin' to that woman, your worship, for she's desavin' yez.'—'Well, never mind that, get on with the evidence.'—'It's like this, yer worship (wheedlingly); last Tuesday Mrs. Andersen come around to give me back some tay she'd borrowed a while back, and she sez to me, she sez—'—'Yes, yes, never mind that; come to the sow.'—'Yes, your worship, and Mrs. Andersen was tellin' me she'd littered'—'Who littered?'—'The sow, your worship.' (Laughter in the court.) Magistrate, severely, 'I won't have this noise. Well? (to witness) for goodness sake, get along.' And so on, *ad infinitum*. Don't look so shocked."

"Me! I defy you!"

"Well, you ought to be. But what's wanted in the settlement is a good heavy top-dressing of horse-sense, and that's a commodity which is pretty scarce anywhere. But I am stopping you from talking."

Mrs. Gird seated herself with her arm across her husband's chair and looked expectantly at Geoffrey.

"I saw Sandy Milward to-day," the

latter said after a moment. "He wants me to take over Raymond's job in the store."

"What wages is he giving?" Mrs. Gird asked.

Geoffrey shifted his position and looked foolish. "I ought to have asked that, of course," he said, "but as a matter of fact I didn't."

Mrs. Gird shook her head. "Not that it matters so much in this instance," she admitted, "because Major Milward is almost absurdly generous. Well, are you going?"

"I don't know. I could do the work very well; it would be less irksome to me than tilling the soil,—supposing I could afford to consider my inclinations, which I can't. I am not a great deal of help to Robert, though I endeavour to do my share, and it has struck me that I might be able to assist him to better purpose if I were earning money independently."

"Those are very good reasons why you should go; now let us hear one or two why you shouldn't."

Geoffrey was silent awhile. "There is only one," he said at last slowly. "You know that I was a good deal at Wairangi during the summer and autumn. It is a pretty place, and Major Milward has royal ideas of hospitality; you used to tell me jokingly what would happen."

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gird, her eyes beaming. "The one thing you haven't mentioned is that Eve Milward is a lovely girl."

"She is too lovely for my peace of mind."

"Good boy. So that's the problem? Now let me think. I suppose you have never said anything to her? No. And you have no idea how she regards you? Well, as a friend, of course."

"If I go," said Geoffrey, "it will be as her lover."

"And as her father's storekeeper."

"That is the crux of the whole matter. Are the two compatible?"

"Perfectly,—in this country. You are not in England now."

"Then do you advise me to go?"

"Not so fast, my young friend," said Mrs. Gird, laughing; then she continued seriously: "I believe in a man having the courage to avow himself and take his chance; but I should like you to have a good chance, both for your sake and for hers."

"Thank you for that."

"Well, I do not think it would be at all a bad thing for Eve; but I do not know if you accepted Sandy's offer that you would be in the best position to induce her to think so."

"I thought you said—"

"I said, or I meant, that there was nothing in the fact of your being employed on the station that need cause you to hesitate, but that's not saying that a position of dependence on a girl's father is a good one from which to woo her."

"Then perhaps I had better not accept."

Mrs. Gird sat looking absently at him, and it was some time before her reply came. Then she said: "After all, the position is nothing; everything depends on whether you are the right man. Yes, that is the answer to the riddle. If I were you I should go. But, Geoffrey, let me tell you of two faults you possess; you are too impractical in money matters, and you have no self-confidence. Why have you no self-confidence?"

"I don't know," said Geoffrey, knitting his brows; "I have and I haven't."

"Well, at any rate try and be practical. Make a start with Sandy. Whatever wages he offers you, ask ten shillings a week more."

"I couldn't do that," Geoffrey said

slowly. "If I thought he would refuse me or argue the matter it would be all right, but he would say yes at once."

"And that appeals to you as a practical reason for not asking him?" Mrs. Gird asked curiously.

"I don't know," said Geoffrey; "but it's why I couldn't."

He looked so apologetic in his disability that Mrs. Gird conceded the point with a laugh. "Young man," she said, "I doubt if you would be so scrupulous about your sweetheart's kisses."

CHAPTER VI.

MAJOR MILWARD left the store, locking the door behind him. It was Sunday afternoon. A native on horseback was scurrying along the beach with a tin of golden syrup under his arm, for which he had paid one shilling and fourpence in the belief that he was purchasing tinned meat. It is due to the Major to say that in this belief he fully shared. The store was closed against business on Sundays, but Major Milward, to whom serving at the counter was a pleasant relaxation, in which he was not supposed to indulge, occasionally managed on some pretext to obtain the key from the storekeeper, when if the opportunity offered, he would transact a little business *sub rosa*, frequently, as in this instance, with disastrous results.

The Major wore a sun-helmet in compliment to the fine October weather, and a cigar, without which he was rarely seen, glowed between his teeth. In stature he was rather under middle size, but his figure despite his age was erect and active as a boy's. A pair of clear blue eyes looked steadily out on the world. He walked up the beach humming a hymn-tune and looking well pleased

with himself. The native who had ten miles to ride, making twenty in all, was equally pleased as yet.

Presently the Major paused and pished irritably. He had recognised the tune he was humming and discontinued it on the spot. "The air seems charged with the wretched things," he thought. He stood a moment looking along the shining river in the direction of the bar, then turned in at a side gate and walked slowly up the path to the house. "I wonder whether Hernshaw will get carried away like the rest. Mind too well balanced I should say." A shade of anxiety and annoyance crossed his countenance. "I always thought her like that until—bah! What makes religion such a cold inhuman business when it's carried to excess? This Fletcher now, is there anything about him beyond what he *says*? If one wanted a fiver, would it be obtainable there sooner than elsewhere? If one needed sympathy, would it come more readily from him than from Hernshaw—for instance? His eye had caught sight of that gentleman on the verandah. "No, by Gad! There is more quick humanity in that chap's little finger than in the whole of Fletcher's carcass."

Geoffrey, his finger between the leaves of a book, looked pleasantly at the Major as he mounted the steps.

"Come for a stroll round," the latter said.

Geoffrey rose obediently and dropped his book into the rocking-chair. "Miss Milward has offered to introduce me to Mr. Fletcher," he said, "but I don't suppose it is urgent."

"Not a bit," the Major replied with alacrity. "He is here then?" he asked in a lower voice.

"Yes, sir. But I will get my hat and come along."

Geoffrey entered the wide hall and took his hat from the stand. He

could hear talking in a side room and the door-handle turned as he passed. Reaching the verandah, he heard his name called, and turning he saw Eve Milward coming towards him, accompanied by a tall man of dark complexion. Geoffrey looked at him at first with indifference, then with more interest.

"Mr. Hernshaw—the Reverend Mr. Fletcher."

The two men looked at one another and hesitated, then Mr. Fletcher, with a stiff inclination of his head, turned to Major Milward, who, having watched the meeting with curiosity, now came forward and shook hands with his visitor, making at the same time polite enquiries as to the success of what Mr. Fletcher was in the habit of referring to as the propaganda.

"Our efforts are bearing fruit," said the latter, in his most clerical manner. "Among the natives our ministrations have been more particularly blessed."

"They would be," the Major agreed.

"In the Waiomo valley more especially," Mr. Fletcher went on; "Heaven, in its goodness, has seen fit to bless our efforts in the conversion of every man, woman, and child."

"What exactly do you imply by conversion?" Major Milward asked.

"Conversion," replied Mr. Fletcher "is a turning from ways of darkness to those of light."

Major Milward looked at Geoffrey. "This will be good news for you, Mr. Hernshaw," he remarked. "The Waiomo natives, I think you said, are owing the store some seven hundred pounds."

"Seven hundred and forty-three fourteen nine," said Geoffrey with stiff precision.

Major Milward lit a fresh cigar, and Mr. Fletcher, whose ardour appeared to have suffered a slight check, turned to Eve.

When Geoffrey and Major Milward set out on their stroll, they saw Mr. Fletcher and Eve walking slowly along the beach in front of them, their destination being the little village of Rivermouth about two miles distant.

The Major led his companion through the orchard where they decided that the fruit-trees promised well, then round to the poultry pens, with their valuable and well-cared-for contents, and thence back to the beach. Geoffrey appeared thoughtful and preoccupied, and the Major glancing at him surprised a puzzled frown not due to anything in their recent conversation.

"I beg your pardon," said Geoffrey with a start, becoming conscious of his companion's observation.

"I was suggesting that we should go as far as the village and see what is going on; or would it bore you?"

"Not at all. This sort of thing is generally interesting and sometimes amusing. I suppose Mr. Fletcher is a well-known revivalist?"

The Major shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose so. The Church of England appointed him down here,—to get rid of him, I expect."

Geoffrey was silent awhile; then he said: "Isn't it a little unusual for that denomination to go in for anything quite so—er—violent as I understand Mr. Fletcher's methods to be?"

"I thought so. In fact, I had an idea of dropping the bishop a friendly line on the subject. A parson is all very well to marry us and bury us and that kind of thing, but when he begins to distract our attention from the plain duty of sticking to our work he becomes a nuisance. I thought of suggesting that there might be room for a person of Mr. Fletcher's energies in the bishop's own immediate neigh-

bourhood. By the way, that wasn't bad about the seven hundred and forty-three fourteen nine. I expect you got the odd money out of your head. But it is a fact that we shall not be sixpence the better for it. Fletcher doesn't know much about the natives and might expect permanent results." The Major smiled grimly.

"Is he making many converts among Europeans?"

"A few of a sort among men; women, of course."

The sound of a brass band had been audible in the distance for some time past, and as they now turned from the beach and surmounted a small hillock it burst on them in full blast.

A crowd was gathered on the sands at the foot of the hill, while another crowd of larger dimensions sat or lolled on the grassy slopes and looked on. Beyond lay the village, basking in the afternoon sunlight, apparently quite deserted. Major Milward descended the hill some distance and sat down. The crowd on the beach was arranged in a large circle. Geoffrey could see the tall figure of the clergyman at one side, with Eve and a few Europeans, male and female, close to him. The remainder of the worshippers were mostly Maoris, fully half of them being armed with brass instruments of one kind or another. A large native in a red jersey was walking majestically round the interior of the circle clapping a pair of bones and bawling out the refrain of the hymn: "Wass me—and I s'all be wha-iter than snow! Wass me—and I s'all be wha-iter than snow!"

"Why, its Pine," said Geoffrey suddenly.

"So it is," the Major agreed.

Geoffrey caught sight of Sandy lower down the hill, and the latter, observing him at the same moment,

came up and sat down, clasping himself rapturously round the knees.

"Isn't he lovely?" he exclaimed with his solemn chuckle. "I would not have missed this for anything."

"Your enthusiasm does you credit," Geoffrey said drily.

"Pine is the latest convert and the most enthusiastic. Observe the intensity of his conviction as expressed in his calves. How Fletcher can stand there and retain his mental equilibrium passes understanding."

"No doubt the intensity of his convictions sustains him. After all, is this quite as ridiculous as it looks?"

"More so," said Sandy.

"Sincerity is entitled to respect."

"It is entitled to the respect it can command," said Major Milward. "We are not bound to respect a man because he has a sincere conviction that the earth is flat; neither are we under any obligation to respect him because he believes the Creator can be propitiated by more or less unmelodious howling. If it is a sense of humour that prevents me from joining the circle on the beach, then I am thankful I possess it."

The hymn had come to an end, and Mr. Fletcher was now beginning to address his followers. His voice was powerful, and carried easily to those on the slope of the hill. He began by giving thanks for the success with which his labours had been blessed, and he went on to speak of the methods he had adopted for bringing the sheep into the fold. It was not those who came voluntarily to the House of God for whom the Church need feel its deepest concern. There was more joy in heaven over one sinner who repented than over a hundred of the righteous who needed no repentance. His predecessors had been content to guide and guard their flock, but for him that was not enough. There should be un-

ceasing joy in heaven. The sinner should come daily into the fold, crying out for the salvation of belief. For it was one thing to know of God and another thing to know God.

"There are many," he went on, raising his voice, "who have put their reason in the place of their Creator and cried, 'This is false, that cannot be; our reason denies the other.' But later, when the spirit of God has possessed them with His knowledge, then reason falls back shamed before the over-reason of the soul." He paused, and his voice dropped to a lower key: "One such man I have known. With him, as with those of whom I have spoken, reason was the crown of his being. And reason told him that the Bible was false; that the story of Christ was half a lie; that there was no Creator. To what may such a man cling in the strong waves of earthly temptation? He was placed in a position of trust, and possessed the unbounded confidence of his friend. That confidence he betrayed." The speaker hesitated a moment, and the audience, recognising something vital in the story, preserved a complete silence. Major Milward, glancing at his companions, was arrested by the expression of Geoffrey's face and allowed his cigar to go out.

"Fortunately for him," the speaker resumed impressively, "his sin found him out. Then, as is the way with the sinner, he sought to fly from the judgment. Was it difficult? His sin was known only to two persons. Only to two!—two persons in all the world!" Again he paused; then suddenly his voice leapt out with startling clearness: "To two? Nay, but to millions! He knew it himself—his conscience knew it—God knew it! The angels of heaven, whose number is as the stars of the firmament for multitude, knew it every one! The consequences of sin are

eternal. Fly to the uttermost end of the earth, you shall not escape them." His voice took a denunciatory ring: "They will confront you in the hour of setting forth and in the hour of returning. They will cry to you, 'Begone! Here also thou art known.' Do you think to begin afresh as though your sin had never been? I tell you there is no spot on this earth or in the heavens above the earth where the consequences of sin shall cease and be no more. Is not that an awful thought?" He stopped and looked slowly round his circle of listeners; then in softer tones he began to point the moral of his story and to speak of the atonement of Calvary.

"He can talk all right," Sandy said with unwilling admiration; "but the moral didn't seem to hang to his little story too well. What do you think of him?" he asked, turning to Geoffrey.

"It seems impossible to doubt his sincerity," was the reply.

Mr. Fletcher was now addressing the Maoris in their own language, and the crowd on the hillside, as though ashamed of the temporary seriousness into which they had been cajoled, resumed their original levity of manner.

"There are some fairly hard nuts for the parson to crack down there," Sandy said. "That's Hogg, the store-keeper, talking to the half-caste girl, and she's a Miss Wayte from up the river. There are seven girls in that family and they've all had to stick to their name. Some people think Hogg's going to marry her, but they've thought things like that about Hogg for the last twenty years. That's Howell, the shoemaker, pretty well in, they say, and tight as wax. His brother keeps the pub, the two-storey building beyond there. Most of the young men are from the coast

settlement; you can see their horses in Howell's paddock. They work like furies all the week, real hard graft, mostly bush-felling, and on Sundays they get their horses and ride them backwards or sideways or any other way the fancy takes them, and tumble off here on to the sand and look at the girls."

"And what about the girls?"

"The girls look at them and ask one another their names, and say, 'Oh, do look!' and 'Isn't he good-looking?' and 'I wish I knew him.'"

"And then—"

"That's all till next Sunday."

"But in time, I suppose, they get to know him and marry him."

Sandy shook his head. "There are no marriages here," he said; "very few births, and deaths only by accident. That's how it is that when the Government sends a man up here to collect statistics he always goes back a confirmed dipsomaniac."

"I have wondered why that was so," Geoffrey said, and Major Milward laughed.

The band was now in full blast again, and the voices of the singers came at first with uncertainty through the hubbub. Then the voices mastered the air, and put the band back in its proper place.

The three waited until the service was over, and by that time the sun had set and the evening star glowed at the river-mouth.

Major Milward rose and scanned the groups on the darkening beach below. "Home," he said succinctly. "Go and fetch Eve."

Sandy departed obediently, and in a few minutes returned with his sister. Eve took her father's arm, and the two young men following behind, the party made its way back to the house.

Lamps were glowing brightly in the big dining-room, as they went up

through the sweet-scented garden on to the verandah. The Major went straight into the house, but Eve waited for the others. Her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling as she looked from one to the other. "I hope you both enjoyed the service," she said.

"I did thoroughly," Sandy replied; "and during our walk home, Geoffrey has exhibited all the depression which could lawfully be expected of a man conscious of a misspent life."

Eve smiled and looked wistfully at the person alluded to, but Geoffrey remained silent.

That night when he reached his room, he got out some writing materials and sat down to indite a letter. It was but brief, yet nearly an hour and two or three sheets of paper were expended before it was finally sealed and addressed to the Reverend T. Fletcher, Rivermouth. Then he went out in his stocking-feet and dropped it silently into the mail-box.

CHAPTER VII.

OWING to the delivery of all letters being deferred until the arrival of the weekly overland mail, it was three days before Geoffrey's letter reached its destination two miles away.

The Reverend Mr. Fletcher boarded in the village, for though the Wesleyans and Roman Catholics possessed their mission stations, the Church of England had no local habitation within twenty miles of the county borders. The Mallows, at whose house he resided, belonged to the earlier pioneers, the family having been established in the days when the white man came alone into the native settlement and picked his wife from the bright-eyed maidens of the

tribe. The founder of the family slept in the graveyard, beneath the manoa trees on the summit of the hill, and his grave vibrated eternally to the tread of the ocean rollers on the bar. His descendants were in every township and settlement throughout the county. Some had sailed away and were heard from occasionally; others had sailed away and never been heard from.

The Mallow who occupied the old homestead was a son of the founder of the family. He had married a half-caste woman, and had numerous olive branches with corresponding complexions. The sons had mostly disappeared; two were in South Africa, fighting the Boers. The daughters disappeared too, but more gradually. Now and then it became necessary to send one away to a distant relative, preferably in Auckland; and now and then one died of consumption. For many of the half-caste girls this was the dread alternative to marriage. As they left off their childhood the girls came to the window, where they could see the young men ride by, sitting loosely in their saddles, their hard bright eyes sweeping the beach. Sometimes at intervals of months, even years, the young men looked at the window. Then followed a season of danger and delight. The river was a sheet of silver in the moonbeams; the warm night wind breathed along the sands; the threatening of the bar was no more than a bee's drone. And there were dances occasionally here, and in the county township up the river, and at the settlers' houses; and though there might be a ride or a pull of twenty or thirty miles to the place of entertainment, the attendance suffered little from that. But the young men went back to their work in the bush, felling and driving and forgetting, and sometimes the

girls wished that they had never been born.

The coming of the Reverend Mr. Fletcher was a golden event in the lives of the two remaining Mallow girls, and they were naturally his earliest converts. Winnie was twenty-four years old and Mabel twenty-one. They were fine buxom creatures, with the glowing beauty of their mixed parentage in their dark skin and lustrous eyes. Though they had hitherto been among the gayest of the gay, nothing could now exceed the demureness of their conduct. It was tacitly understood that the clergyman was to marry Winnie, but the elder sister entertained the fear, and the younger the hope, that Mr. Fletcher would exhibit in his selection the usual perversity of his sex. As for the father of the family, he had never interfered in the love affairs of his daughters either for good or ill. He was an indolent, taciturn man, who appeared to live mainly on tobacco and reflection, supplemented by occasional financial assistance from his relations; but he left the management of affairs to his wife, who, for all her dark skin, was a European in her instincts. Mallow washed himself and brushed his hair only under pressure from his family. He preferred walking about the sands in his bare feet rather than in boots, and, if the choice offered, he would hold companionship with a Maori sooner than a European, and with himself in preference to either. For all this he was an affectionate parent, and, which counted for a good deal, the best fisherman on the river.

Mabel had walked along the beach to Hogg's store for the letters, because Winnie was getting the parson's breakfast, and she now came back with the weekly paper, a bill for Mr. Mallow, and two letters addressed to the Reverend T. Fletcher.

Mabel knew, by the postmark, that one of the clergyman's correspondents was a local one, and she judged that the writer was a man from the character of the handwriting. The other letter was plainly penned by a woman, but the postmark showed her place of residence to be at the other end of the world.

Mr. Fletcher was seated at breakfast, a meal which for domestic reasons he generally took alone, and Winnie was waiting on him. He received the letters with a kindly smile, and allowed them to lie by his plate while he conversed with the girls.

"Mr. Raymond struck me as an estimable and well-informed young man. I am pleased to think he has found an employer so close at hand."

"Mr. Hogg is going to open a branch store on the gumfield," Winnie said; "so probably he will send Mr. Raymond there by and by. Have you met the new storekeeper, Mr. Hernshaw?"

Mr. Fletcher's brows contracted slightly. "Yes," he said; "I saw him on Sunday last."

"Isn't he nice-looking?" Mabel asked. Something of the old leaven still worked beneath the demure exterior of the younger sister, betraying itself now and again in chance remarks. Winnie made warning signals behind the parson's chair.

"He is not outwardly ill-favoured," Mr. Fletcher admitted. "Has he been long in the district?"

"Two or three years," Winnie hastened to reply. "He has a brother, such a nice boy, who used to be a shepherd on the station until this one came out. Of course Mr. Hernshaw's taking on the store is only a forerunner to something else."

Mr. Fletcher looked interrogation.

"He and Eve are dreadfully gone on one another," Mabel explained, with a roguish laugh. "All last

summer they were inseparable; so it is easy to see what his coming to live at the place means."

Mr. Fletcher resumed his breakfast in silence, and the two girls exchanged glances.

"They will make a beautiful couple, don't you think?" Mabel asked, seating herself with her hands locked on her knee in an attitude that showed off the voluptuous curves of her figure to perfection.

Mr. Fletcher stirred slightly, and his eye fell on the letters. He laid his hand on them and turned to the last speaker. Her eyes were brown and bewitching, and he looked straight into them and read their meaning. "Is it a fact?" he asked, with a half smile. "Or is it just a conclusion drawn by lookers-on?"

"Do you mean are they engaged?" Winnie broke in sharply. "Yes; or if they are not, then they ought to be."

Mr. Fletcher regarded her fixedly with dark, cold eyes. Then, taking his letters, he rose abruptly and left the room.

"Bah, you flat!" said Mabel with disgust. "You ought not to have said that, because it was silly, and I don't believe it was true."

"He is in love with her, I suppose," Winnie said, clattering the dishes together passionately. "What do I care whether it is true? Every one is in love with her. Who are these Milwards, that they should have it all their own way?"

"They are the biggest people here," Mabel replied good-humouredly; "and they are ladies and gentlemen. Major Milward owns half the county, and what he doesn't own he's got a mortgage on, and I don't believe half these people who hold their heads so high ever pay him his interest. I'm sure we don't; and he's had a mortgage on dad since the year one."

"Major Milward's a darling," said Winnie, surrendering at once.

"So's Eve," said Mabel; "only she's so beastly beautiful." The adjective belonged, properly speaking, to the days before Mabel was converted.

Mr. Fletcher, when he left the breakfast-room, went into his private sanctum and closed the door. His writing-table stood near the window, and he sat down before it and looked out across the tussocks to the shining wet sands. His face suggested that the alliteration now being uttered in the other room might, had he heard it, have roused a responsive chord in his bosom; for it was the beauty of Major Milward's daughter which occupied his thoughts at that moment. There was no truth in what he had just heard; it was the cruel spite in which even decent women sometimes indulge. Was it true about Hershaw? His lips closed, and he crushed the letters he still carried unconsciously in his hand. His attention thus directed to what he held, he lifted first the English letter, opened it, and glanced at the signature. Then with a shock his wandering thoughts were arrested and he read it through. He read it several times, sitting motionless all the while. Then, as though seeking distraction, he turned to the letter still unopened, and here also there appeared to be matter of unusual interest, for a single perusal did not suffice him. By and by his eye sought the window again, and for many minutes he sat looking straight in front of him. A barefooted man was pushing a boat down into the tide; this was Mallow going fishing. A boy, leading a horse, went by close under the window. His mind disturbed by these movements, Mr. Fletcher turned his face from the window, and his eye fell on a text pinned to the wall: "Be merciful,

and thou shalt obtain mercy," said the text in bold black letters.

Mr. Fletcher tore the local note across, and going to the fireplace, he put a match to it, and watched the pale flame curl up around it. A knock came to the door, instantly followed by the appearance of a lad of eighteen, the youngest hope of the Mallow family, who looked curiously at the burning paper in the grate.

"Your horse is ready, Mr. Fletcher," he said.

The minister hesitated, thrust the other letter into his pocket, and taking his hat and riding-whip from the wall, followed the boy out in silence.

Winnie had not anticipated Mr. Fletcher's stay in his study would be so brief, and she had gone up the bank to the well; but Mabel, who was on the watch, heard him and came out. "What time shall you be back, Mr. Fletcher?" she asked.

"Probably not till this evening," was the reply; "but I do not wish the household arrangements disturbed on my account at any time."

"Poor Winnie is sorry for what she said," Mabel continued in a lower voice. "She hopes you will forgive her, and not be angry."

"It was a highly improper remark," Mr. Fletcher returned, with a partial recrudescence of his colder manner; "both because it was uncharitable, and also because it was untrue." He looked searchingly at her as he spoke.

"It was untrue," Mabel admitted, if it suggested any more than that Eve Milward and Geoffrey Hershaw are lovers."

"That is a truth, I suppose?" Mr. Fletcher said, smiling.

Mabel nodded. "I know," she said. "If not yet, then soon. But, now or soon, it is certain."

Mr. Fletcher mounted his horse, with the girl's words tingling in his ears, and they kept time to the lum-

bering canter of his big horse as he moved along the beach towards Wairangi. Certain! Certain! But was there anything certain in this world?

At the moment the black-coated figure turned up the track to the stables Geoffrey was in the office behind the store, and Eve was with him.

The girl sat on a low seat near the door, and looked eagerly up into her companion's face. "Could you not reconsider it?" she asked pleadingly. "The case surely cannot be so one-sided as you think, else how may we account for the wise and learned men who accept it?"

"It would be no use," Geoffrey replied. "It is not that I *will* not believe, but simply that my reason does not permit me."

"Do you remember what Mr. Fletcher said about relying on our reason?"

"Yes. But it is all we have, or at least it is all I have."

"What is it you cannot believe?"

Geoffrey smiled at the little eager question, but his eyes remained troubled. "It used to be details," he said; "but I have reached a stage when I can regard them with indifference; it is the inadequacy of the sum total.

"Do you think the story of Christ inadequate?"

"I think that the story of Christ would gain in beauty could it be purged of much that is inconsistent, and more that is incredible. But the moral teachings of Christ are one thing, and the Bible as an authentic account of the origin and history of the universe quite another."

"Mr. Fletcher says that where the Bible is in conflict with our idea of what is probable, it is so as a trial of our faith."

"That is a way of explaining it, of course. But you have mentioned Mr. Fletcher; if our own reason in these matters is to be distrusted, where is the justification for relying on the reasoning of another? Or is reason to be appealed to only when her answer is likely to be in the affirmative, and disregarded on all other occasions?"

Eve looked uneasy, then she laughed. "Your arguments are more penetrative than mine," she said; "but for all that, I feel within me that the Bible is true. Would you not be glad to think so?"

Geoffrey hesitated a long while before he replied. "Even to that," he said unwillingly at last, "I must say no. I have, like most men who have dipped into modern ideas, a picture of the universe such as is conformable with reason, and could I be convinced that the Hebraic account was the correct one, I should feel that I had suffered a loss, not reaped an advantage. The difference between the two presents itself to me as though a house built for kings should have come by misadventure into the hands of a misshapen dwarf."

Eve rose, looking troubled and disappointed. "That seems to be final," she said. "If you have not even the desire to believe—what is it," she

interrupted herself to enquire, "you find so attractive in science? For mankind it seems to offer little, and for the individual nothing."

"That is so," Geoffrey replied; "but the road has gone only a little way into the darkness. It is paved with truths, and truths are hard to come by. This is one," he added, laying his hand on a volume on the desk; "the book Mr. Fletcher advised you not to read."

"Is the evolution of species so certain?"

"Either that, or the Creator has laid a trap for our reason."

"Mr. Fletcher says that *THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES* does not disprove the Bible."

"That is as well, because evolution nowadays is regarded as much a fact as gravitation. But the Church is wise, and I doubt if it would be possible to produce any argument which would disprove the Bible."

Eve pondered awhile, then looked up more brightly. "I do not despair of you yet," she said. "I feel that revelation is quite as certain as evolution, supposing that to be as certain as you think; and if you could feel the beauty of it as I do, you would be glad to think so also."

This was the beginning of many similar conflicts between the pair.

(To be continued.)

THE LUDLOW MASQUE.

THE unveiling of Mr. Horace Montford's statue of Milton in front of Cripplegate Church, on November 2nd, was accompanied by the Mermaid Society's presentment of Milton's Masque of COMUS in the Cripplegate Institution. The unveiling was performed by Lady Alice Egerton, namesake and descendant of the original Lady of the Masque. Had she but been able to take the part which was written for her ancestress, the occasion would have rivalled in historic interest Garrick's famous representation. When Dr. Johnson wrote the prologue for the benefit of the poet's grand-daughter, Garrick had recourse to Dr. Arne for the incidental music. The Mermaid Society revived those airs to which Harry Lawes set Milton's lyrics, and which have been preserved in the stage copy of the second Earl of Bridgwater, the Elder Brother of the Masque. Still, Lawes's arrangement of the play, which transferred to the opening the earlier part of the Spirit's final song, changing "*Now to Heaven*" into "*Now from Heaven*," was prudently disregarded, and the text employed was that of Milton's final revision, not the crude version recited in the Council chamber of Ludlow Castle, where the last echo of Elizabethan inspiration was heard upon an English stage.

It may or may not be true, as Shropshire tradition maintains, that the suggestion of the masque's slender plot was derived from an adventure of the three youngest of the Earl of Bridgwater's children, lost in the Forest of Hay. Local tradition

is everywhere a brittle foundation, and nowhere more than in England. To-day the guide who shows visitors over the ruins of Ludlow Castle will point out the dungeons into which the medieval barons threw their prisoners to the lions; and I remember being told by my uncle's coachman that the green mounds in front of Stokesay Castle were "what the Romans mounted their guns on." It is not even certain that Milton had any personal acquaintance with the Earl of Bridgwater's household, though their mansion of Ashbridge was not far from his rural retreat at Horton, and at Harefield, in the same neighbourhood, the Bridgwater family had sung and recited the lyrics and dialogues of the ARCADES in compliment to their grandmother, the Dowager Countess of Derby. Their is no confirmation for the statement that Milton's father held his house and land at Horton under the Earl. Perhaps Harry Lawes, the composer, and music-master to the younger Egerton girls, was the only point of contact between the poet and the patrons for whose pleasure he married his friend's music to immortal verse. Yet it would be at least unlikely if the warm appreciation which the slight interlude of the ARCADES, as well as the more elaborate and artful invention of COMUS, received from those for whom the poems were written, did not lead the way to some interchange of courtesies between Ashbridge and Horton.

When the Bridgwater family were about to take up their residence at Ludlow Castle, the seat of the Court

of the Welsh Marches, and proposed to give to the neighbouring gentry an entertainment not unbecoming the splendour of the Lord President's state, Harry Lawes's pupils naturally turned their thoughts to the fanciful devices in which they had already achieved some distinction. Perhaps the Lady Alice, a fair girl of fourteen,—her portrait shows a "lassie of the lint-white locks," in a white dress with blue scarf—desired to emulate her brothers' triumphs. Lawes applied once more to his friend, who furnished a poem appropriate in local allusions and the apt use of a legend drawn from Geoffrey of Monmouth's Celtic stories. Nothing has been discovered to connect Milton with the scene in which he places the action of his fantasy, nor are the colour and setting so particularly defined as to allow of any confident deduction from internal evidence.

Milton was steeped in classical influences until, even when he described an English landscape with his eye upon it, he could not refrain from intermingling constant reminiscences of Sicilian or Latin pastoral. However, there are sufficient traces in *Comus* of an acquaintance with the salient features of the country about Ludlow, to prove that, if Milton had never paid a visit to the Welsh Marches, he had taken pains to learn the distinguishing marks of the landscape. The southern borders of Shropshire are entirely different in character from the great plain which sweeps over so wide an extent of the county. Rolling uplands, with green valleys and fir-clad heights; the sides of the hills and the hollows alike shadowed by stately trees; dingles in which the steep banks ascend in tiers of beech and elm, birch and oak; a clear, shrill river tinkling over ledges of shale and sandstone, or thundering down a weir into foaming pools; the

mossy ground luxuriating exceedingly in thick bunches of primrose and cowslip; the grey palings of close and park crusted with moist lichens;—such is the aspect that Shropshire assumes as it merges into Wales and Herefordshire. And one who rambles about it finds his path now threading deep-wooded dells, through which he breasts the tall bracken or sinks into drifts of the fallen leaves of a dozen autumns, now bringing him to the wide prospect of a grassy summit. Without any very exact description Milton indicates a background of this kind in his allusions to "lanes" and "alleys green," "dingles," "bushy dells," and "bosky bourns," "hilly crofts that brow the bottom glade," and "twilight meadows" where the river-nymph places her delicate foot on "the cowslips' velvet head."

Ludlow itself stands on a bold height overlooking the valley of the Teme. The streets descend in every direction from the highest and central part of the town, where the castle, now a desolate ruin, dominates the view. To the north the windings of the Teme are visible through a screen of orchards and woodlands, while the horizon is closed by the Cleve Hills and the Caradoc. On the west the rocks of Whitcliff rise on the farther side of a precipitous defile, scarped with quarries that show like bald, brown patches among the fox-gloves, ferns, and gorse. The noble church of St. Lawrence, which forms with its tower the apex to a mass of habitations rising from the base to the crest of the slope in the form of a pyramid, is scarcely inferior to the collegiate church of Tong, proudly styled by Shropshire folk the Minster of the West. But it is round the castle that all the associations of *Comus* linger. Like the castles of Oswestry, Wigmore, and Clun (the

Garde Doloureuse of THE BETROTHED), Ludlow Castle belonged to that chain of strongholds established by the Norman marchers to pen the wild Welsh in their mountain fastnesses. It played its part in the troublous reign of Stephen, in the Barons' War, and in the Wars of the Roses. Here the little Prince who perished in the Tower was acclaimed. Here that Prince Arthur, who was to have revived the glories of the Cymric monarchy, was plighted to a Spanish bride, and here he died before his sixteenth birthday. When, however, Lord Bridgwater entered on his residence there, it was chiefly Sir Henry Sidney's influence that was to be felt, alike in the salutary regulations which he had laid down for the proceedings of the Court of the Marches, and in the traces of his work on the actual stones of the castle. He had repaired the chapel, the court-house, "a fair fountain" on the green, and Mortimer's Tower "to keep the ancient records in," and he had built twelve new rooms, and "a goodly wardrobe under the new parlour." On the inner gate his epitaph admonished an oblivious posterity—*Hominibus Ingratis Loquimini Lapides*. It was in the great council chamber which he had repaired that, on Michaelmas night 1634, the masque was enacted upon a dais at the end of the hall, if not with the Italianate sumptuousness of Inigo Jones's scene-mounting, yet doubtless with no little pomp and elegance. Nor is it likely that, in spite of the austere moral of the piece, on this festal occasion the "fair fountain" omitted to run with wine; and, indeed, Baxter complained of the carousing and junketting that went on in the castle at this time.

In the number of *ingrati homines* Milton must be reckoned, since he who, to judge from his lines to the cuckoo, first learned the art of the

sonnet from Sir Philip Sidney, in the fanatical zeal of a Puritan and a Republican flung at his master's verse the unworthy reproaches of "vain and amatorious," and sneered at the inclusion of Pamela's prayer in the *ICON BASILIKE*, though he himself might have truthfully made the confession, *Et ego vixi in Arcadia*. Yet when he was composing his Ludlow masque, we may easily believe, without straining a conjecture unduly, that he was moved to assume something of the half courtly, half pastoral strain of Sidney's romance by the recollection of the family's relations to Ludlow. Of other local associations there is indeed little. The mediæval past is wholly neglected. Sabrina is brought in as the *dea ex machinâ*, and, conformably to the associations of the seat of government of the Welsh Marches, the Welsh legend of the Severn is revived. But to the legend there is given an entirely classical turn, and the Welsh river is transformed into the conventional stream of one of Virgil's Eclogues, rolling along its bed unnatural ornaments of emerald, agate, and turquoise.

There is no Celtic touch in Milton's imaginings, and nothing that genuinely fixes the time or place; nothing beyond the vaguest reference to "a peer of mickle trust and power," wielding a "new intrusted sceptre" over

An old and haughty nation, proud in arms.

And if the masque has in no wise drunk of the Celtic inspiration, no more is it racy of the English soil. Poor George Peeleboard, as he was unkindly called,—George Peele, the dramatist who is remembered by a single line—

Seated in hearing of a hundred streams—

had written a masque which in the

mere plot is not unlike Milton's. But the very title, the *OLD WIFE'S TALE*, promised an induction of rustic jargon unsuitable to the high rank and sensitive refinement of those who were to exhibit Milton's characterisation, and still less congenial to the proud reserve of his own nature. Three benighted travellers, Anticke, Frolicke, and Fantasticke, break forth in defiance of their situation into a merry old catch :

Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men are we.
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree.

They spy a light twinkling in the distance. It is from the cottage of Clunch the Smith, who takes them in and makes them welcome. After supper, as they sit round the fire, the smith's wife tells them a story of enchantment, ghosts, and witchcraft. Here is the note of a Merry England who, though she has changed the old religion, has not yet said her last farewell to elves and fairies. The same note, but faint and attenuated, is present in *L'ALLEGRO*. It is altogether absent from *COMUS*. With Jonson's pot-bellied god, in *PLEASURE RECONCILED TO VIRTUE*, Milton's *Comus* has nothing in common but the name. To the style and tone of Fletcher's *FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS* Milton has a real affinity; yet there is an essential difference. Though Fletcher much preferred the life of town and tavern, with its wit-combats and its uproarious mirth, while Milton loved the peace of the countryside, there breathes in Fletcher's pastoral the natural air of the hay-field and the green wood; his rustic mirth rings true; his shepherds smell of rennet and whey; his shepherdesses are as cherry-cheeked as Herrick's; in his verse the white-

thorn, the cowslips, and daffodils are as fresh with dew. Milton is closer in spirit to the philosophic gravity, the solemn exposition of the rival claims of *Pleasure* and *Virtue*, which Hendrik van der Putten, who, writing in Latin, Latinised his own name into *Erycius Putianus*, had made the warp and the woof of his allegorical dialogue, *COMUS*. Milton's praise of divine philosophy—

Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools
suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute—

suggests a kinship to the Cambridge Platonists. The ethical austerity which pervades the poem is still Platonic rather than Puritan. The seminal conception from which the whole work of art has taken birth, is, however, a direct, personal application. It is a prophetic anticipation of the critical choice which lay before the fair young girl who spoke the *Lady's* part, when she should exchange the shelter of her home at the Lord President's Court for the temptations of the Royal Court at Whitehall. The specious advocacy with which the Magician urged the prerogative of youth, in the hey-day of the senses, to override restraint and censure, might be heard any day from the wits and lyrists of the Court. The "dazzling fence," of their "dear wit and gay rhetoric" seemed to Milton to have no other aim than the destruction of that inward consciousness of purity which was the guarantee of the soul's happiness and health. And the aim of his fable was to arm with the panoply of virtuous imagination minds as yet innocent and untainted for the assaults that an evil age would assuredly direct against them.

Those for whom Milton wrote might be expected to appreciate his design. The Countess, whose too short life already drew near its close,

was a lady of amiable character and fervent piety. Of the Earl's figure and disposition we possess an exact portrait: "He was a person of middling stature, somewhat corpulent, with black hair, and round visage, a modest and grave aspect, a sweet and pleasant countenance, and a comely presence." His epitaph recounts, with pathetic nicety of calculation, the years, months, and days which he was condemned to lengthen out after the loss of "his truly loving and entirely beloved wife, who was all his worldly bliss." The Lady Alice seems to have been all that Milton's fancy would have made her, lovely, virtuous, and accomplished. Eight years after the production of *COMUS* she took part with her master Lawes in a Hymeneal Song to her brother, Lord Brackley, and his wife Elizabeth Cavendish, daughter of the famous Royalist Duke, on the occasion of the birth of their first son. To her, and her sister Mary, Lawes inscribed his *Book of Airs*. Three men of great genius came into her life. When she left the home that Milton's verse has consecrated, to take her position as Countess of Carbery at a home of literary associations scarcely inferior in interest, Golden Grove in Caermarthenshire,—receiving, by the way, the honour of "a poem on her coming into Wales" from "the matchless Orinda"—she formed an intimate friendship with Jeremy Taylor, who, with a somewhat imperfect tact, transferred to her from the late Countess the dedication of his *RULES AND EXERCISES OF HOLY DYING*. After the Restoration she returned to Ludlow Castle, her husband having been appointed Lord President, and there she might have applied to the author of *HUDIBRAS*, which was written in one of the towers over the gate-way,

the lines that had been put in her mouth some twenty-six years before:

Enjoy your dear wit and gay rhetoric,
That hath so well been taught its
dazzling fence.

Of Mr. Thomas Egerton, a boy of eleven or twelve when he acted in *COMUS*, we only know that he died unmarried at twenty-three. Young Lord Brackley did not live up to the martial character he sustained in the masque. In the acting copy, though not in the version sent to the printer by Lawes in 1637, or in the two later versions that were revised by Milton, the Elder Brother is made to exclaim:

I could be willing, though now i' th'
dark, to try
A tough encounter with the shaggiest
ruffian
That lurks by hedge or lane of this
dead circuit,
To have her by my side, though I were
sure
She might be free from peril where
she is.

It seems strange that the husband of a Cavendish, a devoted cavalier, too, was not engaged in the Civil War. He was not without some sparks of the soldier's fire. A challenge to the Earl of Middlesex caused him to be thrown into prison, where his wife joined him, and, perhaps through anxiety or perhaps from the unwholesome air, died shortly after she had borne a child. Lord Brackley, who had become the second Earl of Bridgewater, showed by the preservation of the acting copy of *COMUS*, which is inscribed in his hand, *Author Jo: Milton*, that he valued the poem, though he had come to regard the poet as a pestilent fellow. His copy of the *DEFENSIO PRIMA PRO POPULO ANGLICANO* bears this damnable sentence: *Liber Igne, Author Furca Dignissimi*.

J. A. NICKLIN.

THE VICAR OF MOORWINSTOW.

THE promontory on the north coast of Devon, which is known to the native as Ertly and to geography as Hartland, may be safely recommended to those who are in search of rest. Possibly in August it may not be quite as "unspoiled by cockney excursionists and intrusive prigs" as Charles Kingsley declared it to be some thirty years ago, but so long as there is no railway station in the thirty miles between Bideford and Bude, those undesirable visitors are likely to give the district a wide berth. For those, however, who are prepared to take the road in tramp-fashion, and are satisfied with frugal comforts and a glorious coast-line, there are few more attractive spots in England. Such a traveller, starting from Bideford and giving himself a fortnight to reach Tintagel by the coast, will probably stop a night at the Bush Inn, in the scattered village of Moorwinstow, where provision for the strayed wayfarer consists of two beds, and a plentiful supply of eggs, bacon, and beer. Any deficiency in accommodation, however, is atoned for by the scenery of this, the most eastern hamlet in the duchy of Cornwall. The great sea rolls at the foot of gigantic granite cliffs against which the long rollers, swirling in from the Atlantic, roar unceasingly. When a storm is at its height, the booming of the waves is heard far inland, and flecks of spray have been picked up in fields ten miles from the coast. According to tradition it was at Moorwinstow that Tennyson wrote the lines beginning,

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!

Whether tradition is to be trusted on this point is more than doubtful. The "haven under the hill" might apply to Bideford or Bude; but there are at Moorwinstow no fishermen's boys to shout with their sisters at play, for the only vessels that come near that iron-bound coast are there involuntarily, and are lucky if they escape wreckage. But if there is reason to doubt that Tennyson had Moorwinstow in his mind, when he wrote the dirge which has been the prey of the parodist ever since, the village has other and more definite literary associations, for Robert Stephen Hawker was vicar there for over forty years.

There seems some uncertainty as to the exact date of his birth. According to his two biographers, Mr. Baring Gould and Dr. F. G. Lee, he was born on December 3rd, 1804, though Mr. Alfred Wallis, who has edited a collection of the poems, puts the date a year earlier, and the third of last December was certainly taken by several writers in the newspapers to be the centenary of his birth. The point is not of great importance, and it seems clear that he was appointed vicar of Moorwinstow by Bishop Phillpotts in 1834. An authoritative biography has not yet been published, though one is understood to be in preparation. There are, however, two books dealing with his life. The one by Mr. Baring Gould is, as the writer admits, a gossiping book, and contains many legends of Cornwall and West-country tales which are only remotely connected with its subject. Inaccura-

cies in the first edition were, in fact, so vigorously pointed out by the critics that it was promptly withdrawn from circulation; a few corrections were made in a subsequent edition, but these did not satisfy a reviewer in *THE ATHENÆUM*, who declared with a severity rarely found in these politer days, that "when first printed the book was a discredit, and in its revised shape it is a disgrace, to English biographical literature." The critic appears to have been irritated by the statement that Hawker married his godmother, for which, though repeated in an edition published as recently as 1899, there appears to be no foundation. His other biographer, Dr. Lee, is more concerned with Hawker's theological opinions than with his life and poetry. The fact that nearly two pages of a short book are occupied with a quotation from Dr. Lee's own *Newdigate* poem may be sufficient to show that the ideal biography yet remains to be written.

The facts of Hawker's life are few and simple. He was educated at home, at Cheltenham Grammar School, and at Pembroke College, Oxford, from which he migrated to Magdalen Hall, in consequence of his marriage in 1825. At Cheltenham he published, in 1821, a slender volume of verse, called *TENDRILLS*, by *Reuben*. Dr. Lee, who declares that the volume was entitled *FIRST BUDS*, and was published at Plymouth in 1825, is unfortunate in his facts. These poems are not very remarkable, though they give evidence of a certain facility in verse, and of a religious frame of mind. A sentence in the preface,— "As to his motive for thrusting them on the world, he would plead that a measure of vanity is meted to us all, and his portion has been in no wise withheld"—is interesting; for many of his eccentricities, of which so much

has been made, can probably be traced to this measure of vanity which he acknowledges.

Some rather eccentric letters of his are preserved at Oxford in the library of Pembroke College, with the desk and other relics of Dr. Johnson, but they have not yet been published. His chief success at Oxford was the winning of the *Newdigate*, in 1827, with a poem on *Pompeii*, which is marked by unimpeachable sentiment and an accuracy of rhythm common to its kind. The poet concludes with a wish, doubtless appreciated by the classical professors who sit in judgment on these poems, that excavations at *Pompeii* might reveal lost works of *Livy* or *Menander*, and thus "kindle *Learning's* torch from sad *Pompeii's* tomb." According to Mr. Baring Gould, and Mr. Maclean, the historian of Pembroke College, Hawker's marriage took place in somewhat unconventional circumstances. On learning that his father, who was then curate of *Stratton* in *Cornwall*, could no longer continue his allowance, Hawker, it is said, went straight to the residence of Miss *Charlotte I'ans* (who was forty, and had an income of £200 a year), proposed to her, was accepted, and returned with his wife riding on a pillion behind him. It is also added that he ran three miles bareheaded in quest of the lady. The story has doubtless grown in the telling, and certain obvious embellishments may be safely discarded. It seems clear, however, that Miss *I'ans*, who proved herself a devoted wife for nearly forty years, was double his own age, and that he married her while he was an Oxford undergraduate. As to the financial side of the affair, Hawker's income, shortly after leaving Oxford, was nearly £400 a year, and his wife's money was only hers during her father's (*Colonel B. I'ans's*) life-

time. As to his running off hatless to Bude, a certain W. M., the author of a privately printed pamphlet, who may perhaps be identified with Mr. William Maskell, a neighbour and friend of Hawker in Cornwall, denies the picturesque details of the story.

In 1828 Hawker took his degree, and was ordained in the following year with a title to the curacy of North Tamerton, an inland village west of Bude. Here he remained for five years, in company with a somewhat unusual pet. Gyp was a black Berkshire pig, which accompanied him on his parochial rounds, even on occasions into the houses of his parishioners. In 1834 he was appointed vicar of Moorwinstow, where he lived for the remaining forty years of his life. There had been no resident vicar for nearly a century, and it may be imagined that Church influence was not very vigorous. There was in fact no vicarage but an uninhabitable barn, and most of the inhabitants were Bryanites or Wesleyan Methodists. What Church tradition there was in the place concerned itself with a certain jovial parson of the eighteenth century, of whose habits a memorial survives in the form of a glass lantern made out of fragments of wineglasses broken at the vicar's festive evenings. The emolument of the living was £365 a year, to which Hawker referred in the lines which he inscribed over the door of his vicarage :

A house, a glebe, a pound a day,
A pleasant place to watch and pray,
Be true to Church, be kind to poor,
O Minister, for evermore.

This vicarage, which he built for himself, is a solid stone building close to the church, and is now the most conspicuous house in Moorwinstow. In a letter to Dr. Lee he describes his position well: "I am

twenty-five miles from a town or a bookseller," he says, "with neither road, rail or train, nor even carrier nearer than that: and only fastened to the far world by the fibre of a Daily Post, granted by Lord Lonsdale as a special compassion to my loneliness. But then I have the Severn Sea for my lawn, and cliffs, the height of the great Pyramid, build me in." From 1844 onwards, he held the living of Welcombe, some five miles off, as well as that of Moorwinstow. This was even more remote from the world, for here there was not even a daily post; all letters for the village were left at the vicarage, to be taken over by the Vicar when he drove there on Sunday afternoons. Hawker must have been a great smoker, for we read that when he was setting out on his weekly journey, a basketful of pipes, all loaded, was handed in to the pony-carriage. Except for letters thus brought over by the Vicar, the only news of the outer world which reached the inhabitants of Welcombe took the form of an occasional copy of *THE TORONTO GAZETTE*, sent by an emigrant to his native village.

In this remote district Robert Hawker lived and wrote for forty years. He was undoubtedly eccentric both in views and habits. The nature of his political ideas seems to have baffled his biographers. He was according to Dr. Lee "a Tory by birth and conviction, absolutely untainted by Liberalism"; but according to Mr. Baring-Gould, he was "in politics a Liberal," and the writer elsewhere refers to "the Radicalism of his opinions." In the present confusion of parties it may be doubtful whether the following quotation from one of his letters throws any light on the question: "It will always be to me a source of pride," he says, "that I was the first or well-nigh,

I think, the only clergyman in this deanery who voted for a Free Trade candidate." Probably he was not much interested in current politics except so far as they concerned the welfare of the poor. In this connection may be mentioned a difference of opinion which he had in 1884 with Mr. Walter of *THE TIMES*. Hawker had just revived the custom of almsgiving in church, and, strange as it may seem to-day, it was held in some quarters that a collection on behalf of the poor of a parish was not in accordance with the recently passed Poor Law Amendment Act. A statement by Hawker in *THE ENGLISH CHURCHMAN* was made the basis of an attack, and his reply in a letter addressed to *THE TIMES* is worth quoting. "You are, I am told," he writes to the editor, with a directness which sounds strange to ears accustomed to letters addressed nominally to the editors of a dozen papers, but in reality to the world at large,— "You are, I am told, an elderly man, fast approaching the end of all things, and ere many years have passed, about to stand a separated soul among the awful mysteries of the spiritual world. I counsel you to beware lest the remembrance of these attempts to diminish the pence of the poor, and to impede the charitable duties of the rich, should assuage your happiness in that abode where the strifes and the triumphs of controversy are unknown, because 'thou hast done this thing, and because thou hadst no pity.'" In the course of this characteristic letter he argues that a collection for the poor does not tend to pauperise them, or by lessening wages really go into the pocket of the employer, because, in Cornwall at least, agricultural wages had long been fixed by tradition at seven shillings a week.

Hawker's attitude to Dissent was

one of uncompromising dislike. Whether Dr. Lee is right in saying that "Few have measured the true character of schism more thoughtfully, in a broader spirit, or more accurately," will depend upon the views of the reader. In the light of Hawker's reference to Methodism as the throttling-cord of modern England, and his declaration that "the man Wesley corrupted and depraved the West of England," it seems rather a party statement. The broad spirit to which the writer refers is certainly not very evident in the following piece of criticism from a letter actually addressed to Dr. Lee himself: "That double-dyed thief of other men's brains John Milton the Puritan,—one half of whose lauded passages are, from my own knowledge, felonies committed in the course of his reading, or the property of others; and who was never so rightly appreciated, as by the publisher, who gave him £15 for the copyright of his huge larcenies, and was a natural loser by his bargain."

All through his life Hawker was nothing if not dogmatic, and he certainly had the courage of his opinions. One of his peculiarities was an objection to black raiment of any kind, and he usually wore yellow or purple. When asked to explain any particular robe, he would declare that he was "scrupulously abiding by the injunctions of the 74th Canon of 1603," or that he wore the official garb of priests of the primitive Cornish Church, or else that his hats were copied from those of Armenian archimandrites. He was in fact no ecclesiologist, and in view of subsequent events it is probably true that he regarded the divergences between different branches of the Catholic Church as more apparent than real. In many ways he was almost medieval in his ideas; there are references in

his letters to witchcraft and angel-craft, if one may coin the word, which make it hard to believe that he died less than thirty years ago. The context of the following passage does not suggest that he is speaking with any want of seriousness: "What is the Englishman or Scotchman of the nineteenth century," he asks, "but a dexterous Blacksmith to whom the Demons have surrendered their myths of Gas, Steam, and Electric Force?" A custom of his, which might provoke more criticism to-day than it did then, was to affix to a wall in his house a list of those who had voted against him at vestry meetings, with the comment *anathema maranatha* written below.

Hawker's theological views, which may be read at considerable length in Dr. Lee's biography, hardly come within the scope of this paper. The storm of controversy aroused in 1875, when it was announced that a few hours before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church by Canon Mansfield, will be within the recollection of many. It should be mentioned that, his first wife having died in 1863, he had married Miss Pauline Kuczynski in 1865. She was the daughter of an exiled Polish count, but not, as had been stated, a Roman Catholic when he married her, though she afterwards became one. It was she who called in Canon Mansfield when her husband was dying; whether with his consent or not will probably never be known. There seems to be some evidence to show that he had contemplated the step for some time; a letter has been published, written by Hawker as early as 1855, asking for some holy water, and adding, "You know how carefully I am watched." He certainly had no sympathy with the Broad Church Movement, and disapproved strongly of the appointment of Dr. Temple to the see

of Exeter. Probably his views were known only to himself, for he seems to have been unwilling to discuss them with friends. All who care for his memory will do so on account of the literature he left behind him, and will accept his reply to a friend, who asked to which party in the Church he belonged. "These are my views," he said, pointing to the broad expanse of the Severn Sea, "and as for my opinions, I keep them to myself."

His poems though few in number are marked by a great charm of expression. The *SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN* was first published in a local paper, and after being reprinted at the private press of Mr. Gilbert Davies, eventually appeared in *HOUSEHOLD WORDS*. Dickens, who was then the editor, praised it in the belief that it was an original Stuart ballad, and both Scott and Macaulay are said to have been deceived by it at first: whereas except for the refrain,—

And shall Trelawney die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why—

which is an old local saying dating from the trial of the seven bishops in 1688, the whole was written by Hawker in 1825. His finest short poem is *THE SILENT TOWER OF BOTTREAU*, a metrical version of a Boscattle legend, the refrain of which is intended to reproduce a peal of bells echoing under water:

Still when the storm of Bottreau's
waves
Is wakening in his weedy caves,
Those bells, that sullen surges hide,
Peal their deep notes beneath the tide:
"Come to thy God in time,"
Thus saith the ocean chime:
Storm, billow, whirlwind past,
"Come to thy God at last."

His longest poem is *THE QUEST OF THE SANGRAAL* and is probably the

work by which he will live. The rare first edition alone contains the strange and pathetic dedication: "To a vacant chair: and an added stone: I chant these solitary sounds." The lines, which are in blank verse, may lack the perfection of form which Tennyson gave to the same subject, but they have a vigour and a beauty of their own which put them far above the level of mere echoes. It is in fact uncertain whether Hawker had read Tennyson's poem when he wrote his own, and the treatment is entirely different. For originality and choiceness of epithet it would be hard to better the passage which tells of the shout which "smote the loose echo from the drowy rock." The description of "Arthur, the son of Uter and the Night" is at least impressive:

Stern was that look: high natures
seldom smile:
And in those pulses beat a thousand
kings.

But the finest passage in the poem is the conclusion:

"Ah! haughty England! lady of the
wave!"
Thus said pale Merlin to the listening
King:
"What is thy glory in the world of
stars?
To scorch and slay: to win demoniac
fame,
In arts and arms; and then to flash
and die.
Ah! native England! wake thine
ancient cry:
'Ho! for the Sangraal! vanished vase
of heaven!
That held, like Christ's own heart, an
hin of blood.'"

He ceased: and all around was dreamy
night:
There stood Dundagel, throned; and
the great sea

Lay, a strong vassal at his master's
gate,
And, like a drunken giant, sobbed in
sleep.

Though his verses were never in lighter vein, there are one or two poems prompted by a sort of grim humour; such for instance as *THE CROON ON HENNACLIFF*, (the ravens' crag,) where the writer imagines two scavenger-birds watching the fury of the storm and anticipating a savoury supper:

Ho! gossip, for Bude Haven,
There be corpses six or eight!

For a full appreciation of his poems, one should be a West-countryman born, or failing that, one should visit Moorwinstow. Change comes slowly in the Land of Lyonesse, and the visitor will find the village much as it was when Hawker knew it. The grey church, one of the finest and largest in Cornwall, the vicarage built by Hawker, a few cottages and scattered farms, and the primitive Bush Inn form the village. It is, and is likely to remain, one of the most inaccessible and loveliest spots in the country. Speaking of the first builders of his Saxon shrine, Hawker once wrote:

They pitched no tent for change or
death,
No home to last man's shadowy day;
There, there, the everlasting breath
Would breathe whole centuries away.

The lines may perhaps be applied to a later builder at Moorwinstow, for Hawker has at least the immortality of those who have left behind them something that the world will not willingly let die,—

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo.

G. S. FREEMAN.

OF SYMBOLS.

IF we wish to know what black magic is like, we have only to watch a man reading a book or a letter. He looks at the paper covered with cabalistic figures as if he were gazing intently in a magic mirror, which to all intents and purposes it is. If we happen to know what he is looking at we watch for the smile or frown which is sure to follow. The cabalistic figures call forth feelings of joy or anger, of hope or regret: his whole intellectual being is for the moment under a spell; but we are so used to this magic that we fail to realise how truly marvellous is this transmission of every possible thought from mind to mind, without a sound or a look, by means of only six and twenty little black marks.

When these tiny marks are tampered with, when they are not arranged in the form which use and wont have crystallised into well recognised symbols, a veil is interposed, the images are blurred or distorted, and we gaze into the magic mirror in vain. Possessing, as we do, this almost magic power, it is not surprising that tampering with the purity of the language is considered by literary purists almost as heinous an offence as defacing the currency, both language and money being, in a manner of speaking, equally symbolic of, and a medium of exchange for, a certain given quantity of, say, eggs, butter, or thoughts.

This is not, we need hardly add, the generally accepted view. We promptly prosecute anyone who dares debase the coinage, but unless the improvised language and words are

extra strong and beyond the very elastic limits of Anglo-Saxon, we take no notice. "Don't touch this pound or shilling," we seem to say. "As a medium of exchange for bread and cheese and superfluities, these coins must have the exact value sanctioned by law; but if you wish to debase the language, to coin your own words, to substitute for the substantial and weighty noun *pound* the meaningless and worthless *quid*, there's nothing to prevent your doing so, and you will no doubt get as many cigarettes for a *bob* as for a *shilling*."

If it should be objected that such words do not find their way into print, we can only answer that for what we know it may only be a question of time. Many words are printed in these days which would not have had the slightest meaning for Shakespeare or Milton. We have no official censorship or literary Mint; our new literary Academicians (on whom be peace), are broken reeds. The duties of an Academician are of course strictly academic; they have not the power, if they had the wish, to make the ways of the literary transgressor hard.

It is very wrong, no doubt, to call a pound a *quid*. The sound is unpleasantly suggestive of something not known in polite society and of nothing else, because the only sensible derivation from *quid pro quo* indicates no value and applies equally to a shilling. The objection to it is not exactly that it happens to be slang. There is much to be said for any forceful slang term which vividly

symbolises the object or fact alluded to. We forget that the word *sovereign* applied to a coin must once have been used for the first time as a slang expression having a clearly defined meaning; even a rabid purist does not object to it now, and it has always been open to sporting youth to call, without reproach, the gold coin of this country a Victoria or half-an-Edward. It is a little surprising that this obvious opportunity should have been missed in England, seeing how popular the Louis and the Napoleon have always been in France. There would have been some little sense in such terms,—which is probably the reason they were never thought of.

The Almighty Dollar, now universally accepted as a vivid symbol for the power of wealth, is a slang name which in its origin had a high significance, and consequently made its way from continent to continent. The best and least adulterated silver pieces in the Middle Ages were coined in the Joachim's Thal, hence *thaler* was a slang word to conjure with, bearing somewhat of the meaning we now attach to the word *sterling*. The Dutch introduced this word in New Amsterdam or New York as their *daalder*, which in course of time became the world-renowned dollar.

Before leaving this part of our subject we may call attention to the rather singular, and perhaps unique, fact that we have in our penny a symbol representing double what it actually is worth, constituting a curious exception to the general rule that the intrinsic value of a symbol is as nothing to what it represents. Many of us remember that our pennies used to be much larger than they are to-day; they are now worth about a halfpenny in metal, and as representing the twelfth part of a shilling they are deceptive and seriously lacking in

substance. Whether the Government make any profit on this apparently nefarious transaction, whether they actually draw from us a shillingworth of silver for the sixpennyworth of copper they issue to us, is a question which we must leave our currency doctors to decide. We are told that we must look on our small bronze change only as tokens, and not trouble our heads about their value, which, as the matter is of small importance to each of us as an individual, we have no objection to do, casually remembering that the issue of tokens has often been prohibited, among others by Charles the First who granted to the Duchess of Richmond and others the exclusive right to coin farthing tokens for seventeen years. The farthings issued by these patentees were, we are told in history, the subject of much discontent, as they were greatly below the intrinsic value of the metal. If we are not discontented with our diminutive pennies now, it is not because we consider them, with Mr. Mantalini, beneath our notice, but simply for the reason that life is too short to work out and clearly understand these difficult questions of political economy, our existence being, as has often been remarked, only a series of compromises all round. We accept this doubtful coin because it is stamped with a very significant emblem or symbol, that of Britannia to wit. As a private enterprise under a less august ægis it would not be tolerated for a moment.

Such are some of the minor difficulties connected with our trust in symbols, a trust which governs our life to a far greater extent than we are perhaps aware of. Carlyle made us observe how the blue coat of the policeman keeps order and the red robe of the judge inspires awe. Without knowing it we all in a greater or

lesser degree imitate the councillors of that first Governor of New York who, happening to be prevented from attending a council meeting, and fearing they might in his absence forget the awe with which he inspired them, caused his hat and stick to be placed on the green cloth as a significant reminder. In the midst of a rebellious speech the eye of a recalcitrant councillor would fall on these emblems or symbols of authority and, hesitating, he would mutter some apology and close by expressing his cordial approval of the Governor's remarks if his Excellency had been present to make them. In the same way the tyrant Gessler put his hat on a post, and required every loyal Swiss to do obeisance before the symbol, until William Tell sent an arrow through the apple and another through the tyrant himself.

The trifling detail that Tell never existed is of small importance for our argument. Gessler undoubtedly did exist, and so of course did his hat. As a symbolical story of proud resistance to injustice and oppression, every country's history has a William Tell. We have one in William of Cloudeley, in one of the old ballads, who shot an apple off his son's head and so pleased the queen (name unknown), that she granted him the singular pension of thirteen pence a day. The extra penny may have been to make up weight, — who knows?

The head-covering has at all times played a strangely symbolic part in our lives. It is difficult to say when, where, and how the custom of removing it as a sign of respect first originated; it is not, as we are now too much inclined to think, an instinctive and natural action or impulse. It is true a Japanese coolie or ricksha-runner will remove his straw hat before he begins to vituperate a competitor,

but in other Oriental countries the custom does not prevail. Jews wear their hats in their synagogues, and Penn refused to take off his hat even in the presence of King Charles, who removed his own with the witty remark that one of the two must really do it, since only one hat can be worn when the king is present.

That the action of uncovering is not essentially reverential in itself is proved by the fact that at the most solemn part of a trial the judge in England covers his head. As we know, an occult meaning attaches to the hat in the House of Commons. It is hard to understand why members must, for instance, speak covered after a division has been called; but with the fear of the Clock-Tower before our eyes we do not care to dwell overmuch on the symbolism which Parliament in its wisdom has decreed.

Everyone is aware of the dreadfully significant part the executioner's axe plays in a trial for high treason. The sharp symbol of death is carried before the prisoner with its blunt side turned towards him so long as he has not been sentenced, and just before sentence is pronounced the sharp edge is turned his way. Evelyn, who was present at the trial of Lord Stafford in 1680, tells us that the axe was turned edgeways to the unfortunate nobleman so soon as it was ascertained that the voting of the Peers went against him, — an effective but ghastly piece of stage-management which must have had a sickening fascination for the unhappy, and probably innocent, man. In those days, now happily gone by, no one seems to have reflected on the unnecessary cruelty of harrowing the feelings of men about to die by such shocking judicial by-play.

Not every prisoner treated this purely symbolic but otherwise super-

fluous and unpleasant ceremony as contemptuously as did Lord Balmerino. When the three coaches conveyed the Lords Kilmarnock, Balmerino, and Cromartie from the Tower to be sentenced at Westminster on the 28th of July, 1746, a difficulty arose. It was not laid down by prescription or use in which coach, if there were more than one, the fatal axe had to be carried. "Oh, put the — thing in here," cried brave old Balmerino; "I don't care."

Yet notwithstanding his contempt for this horrid symbol, the undaunted old man cheerfully suffered death for his sincere attachment to another symbol, the White Cockade. The Lord Kilmarnock in the next coach was dreadfully frightened, as he showed himself to be, by his thorough realisation of what the awful axe would mean to him. He enquired minutely into all the details of an execution, wanted the Governor of the Tower to tell him whether his head would roll or rebound, and when on the scaffold he saw the executioner dressed in white, with a white apron, he whispered to his chaplain, "Home, how horrible!" But he cared not a brass farthing, as he said himself, for the symbolic white ribbon of the Stuarts; being ruined and starving, he would, he said, have fought for Mahomet if that religious Pretender had set up his standard on the braes of Mar.

As a set off against these mournful illustrations we may call to mind the laughable collection of symbols made by Sir Walter Scott. When by mischance the informer Murray of Broughton drank a cup of tea in his father's house, the lawyer opened the window and tossed the contaminated cup into the street; but Sir Walter secured and cherished the symbolic saucer. Later on, when the Prince Regent visited Scotland, the Wizard of the

North begged to be allowed to keep the wine-glass used by his Royal Highness; but putting it in his pocket he unfortunately sat down on it, and could only add the pieces to the saucer. These broken remnants of crockery must have been abstractly symbolic to him of treachery and loyalty, for he could have had little respect for the personal characters of either Mr. Murray or Prince George.

The worst cases of wilful abuse of symbols must be looked for in the realm of what is known as Symbolic Art. According to some this is the highest possible form of art because it does not please, but only edifies and instructs. Without quarrelling with this singular definition of the purpose of art, it is possible to express a regret that, like the productions of the Realistic school, the masterpieces of Allegorical art throw such a heavy burden on the imagination. We often gaze in blank bewilderment at symbolic pictures which on the face of them neither tell their story nor teach their lesson in any intelligible language. The catalogue usually comes to our aid and explains the recondite meaning in a neat or poetical paragraph; but it would be more satisfactory, where the mystery has to be explained at all, if the painter would do it himself in a corner of the canvas. Serious objections to this sensible plan are not obvious, and there are precedents for it. Holbein and his contemporaries frequently painted the name and the age of the sitter on the backgrounds of their portraits,—a practice superfluous in the case of Holbein but not necessarily so for some other portraits, and highly desirable for all allegorical paintings. Such a straightforward course would prevent awkward mistakes which do undoubtedly occur now and then, and are hard to explain away afterwards. When we have

taken a pictorial lesson to heart and hear later on that it teaches something else, we are as much annoyed as was Artemus Ward when he visited the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon and was told that he had been weeping at the wrong grave. The following is a case in point.

One of our London art-galleries exhibited some years ago a mysterious-looking picture of which it was felt the average visitor to the exhibition would be able to make nothing, and the catalogue therefore told us it represented Samuel and the Witch of Endor. Such a printed declaration is usually accepted as final by the majority of those who pay their shilling at the door; but this time it happened not to be true, though the public would have been none the wiser if another description had been given, the meaning of the picture remaining equally obscure after consulting the catalogue. In the exact centre of the canvas the head of a handsome man of sad and austere aspect (the ostensible Samuel) was shown surrounded by rays of light extending to the frame, and close to this face, in the very incandescence of the rays of light, appeared the somewhat shadowy face of a woman. That is actually all there was of Samuel and of the witch; all the rest was flame and frame. Looking from the picture to the catalogue, and back again, left the matter very much where it was; the call on our imagination was very severe and the moral or intellectual lesson, which is the only conceivable reason of symbolic art, was as good as wasted. We took it as a matter of course that the painter, a distinguished artist of some repute in his country, could just as easily have painted the said Samuel complete, as a prophet or as a Bedouin, and represented the witch also complete in all the repulsiveness of

Oriental squalor and old age. As he had not done so, but deliberately chose the subject, limiting himself to two handsome heads shining together like a double star, it is plain that we were in the presence of a problem, of a lesson which pictorially could only be put before us in this way, otherwise there is no sense, no rhyme or reason in symbolic painting. With the solution obligingly put in our hands by the catalogue we did not like to acknowledge ourselves beaten, and tried hard to work out the problem to our satisfaction. It rather shocked our preconceived notions when we discovered the celebrated witch to have been an exceedingly pretty woman, but this part of the symbol, though historically it may be incorrect, had no difficulties for the Philistine of our party, who declared the symbol to be as plain as a pikestaff. "Samuel," he said, "tries to read the future in the eyes of a pretty woman; many of us have tried to do the same, and we must take warning."

Should we? Was it a warning or an example? The catalogue was silent, and for once the painter himself could not have assisted us, because, as a disconcerting matter of fact, a few years earlier in its history this picture was not Samuel at all. Incredible as it may appear to believers in mystic art, an illustrated art-journal, dated a few years before, revealed when we came home the singular and uncomfortable fact that once upon a time this same picture represented the Temptation of St. Anthony, and was then described as an illustration of Flaubert's novel of that name; the engraving of the picture removes all doubt on the subject and is a wonderful revelation and lesson in emblematical art. The artist's original intention must be left out of the question; he may not have known anything of this

double-barrelled explanation. It cannot be both Samuel and St. Anthony at one and the same time; the subjects, needless to say, are entirely different and as far as the poles asunder; the human motives or passions cannot in any way be made to fit into an identical symbolic treatment.

This extreme case may be dismissed as one not likely, with a little care, to happen again; but it proves how very limited is the value of allegorical painting, for what can be the practical use of a symbol which can be so absurdly misunderstood? The suspicion cannot be altogether ignored that pictorial symbols are sometimes after-thoughts. Many a study of the head of a model indifferently moral has perhaps done duty for Purity, or the happy thought of a nimbus may have turned it into a Saint. The introduction of some musical instrument has before now, such is the power of symbol, made a St. Cecilia of a woman who did not know the treble from the bass.

After making due allowance for these and similar mistakes and abuses, we have to admit that the importance and value of symbols cannot easily be over-estimated. We cannot grasp the widespread complications of many questions of public interest, unless we focus them into one generally understood sign or formula. The various duties of citizenship and the benefits we derive from a well-ordered State and government, together with our pride in the country in which we happen to be born, are all included and implied in the national flag. The essence of nearly every religion has been, so to speak, concentrated and symbolised in a certain sign or emblem (*In hoc signo vinces*), which has been held sacred and for which men have suffered martyrdom who would have

hopelessly lost themselves in the intricacies of the dogmas it represents. Even the Mahomedans, to whom images are forbidden, have the Crescent under which they so long fought against the Cross. The crown and sceptre, as symbols of Royalty, are the hat and stick of the old Dutch Governor, sanctified by jewels and tradition, and act in precisely the same way by keeping us in order. The sceptre was originally only a stick and was not always as small as it is now; that of the earliest Frankish kings was a rod of gold as tall as the king himself.

The British Lion is an emblem too well known to require explanation; it has a firmer hold on the imagination than the Cock of France or the double Eagle of Austria. The endeavour to represent a nationality by a personal emblem has never been successful; with the greatest goodwill one has to admit that John Bull and Brother Jonathan are very much lacking in dignity. But men have fought and died for the Lilies of the Bourbons as well as for the Eagle of the Napoleons; they glory in the Stars and Stripes and mourn for the Harp that once in Tara's halls,—in short there are thousands of signs or emblems in which men have seen reflected their hopes, their pride, or their ambition; and we may well say that he is but a poor specimen of manhood who has no symbol which he cherishes above all things, some creation of the mind in which he has faith even though a restricted vocabulary does not allow him to explain it. Many a man who does not know that his own name is only a symbol without which he could not be distinguished from the rest of mankind, dimly understands that it is his pride and duty to carry it through life with honour and unstained.

MARCUS REED.

THE HEART OF OLD JAPAN.

KYOTO, the ancient capital of the Mikados, unspoiled by Western influences, as though separated from the external world by her purple chain of guardian hills, remains the heart and centre of Old Japan. The province of Yamato was the earliest seat of government, but the actual site of the royal palace was changed under every reign, owing to the prevailing custom of discarding the dwelling of a deceased father. In consequence of this fashion a new capital, created by the needs of the court, sprang up round the imperial residence, until the eighth century modified the inconvenient practice. At this epoch the change of locality practically ceased, although the palace was occasionally rebuilt, for the dilated area of habitation and the consolidation of trade forbade the desertion of the populous city, and the Mikado's court, save for a few brief absences, remained there until his restoration to power on the fall of the Shogunate in 1868. Streets and palaces, composed entirely of wood, were frequently burnt down, but invariably rebuilt in the same style. Hierango (the City of Peace) became Miyako, or Kyoto, the former being the Japanese, the latter the Chinese term for a metropolis.

The enforced seclusion of the Mikado, worshipped as a god but retaining a mere shadow of authority, probably helped to consolidate the sacred capital, enclosed by a ring of noble temples under the shadow of those solemn groves which individualise the ancient sanctuaries of Japan. The modern city has shrunk to half

the original size, and from the lofty terraces of Maruyama, consecrated by a thousand deathless memories, a golden sea of ripening rice now sweeps from the foot of the mountains to the grey mass of broad-eaved houses. A shrunken river flows through an expanse of gravel, crossed by numerous bridges; the black gables and white walls of the Shogun's castle break the level outlines, and in the steep roofs of the ancient palace we trace that contour of a Shinto temple which associated the deified monarch with the myriad divinities of his ancestral creed. Here and there a scarlet gateway stands out against the blackness of cedar and pine, a gleam of gold or lacquer on architrave and cornice indicating some temple hidden in the deep shade of luxuriant foliage. Kyoto remains the priceless reliquary of Japan's golden age, when art and chivalry vied with war and conquest in moulding the fortunes of the nation. The annals of the past were often written in blood, but the cruelties blotting many a stirring record frequently resulted from that exaggeration of sentiment which turns a virtue into the correlative vice.

A shady walk extends for several miles under the pines and cryptomerias of temple grounds on the green hillside, surely an ideal haunt of forest-gods! Only a vague murmur floats upwards from the city to these mossy terraces, cool and dim beneath the fretted boughs. A few pink lotus-cups linger among their yellowing leaves on the sacred ponds crossed by hump-backed bridges, and

the tall lanterns of stone and bronze, green with the damp and lichen of centuries, give an aspect of hoary antiquity to these groves of Old Japan. The aromatic fragrance of the alumbrous air, thrilled by a lulling melody as of murmuring harps, suggests a world of dreams and fancies; and the towering conifers, in their stately growth and pyramidal solidity, introduce an element of order and precision into the rocky landscape, rendering it a fitting frame for the solemnities of religion. These typical trees of Japan have been regarded as the divining-rods of earth, which discover water in the thirsty wilderness, and, like the rod of Moses, smite the barren rock to reveal the living fountain. This natural truth underlies the Chinese proverb, that "The mightiest rivers are cradled in the needles of the pine," a conception originating in the fact of the forked boughs condensing and distilling the passing clouds which percolate the crags and flow in streams down the valleys.

The city of Kyoto attracted the entire resources of the empire, which consecrated art, genius, and wealth to the service of religion. All the rocky slopes of Maruyama are holy ground, and the further hills bristle with grey temples, red pagodas, and yellow-walled monasteries, approached by long avenues and mouldering stairways, still trodden by myriad pilgrim feet. The eastern and western Hengwanji, each temple a blaze of gold and vermilion, its carved brown wood-work picked out with white in the fashion peculiar to the Monto sect of Buddhists, contain state-rooms for the use of the Mikado. The screens and scrolls of gold leaf adorned with symbolical flowers, water-birds, and snowy landscapes, display the utmost refinement of Japanese art. A certain delicate austerity belongs to these

exquisite rooms, with their tender colouring and pale mats of finest workmanship but thickest texture. The Buddhist temples at the present day only number a third of the Shinto sanctuaries, which Government influence supports and encourages; but in spite of the two hundred thousand Shinto temples, and the eighty thousand shrines of Buddhism, the younger generation of New Japan, like that of India, loudly proclaims itself agnostic, or avowedly atheistic. The national love of flowers is immortalised on a hundred golden screens; lilac coils of drooping wistaria cover cornice and gallery; rosy plum-blossom, sprinkled with snow, alternates with the double cherry of the later spring-time; and life-size trees of reddening peach or scarlet maple, painted on oval panels, are encircled with willow and bamboo, forming rustic frames. Cruel vengeance and savage torture were integral parts of Japanese warfare and conquest; but in the intervals of calm between the frequent storms, the relentless warrior mused beneath the blossoming boughs, composed poems in their praise, and when nightfall turned his fantastic garden into a dreamland of sable and silver, sought inspiration from "moon-gazing," as he mounted a heap of sand placed for this sentimental purpose on the brink of a miniature lake. Religious feeling results in unfamiliar forms of self-sacrifice, and long black ropes of human hair swing from temple rafters, one huge cable, two hundred and fifty feet long, having been given by four thousand women of the province too poor to make any other offering at the shrine of faith. The cost of the sacrifice can only be estimated by the fact that the uncovered chevelure, always elaborately dressed, is the pride of Japanese womanhood; and a different style of coiffure marks each special

epoch of existence, as child, maiden, wife, or widow. Though dire poverty may forbid many innocent vanities of happy girlhood, and life itself be supported on starvation rations, money must be found for the hairdresser to mould the black tresses into the semblance of polished marble, with the camellia oil which keeps in place each shining loop in this crown of glory.

Tea-houses and baths creep up to the temple grounds, and below the great Gion sanctuary a pleasure fair is in full swing, that the worshippers may intermingle earthly delights with spiritual experiences. Flowers, incense-sticks, candles, and images stand amid peepshows and merry-go-rounds, a quasi-religious aspect belonging to the rows of targets, formed by brightly coloured figures of Daruma, a celebrated Buddhist anchorite, who sailed across from Korea on a floating rush-leaf, and sat in contemplation until his cramped legs fell off. Archery, always a favourite amusement in Japan, borrows double zest from this pious association, and shouts of applause greet a skilful marksman whose arrow has lodged in the mouth of the long-suffering Daruma who now plays the part of a Japanese St. Sebastian.

Through green thickets of bamboo and camellia roped with twisting wistaria boughs, up noble stairways, and along mossy terraces, bordered by woodlands with imperial tombs in their shade, we reach the red pagoda of Yasaka, the bronze bells green with the rust of a thousand years, and the silvery verdure of a giant wistaria climbing to the grey tiles of the mossy roof. The lower slope of the hill crowned by the Kiomidzu temple contains the many-coloured porcelain shops of Teapot-hill, the narrow streets crowded with gaily-clad pilgrims chaffering at cheap

stalls for yellow Buddhas, figures of Inari, the Rice Goddess with her guardian foxes, or of the divine Kwannon, the popular Goddess of Mercy in her varying personality as the Eleven-faced, the Horse-headed, or the Thousand-handed, for the Kiomidzu temple enshrines one of the thirty-three miraculous Kwannons of Japan. Priests in huge straw hats hold alms-bowls at the gate, and sell the rosaries hung round their necks by hundreds. Weary pilgrims sustain their devotions by minute cups of green tea from the straw-thatched sheds erected in the temple grounds. Girls, in grey robes open to show soft pink folds round each brown neck, are casting pebbles at a grey shrine, but the sacrilege is only apparent, for each stone represents a prayer. Happy indeed is the worshipper whose steady aims lands a pebble on the mossy lap or folded arms of the battered Buddha, for the petition he retains must needs be answered. The booming of the gongs sounds a melodious accompaniment to the murmur of voices in the crowded temple, where blue clouds of incense veil the golden face of the colossal Kwannon above an altar two hundred feet long. Young men and maidens leave the gentle Goddess of Mercy to the devotions of their elders, and flock to a second temple, dedicated to Amida, God of Boundless Light, but containing the trellised shrine of a minor divinity who guards the interests of faithful lovers. Folded strips of paper, inscribed with private prayers, are tied to the bamboo lattice; but if these love-lorn petitions be handled by other fingers than those of the writer, the supplication remains unanswered, for love is the secret of life, and no profane touch must tarnish the purity of the priceless pearl. The poetic idea appeals to the popular heart in this land of imagery and

symbolism, for poetry is the one indissoluble link whereby an ethical truth binds itself to the soul of the Japanese.

The great bell of the grand Chion Temple tolls a diapason to the tremulous echoes of the silvery gongs, but the colossal sanctuary above the moss-covered embankments is deserted in the glory of declining day, as we wander through the dusky splendour of the golden interior. Great monasteries flank the outer courts of hoary temples, the High Priest of the Monto Order being the seventy-third of his race to occupy this exalted position, belonging to the highest grade of Japanese nobility. This branch of Buddhism discards the asceticism of the original creed, but spiritualises the doctrine of transmigration, and regards Nirvana as a state of conscious peace rather than of annihilation. The temples of Kyoto are legion, and only a brief notice can be given of those to which some special interest is attached in this city of ancient faith.

Beyond the curiously shaped Spectacle Bridge over a broad lotus-pool, a stone monument covers a heap of salted human ears, cut off by the Samurai of the Shogun Hideyoshi in Korea, and brought to Japan as a trophy of victory. In one of the beautiful Otani temples priests are chanting alternately Japanese and Chinese lyrics of divine and heroic exploits. In another gold-screened chapel nuns in blue and white sit at the feet of a yellow-robed monk, who reads aloud the Buddhist scriptures. The gilded Buddha of the Daibutsu temple is rivalled by the thirty thousand brazen images of Kwannon in the vast galleries of San ju-San Jendo, for Kyoto, as the Mecca of Japan, offers an endless variety of sacred and historic memorials for the contemplation of the faithful. At the

autumn rice-harvest the first-fruits of this national staff of life are offered to the gods, not only in Shinto temples, but by the Emperor in his palace chapel, and by all his subjects, from the proudest prince to the poorest coolie, who casts his handful of hardly earned rice on the little ancestral altar of his humble home, beseeching Inari to accept and bless the gift she bestows. The great Shinto temple of Inari at Kyoto is the model of all other shrines dedicated to this popular divinity, for on this lonely hillside twelve hundred years ago Inari was supposed to manifest herself to mortals. A colossal red gateway and a flight of moss-grown steps lead to the main entrance flanked by the great stone foxes which guard every temple of Inari, and symbolise the goddess worshipped under their form. Japanese superstition regards the fox with abject terror; his craft and cunning are celebrated in legendary ballads, and a condition of mental disorder known as "possession by the fox," is a common belief, bringing crowds of devotees to Inari's temples, either to pray for the exorcism of the demoniac influence, or to avert the danger of falling under the dreadful spell. Dark curtains hang before the mysterious shrine of the goddess: wire cages cover granite foxes on tall columns, that no bird may rest upon their sacred forms; and the metal mirrors of Shinto magic adorn the pillared portico. At either end of the long verandah, we trace in the gilt Koma-ina and Ama-ina, with their blue and green manes, the prototypes of the familiar Lion and Unicorn, evidently derived from an unknown origin of fabulous antiquity. Numerous smaller shrines crown pine-clad knoll and mouldering terrace, approached by flights of steps hollowed by the age-long ascent of pilgrim

processions. Four hundred scarlet gateways form long colonnades for the ceremonial circuit of the mountain hollows, where numerous fox-holes denote the bodily presence of the sacred animals. Moss-grown boulders, inscribed with prayers and marked by little gates as dedicated to Inari, deprecate the mental and physical ills attributed to the power of the fox; but even on this demon-haunted hill a straw-thatched tea-house stands in close proximity to every shrine, and offers a feeble but welcome solace to the terror-stricken worshipper, who frequently paces the red colonnade all night long that some wandering fox may hear the chanted litany and whisper it in the ear of Inari.

On the night of a temple festival the streets of Kyoto are ablaze with coloured lanterns; the sacred pony of the tutelary god is ridden by the Shinto High Priest; long banners, red, yellow, and green, wave in the wind as their bearers dance in wild gyrations, the bamboo poles tipped with sparkling brazen ornaments and swaying in rhythmic movement. Stacks of lighted lanterns bearing the temple crest, generally a flower in red or blue, are borne in the gay procession; every house is open, the paper screens drawn to show the lighted altar heaped with offerings of rice and flowers to the guardian god, a gilded figure, further adorned with the full dress insignia of scarlet bib or pink pinafore. Strips of paper inscribed with prayers flutter from tall staves, and every man, woman, or child in the street adds to the feast of colour by a brilliant lantern held on a stick, a gaudy kite, or a flag with the red disc of the Rising Sun, or the Imperial Chrysanthemum, traced on the white or yellow surface. Guitars twang in every verandah, alternating with the long-necked lute, the barbaric music blend-

ing curiously with the joyous voices of the processional throngs. Masked dancers vary the performance; drums beat, and children, running in and out of the ceremonial procession with the liberty always accorded to them in Japan, supplement the performances of the authorised drummers by vigorous blows from tiny fist, lantern-stick, or fir-bough plucked from the roadside. Little faces are hidden by grim masks of gods or monsters, with red silk manes streaming in the breeze, and boys, carrying green branches, wear the white fox-head, the long ears and sharp teeth peeping through the rustling leaves. Amid the fantastic absurdities of religious ceremonial a mystic suggestion of remote antiquity underlies external frivolity. Mirth sometimes merges into the fear which it strives to drown, for the gods are watching with their thousand eyes, and the garnered influences of uncounted centuries still bind the soul of the populace with heredity's eternal chains.

The gold and silver pavilions, known as Kinkakuji and Ginkakuji, on either side of the city, were quasi-monastic abodes of the early Shoguns, who frequently ended a stormy career in the religious life. Sometimes the fortunes of war deserted the luckless Tycoon, and he sought a refuge from the world, owing to straits of poverty, or personal unpopularity, which rendered the insecure position of a usurper practically untenable. The dynasty of the Ashikaga Shoguns, who built these pavilions, began in the fourth century and lasted for two hundred years. During this period the long War of the Chrysanthemums took place, and though the memory of the artistic Shogun who erected the golden pavilion is execrated on account of his paying tribute to China, it is immortalised by his palace on

the lotus-lake of the garden which serves as a model for the artificial landscapes of Chinese origin reproduced by Japanese horticulture. Rock, stream, and stepping-stones, dwarfed fir-tree, fairy bridge, and miniature cascade, often form sketches of some extensive landscape well-known and easily recognised. A tiny Fujiyama is a favourite object in this quaint gardening, with lakes, rivers, and pine-woods on doll's house scale, like a small etching of a colossal picture. Beautiful Kinkakuji, shadowed by an immemorial pine-tree clipped into the shape of a green junk in full sail, is, however, eclipsed by the greater charm of the smaller Ginkakuji, the silver pavilion of a later date.

On an afternoon of a mellow October we set forth by a beautiful country road skirting the wooded declivities of the northern hills. Temples and monasteries, approached by moss-grown steps, hide in the shadowy aisles of cryptomeria and camphor trees, ringed with the records of buried centuries scored on red boles of enormous girth and height. At the great Kurodani monastery yellow-robed Buddhist novices are playing lawn-tennis in a stone court, where a fountain spouts from a dragon's moss-lined jaws into a carved basin lined with dripping fronds of pale green fern. Black ilex and reddening maple vary the dark verdure of the fretted pines, and beyond the latticed screens of a lacquered temple a golden Buddha dreams among the shadows of his dusky shrine. Arching vistas of feathery bamboo, with yellow stems bending in the breeze, border the terraced rice-fields which extend to the gates of Ginkakuji, whither the æsthetic Shogun Yoshimasha retired after his abdication. This two-storeyed silver pavilion imitates the older Kinkakuji, but offers a more

complete illustration of contemporary ideas. Sliding screens of black and white, painted by medieval artists, enclose the Shogun's private apartments, and three modern chambers reproduce a decayed suite of rooms formerly used for incense parties and for practice in the æsthetic art of "incense-sniffing." Cream-tinted paper screens faintly traced with shadowy plum-blossoms, surround the famous tea-room, wherein the great Yoshimasha evolved the stilted observances of *cha-no-yu*, the ceremonial tea-drinking, probably devised as a means of keeping the peace between the Shogun and his vassals, the formularies of the entertainment requiring undivided attention and scrupulous exactitude. A life-like statue of Yoshimasha, in sacerdotal vestments, gains additional importance from the surrounding emptiness of rooms only furnished with delicately painted screens, hanging scrolls grotesque but priceless, and straw-coloured mats of finest texture.

After all this sight-seeing an offer of "*O cha* (the honourable tea)" was most welcome, and we subsided on the soft mats while the old priest who inhabits Ginkakuji prepared the ceremonial beverage. Tea-box and bowl, spoon and whisk, kept in silken bags, are of simple form, but of priceless value from age and association. The powdered tea, like green gruel, is served in red lacquer cups and beaten up to foam with the bamboo whisk. Little cakes coated with white sugar are offered by a kneeling novice on a scarlet tray. The old Buddhist appears somewhat weary of his oft repeated task, and the ignorance of the heretics suggests an abbreviated version of the ceremony though every turn of wrist and finger is the result of profound study. An authorised number of bows and sips is enjoined on the recipient, but the inflated emptiness of the performance is in the hands of

this prosaic exponent lacks the living interest lent to it by the graceful geisha of the Kyoto tea-houses.

The blue waters of Lake Biwa, so called from a fanciful resemblance to the long-necked native guitar, were famous under another name, as suggesting those Eight Beauties of Omi, continually painted on screen, fan, and scroll. These pictures are known as the Autumn Moon, the Sunset Glow, the Sailing Junks, the Monastery Bell, the Breezy Sky, the Rainy Twilight, the Evening Snow, and the Flight of Wild Geese. The conventional subjects are adaptations of eight Chinese landscapes, for Japan, though phenomenally quick to follow, derives rather than originates her pictorial ideas. The fascination of Kyoto grows as the varied skein of history disentangles itself, and the manifold associations assume due proportions in the artistic whole. Religion mingles itself so inextricably with the story of Japan, that no clear outline of the past can be traced until this fact is assimilated. No arbitrary distinction can be drawn between the sacred and secular interest of the eastern capital, for the palace becomes a temple, and the temple a palace, in that interchange of ideas inseparable from Japanese royalty and priesthood, an example of Church and State in uncompromising form.

The Nijo castle of the Shogun Jeyasu, a mass of beetling gables and blackened eaves, is internally resplendent with gorgeous colouring; forked boughs of life-sized pines painted on a golden background of glittering walls and alternating with bamboo or plum-blossoms, the emblems of long life, met the Shogun's eye on every side. Suites of gilded rooms with red-lacquered steps mark the exact gradations of a feudal household, and beyond the ancient stage for the semi-sacred No Dance stands the Chapel of the Magic Mirror, known as the Fearful Place,

where ominous shadows from the unseen world thronged the brooding darkness. The trefoil crest of the Tukogawas is everywhere replaced by the Imperial Chrysanthemum, but the splendid rooms with their treasures of carving and metal work remain substantially unchanged in this noble relic of the feudal past. The Mikado's palace covered thirty acres of ground, though the dwellings of the nobles, and the massive exterior rampart of the sacred enclosure, have been removed. Four superb gateways, their black gables brightened with gilded chrysanthemums, pierce the yellow walls of the spacious area still retained; the southern gate being reserved for the Emperor, in accordance with the Oriental idea of guarding him from the evil influences borne on the north-east wind. English experience testifies to the physical ills of the black north-easter, but to the Oriental the fierce blast is only the outward expression of demoniacal force. The palace suggests a Shinto temple, for the divine Mikado must needs be lodged like a god, under the deep thatch and rough woodwork which retained, in sweeping roof and upcurved eaves rising above the surrounding houses, the immemorial type of a Tartar encampment. These sweeping curves, originally suggested by the folds of Mongolian tents, recall a nomadic past beyond numerical testimony, when some ebbing of that Western wave which bore the tribes of Central Asia towards the setting sun floated the aboriginal settlers of Japan to the eastern sea encircling their future home. The haircloth tent of the past takes permanent form in hut, palace, or temple, and remains the ineradicable architectural design imprinted on the native mind.

A wild cherry-tree and a wild orange-tree, of fabulous age, flank the entrance, and represent two ancient ranks of

Samurai, long since disbanded, but memorialised by the living effigy of each military crest. Elaborate symbolism marks every detail of the rambling edifice. Two tall bamboos, signifying two vanished kingdoms of China, grow outside the Pure and Cool Hall, traversed by a brook and dedicated to ancestral worship. Nothing is modernised in this palace of hoary memories, and the shadowy halls, with their red colonnades and sanded courts teeming with religious associations and Chinese influences, seem like vistas of dreamland. The ancient throne in the Audience Hall is but a silken tent, the heavy folds with their crimson bordering carrying out the traditional idea conveyed by palace and temple. The hieroglyphics on sliding screens are the autograph verses of court poets, but the treasures of porcelain and lacquer were removed when Tokyo became the capital of the restored monarchy, and the innumerable buildings of the Imperial Spread-out-House, covering a larger area than many a Japanese village, are now only the glittering caskets of rifled jewels. The painted crapes and cut velvets of Kyoto are famed throughout the world, and an afternoon in the shops of brocade and embroidery is a valuable lesson in the arts derived from China, but improved upon until the pupil surpasses the teacher. A strange charm belongs to the porcelain factories, where dusky rooms glow with the rich hues of cloisonné Awata, or Satsuma, and the blue-robed showman, not content with exhibiting the finished work, leads the customer through quaint gardens of dwarfed pines, rocks, and streams to the little houses with paper screens and latticed verandahs, where each process of manufacture may be studied. The potter with his wheel, the clay-grinder, the glaze-maker, are visited in turn. A row of kilns shows the

different stages of firing, and in an open pavilion the evening light falls on a group of painters engaged on the floral decoration of exquisite vases, while a girl in a purple robe crosses the flat stepping-stones of the rippling brook to take a basket of richly gilt cups to the burnishing house, where wet cornelians are used to give the final polish. Japanese communities retain much of the medieval character which rendered every city self-sufficing, and in the silk industry we may again watch the process from the worm on the mulberry-leaf to the floral brocade of some gorgeous robe, or the embroidered hangings of a Buddhist shrine. Screens and fans, armour and temple paraphernalia, offer a rich choice, but the jeweller's art is almost unknown, for the wearing of precious stones was forbidden to the higher classes, and, until the Restoration converted Japan to Western usage, jewels were the insignia of infamy. That is all changed now, and the Japanese lady succumbs to the subtle seduction of the diamond as readily as her European sister.

Temple ornaments, armour, and banners frequently display the mysterious *manji* or *shastika*, that hooked cross of Indian Buddhism, chiselled on Chinese joss-house, Egyptian monument, Etruscan tomb, and Greek altar. The Japanese Samurai bore it on war-fan and breastplate, entitling his sacred talisman the Sign of Life, and the Barbaric Norseman carved it on the prow of his ship as the Hammer of Thor. Medieval fancy painted it in missals or embroidered it on vestments, and Christian thought recognises in the mystic symbol a foreshadowing of the divine Cross which should save the world.

The pine-clad gorges of the Oigawa, with their foreground of rosy maples, frame a rushing river swollen by

tributary streams as it dashes down a deep descent between islets and boulders, with foaming cascades marking the declivities of the rocky stairway. The slight peril of shooting these numerous rapids is counter-balanced by the excitement of the little experience on this ideal river of story and song, the theme of a hundred ballads belonging to feudal days, but still chanted to the music of the guitar in the historic tea-houses at the water's edge. The Uji tea-district, famous for Japan's prize beverage known as Jewelled Dew, extends in green undulations between Kyoto and Nara, the cradle of Japanese Buddhism and the capital of the Empire for seventy years, though the old Imperial city has decayed into a sleepy provincial town. Amid the forest shadows and ancient temples of Nara the romance of an older world finds an ideal resting-place. Antlered deer lie in the deep fern under the mighty trees or bound fearlessly forward with doe and fawn, leaning graceful heads against us to be caressed, for since the saintly founder of the first Nara temple in the seventh century rode through the forest on a deer, the sacred herd has been cherished for his sake. Dim avenues lined with moss-grown lanterns lead into the heart of the wood, the giant trees roped together with gnarled boughs of silver green wistaria, which climbs round the red boles of black cryptomeria, and hangs in thick wreaths from the

lofty boughs. Buddhist and Shinto worship exist side by side in the dusky glades of Nara, and the Goddess of the Sun shares her honours with Kwannon, the Buddhist Goddess of Mercy.

The streets of Kyoto, full of light and laughter, awake us from the dreams fostered by the forest shades of Nara. Many-coloured paper lanterns on gable and lintel illuminate the narrow ways, guitars twang and street-hawkers utter barbaric cries. The ancient home of the arts, though deserted by the Government, retains the impression stamped upon it in the centuries of occupation by the rival courts of Shogun and Mikado. Descendants of old-world artists practise their hereditary calling in the abode of their forefathers; the grace of the Kyoto dance dates from the days when court performances kept up the standard, and the Kyoto Geisha School still gives the ideal training in dance and song, flower-arrangement, and tea-ceremonies. As we bid a regretful farewell to the kindly and polished denizens of the city said to contain the finest flower of the Yellow Race, the radical divergence of thought and idea convinces us that sympathy and interest fail to bridge the gulf between East and West, or to afford an adequate clue to the contradictory character, at once fantastic and frivolous, subtle and profound, which underlies the versatile charm and plastic genius of the Japanese people.

E. A. R.

THE PLEASURES OF A BOOK-LOVER.

THE De la More Press has evidently taken to heart Mr. Ruskin's plea that in a civilised country valuable books should be within reach of every one, printed in excellent form, well-bound, and on good paper. The recent publication of a new and admirable translation of Richard de Bury's *PHILOBIBLON*, and the fact that the first edition of three thousand copies was rapidly exhausted, must cheer all book-lovers.¹

For some years I have cherished a weakness for the delightful treatise of that distinguished prelate whose active life and varied attainments afforded him countless opportunities of amassing the finest library in England. He is said to have possessed more books than all the other English bishops put together; there was a library in each of his manors, and wherever he happened to be, so many books always lay about his room that it was hardly possible to stand or move without treading on them.

Let him speak for himself on the subject nearest his heart.

Although from our youth upwards we had always delighted in holding social commune with learned men and lovers of books, yet when we prospered in the world and made acquaintance with the King's Majesty, and were received into his household, we obtained ampler faculties for visiting everywhere as we would, and of hunting as it were certain most choice preserves, libraries private as well as public.

When he was Chancellor and Treas-

urer to Edward the Third, and "able to requite a man well or ill," he tells us that instead of such gifts as his predecessors had been wont to expect, fine raiment, horses, jewels and the like, there flowed in "soiled tracts and battered codices," gladsome both to his eye and heart. Then the aumbries of the most famous monasteries were thrown open, "cases were unlocked and caskets were undone," and volumes that had long slumbered in oblivion were brought to light. But in many cases these books once penned so carefully by patient monks and scribes had now fallen into decay, and become covered with litters of mice and pierced with the gnawings of the worms; and therefore Richard de Bury would sit down, as he tells us, with more delight than a fastidious physician among his stores of gums and spices, and doctor the precious volumes.

Nothing came amiss to him, "from the body of the Sacred Law down to the booklet containing the fallacies of yesterday." He secured the acquaintance of all known booksellers not only in England, but in France, Italy, and Germany, money flying forth in abundance to anticipate their demands.

Moreover he, as Edward the Third's ambassador, was frequently sent on missions of State, sometimes to the Holy See, sometimes to the Court of France, and to various Powers of the world, on tedious embassies, and in times of danger, always carrying with him that love of books which was his ruling passion. In reading of these journeys, we cannot fail to be moved by his enthusiasm.

¹ THE LOVE OF BOOKS, being the *PHILOBIBLON* of Richard de Bury, newly translated into English by C. E. Thomas. The De la More press.

O Holy God of gods in Sion, what a mighty stream of pleasure made glad our hearts whenever we had leisure to visit Paris, the Paradise of the world, and to linger there; where the days seemed ever few for the greatness of our love! There are delightful libraries more aromatic than stores of spicery; there are luxuriant parks of all manner of volumes; there are academic meads shaken by the tramp of scholars.

It is not unusual to hear contemptuous references to the barbarity, ignorance, superstition, and narrowness of the ecclesiastics in the Middle Ages; yet he who wanders in the mazes of medieval history will find it difficult to avoid seeing how large a debt of gratitude we owe to the Church for the preservation of literature which would otherwise have been lost to us.

There is an anecdote, told by Mabillon and Ordericus Vitalis, which affords interesting evidence of the esteem in which books were held even as early as the eleventh century. Theodoric, first Abbott of St. Evroul, wishing to offer his monks every encouragement to persevere in their labours of transcribing and illuminating, told them the story of a worldly and frivolous brother who, despite his sins, was an excellent penman, and who, during his rare deviations into the paths of holiness, had copied out an immense folio of theological doctrine. When, at his death, the Devil claimed his soul, his guardian angels dragged the folio before the Throne of Judgment, begging that for every letter therein pardon might be granted for one sin; and behold when the computation of sins and the counting of words were completed, there was one letter over; and, adds Theodoric, "it was a very large book!"

The monasteries, in those days of battle, murder, and sudden death, were the haven where the scholar and the artist could find peace and en-

couragement, and where the book-lover, even though he lacked the power to originate, was incited to serve the great cause of knowledge by transcribing not only works of theology and sacred history, but the philosophy and poetry of the classic pagans.

Let the detractors of those who study the poets henceforth hold their peace [says de Bury], and let not those who are ignorant of these things require that others should be as ignorant as themselves. . . . Although it is true that all men naturally desire knowledge, yet they do not all take the same pleasure in learning. On the contrary, when they have experienced the labour of study, and find their senses wearied, most men inconsiderately fling away the nut before they have broken the shell and reached the kernel. . . . Accordingly the wisdom of the ancients devised a remedy by which to entice the wanton minds of men by a kind of pious fraud, the delicate Minerva secretly lurking behind the mask of pleasure.

That the good bishop allowed himself to be so enticed there is no doubt, and his devotion to Heaven and the Saints did not prevent him from turning for diversion to that fascinating pagan, Horace, whom he quotes with evident affection.

The imagination lingers pleasantly with Richard de Bury and his books. We can picture him arranging his stores of rolls and unbound manuscripts, revising his collection of music, or superintending the labours of the multitude of copyists and scribes, of binders, correctors, and illuminators whom he was wont to include in his household; seeing to the safety of the cartularies and other muni-ments stored in the treasury, and gently fingering a wonderful illuminated missal or a book of the Gospels sumptuously bound in brodered velvet and fastened with a jewelled clasp.

In books I find the dead as if they were alive; in books I foresee things to come Faith is established by the power of books, hope is strengthened by their solace. . . . All the glory of the world would be buried in oblivion unless God had provided mortals with the remedy of books. . . . Why need we say more? Certes, just as we learnt on the authority of Seneca leisure without literature is death and the sepulture of the living, so contrariwise we conclude that occupation with letters or books is the life of man.

There are many men who, lacking this ardent thirst for knowledge, yet turn to literature as a refuge from the depressing vulgarity of the actual world. Knowledge, compared by Lord Beaconsfield to the mystic ladder in Jacob's dream, has brought comfort to many; its base rests on the earth, its crest is lost in cloudland, while the great writers of all ages are the angels ascending and descending to maintain the communication between mankind and heaven.

The book-lover is not wholly at the mercy of passing events, nor does he remain long downcast by trivial disappointments, for when Fortune frowns and those he called friends shrink back, he has dead friends who will never forsake him, and in their company he may forget his cares: "A man's heart aches less when his head is full."

From Marius the Epicurean, unrolling, beneath a fair Italian sky, the parchment on which was inscribed the story of Cupid and Psyche, down to one's obscure self eagerly cutting the pages of the latest volume of the *King's Classics*, there is a chain of sympathy and brotherhood which links together all those who have found in books the best viaticum for the journey of life. This kinship with the great dead is a privilege which book-lovers never tire of eulogising; Gibbon declared that he would not exchange it for the wealth

of the Indies, and Fénelon vowed that if all the crowns of all the kingdoms in the world were laid down at his feet in exchange for his love of reading, he would spurn them all. Though not rivalling the learned Archbishop's enthusiasm, one may yet agree with his English contemporary, Isaac Barrow, that he who loves a book will never want a faithful friend, a willing counsellor, a cheerful companion, or an effectual comforter.

The true book-lover reads, not laboriously and conscientiously to improve his own mind, but to lose himself in the greatness of the master-minds of the world. He is seldom a blatant egotist; his theories, prejudices, and ideas seem of small weight when he lives in touch with the great men of every age; and he who loves knowledge for its own sake and not for the worldly benefit that it may bring him, is always humble, with a humility that exalts rather than abases its possessor. One of the Archbishops of Canterbury, himself a bibliophile, inheriting from several generations of scholarly forbears this spirit of humility, says that he is better pleased to write an insignificant preface to a good book than to be the author of a worthless book though graced with a preface from some famous pen, "as it is more honour with a plain white staff to go before the King, than, being an unpolished Magistrate of a mean and antiquated corporation, to be ushered forth with a mace of silver."¹

What pleasantness of teaching there is in books [writes de Bury], how easy,

¹ *BACONIANA, OR CERTAIN GENUINE REMAINS OF SIR FRANCIS BACON, VISCOUNT OF ST. ALBANS, IN ARGUMENTS CIVIL AND MORAL, MEDICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND BIBLIOGRAPHICAL*; edited by Thomas Tenison, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln, and Archbishop of Canterbury, 1679.

how secret! How safely we lay bare the poverty of human ignorance to books without feeling any shame! They are masters who instruct us without rod or ferule, without angry words, without clothes or money. If you come to them they are not asleep; if you ask and enquire of them they do not withdraw themselves; they do not chide you if you make mistakes; they do not laugh at you if you are ignorant.

Nevertheless there are moments when a man is deaf to the comfort that his books can bring, when all the philosophy of ancient and modern days seems but a mockery, when the wisdom of dead men is powerless to allay some living sorrow. But, even then, there is hope for the book-lover; though his old companions may seem for a time to have lost their charm, yet they will gradually draw him back, his own sorrow will diminish and his courage will return when he walks with the great men who have despaired and regained hope, or who have struggled and failed, and in the very nobility of their failures have inspired others with a desire to tread the same thorny path: "He that is led in triumph may be yet greater than his conqueror," wrote one of those pagan philosophers whose works have come down to us through the labours of the monks, and "noble examples stir us up to noble actions. . . . A brave man must expect to be tossed, for he is to steer his course in the teeth of fortune, and to work against wind and weather."

The book-lover is better equipped to endure the malady of life than the man who depends on himself alone, for he can break the barriers of time and space and can live a thousand lives. "Without travelling so far as Endor" he can call up such spirits as he pleases, the most learned philosophers, the wisest counsellors, the greatest generals, and can "make bold with the best jewels they have

in their treasury."¹ Though poverty or ill-health may chain his body to some obscure corner of the earth, in spirit he can travel at will through all the countries of the world, and, when wearied of realities, can wander into the mystic land of Romance whose confines have not yet been reached by mortal foot, and whose horizon is ever further and further away. He should not, in his zeal for truth, trample scornfully upon the fairy legends and troubadour songs in which the knights of old were wont to take so keen a pleasure; no less a student of mankind than Mr. George Meredith has declared that he who avoids the region of Romance escapes the title of fool at the cost of a celestial crown.

Mr. Gosse's idea of happiness is a library in a garden, "with the rose-spray flapping at the window, and great Japanese vases exhaling such odours as must annoy an insect nostril." *A library in a garden*.—Mr. Gosse thinks the whole felicity of man might be contained in that phrase. Perhaps the book-loving King of Hungary and Bohemia (whose library of fifty thousand volumes was destroyed by the Turks in 1526) had gardens and vineyards surrounding the tower which he built for his books. He was indeed an ardent bibliophile, for he kept a staff of scholars, scribes, and illuminators that would seem to have surpassed even those of Richard de Bury or of Alfonso el Sabio. Under the supervision of a learned Dalmatian, an adept in Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic, and a skilled painter on vellum, the work of transcribing and decorating went on incessantly; and the books compiled for this most magnificent monarch were bound with all the

¹ Sir William Waller's *DIVINE MEDITATIONS*. London, 1690.

skill and splendour that the mind of man could devise. When Buda Pest was taken by the Turks, they seized the jewels adorning the covers of King Corvino's books, but the books themselves they cast away. A moralist might find much to say on the metaphorical significance of such an action. The book-lover feels a sharp twinge of regret, and vainly speculates as to the treasures of wisdom and learning that were lost for ever through the barbarity of the conquerors. It is discouraging to be so forcibly reminded how ignorance in a few thoughtless hours can wantonly destroy the labour of years, even of centuries. The man who loves his own library pauses sometimes, his gaze resting on the books he has gathered together, and thinks sadly of the time when they too will be separated, scattered, and perhaps thrown carelessly away, or bought by some rich illiterate man who buys them as he buys furniture, statuary, horses, or old wine,—not with epicurean appreciation of their special significance, but because it is the fashion to buy them.

There are few self-imposed penances more tantalising to the modern book-lover than reading a list of the book-sales in the eighteenth century. Finely illuminated missals, early printed works, and all manner of rare and curious volumes were in those days often purchased for a few shillings or at most a couple of pounds. Now too often scholars and antiquarians must look on with un-availing regret while the agent of some American millionaire bears away the prize.

There are, however, still a few people who believe that in literature and art sumptuous taste, combined with a little credit, affords its possessor more real pleasure in life than were he the owner of the where-

withal to buy the masterpieces of the world and yet lacked the temperament needed for the full enjoyment of them. The majority of men would prefer to steer their course somewhere between the two extremes, and although we may not be able to buy Caxtons, or to bind our favourite author after the regal fashion of King Corvino, books of one kind or another are within reach even of the poorest of us.

The book-lover may share a vigil in Milton's "high lonely tower," or dally in Montaigne's round room, "sixteen paces in diameter," with three windows looking out upon "fair and noble prospects." When wearied of these, he can seek the companionship of Charles Lamb, kindest and most whimsically humorous of book-lovers, and while in fancy handling a precious folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, or inspecting the Life of the Cavalier Duke of Newcastle, bound as becomes such a jewel, can hear Elia own that he is disposed to say grace twenty times in the day besides at dinner, "a grace before Milton, a grace before Shakespeare, a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading *THE FAIRY QUEEN*."

When Lamb confesses that he dreams away his life, and that he can read anything (except "block-headed Encyclopedias" and other "books which are no books"), we too need not be ashamed to own that we read for pleasure. A learned young woman on being asked if she had read *THE PRIDE OF JENNICO* replied in tones of pained astonishment that she never read novels, adding with crushing emphasis that *she* read seriously and methodically. We weaker mortals who do not take our pleasures so solemnly, might reasonably plead in our defence that Dr. Johnson never followed any fixed plan of study for two days together, that Dryden read

mainly to please himself, and that Montaigne, though he studied when young for vanity's sake, then in search of wisdom, then for diversion, by his own confession never read for any profit: "If anyone tell me that it is to undervalue the Muses, to make use of them only for sport and to pass away the time, I shall tell him that he does not know the value of sport and pastime as well as I do."

It was another book-lover and dilettante, Horace Walpole, who expressed a wish for a *catalogue raisonné* of "lounging books," books such as might serve to distract and cheer the man who is suffering from gout, low spirits, or ennui, or whose brain, fatigued with the necessary cares of life, seeks to escape from that haunting melancholy which "enwraps, more or less closely, every serious and thoughtful soul, as night enwraps the universe."¹

Though such a catalogue of lounging books must of necessity vary endlessly according to the temperament and humour of the loungeur, there are some writers who once admitted to intimacy, can never be entirely forsaken, those who, caring little for the pomposity of authorship, allow themselves to be seen in an attractive undress. A peculiar charm clings to such old books as have been written neither for fame nor money, but spontaneously, discursively, privately, with a gentle and engaging egotism that need annoy none but the most unsympathetic and unamiable. Among such authors, it seems natural to give precedence to Montaigne, for in his company one lounges very pleasantly, at no matter what page one may open that volume of essays which has so aptly been dubbed the Breviary of Idleness. His library may easily be pictured as we read:

'Tis in the third story of a Tower, of which the Ground-Room is my Chapel, the second story an Apartment with a withdrawing room and Closet where I often lie to be more retired In that Library I pass away most of the days of my Life, and most of the Hours of the Day. There is within it a Cabinet handsome and neat enough, with a very convenient Fireplace for the Winter, and windows that afford a great deal of light, and very pleasant Prospects.¹

There one can in imagination lounge with the *Sieur de Montaigne*, who turns over now one book, and then another, without method or design, and who, walking to and fro and meditatively surveying his round room with its five tiers of shelves, dictates from time to time such "Whimsies" as any one of us may easily read to-day.

Call no man fortunate until he is dead, is a maxim of universal application; yet the book-lover holds the key to a garden of enchantment where he can cast off the heavy burden of his own sins and sorrows:

To enjoy true happiness [says Sir Thomas Browne] we must travel into a very far country and even out of ourselves . . . Desert not thy title to a Divine Particle and union with the Invisibles Let thy thoughts be of things which have not entered into the hearts of beasts. Have a glimpse of Incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts but tenderly touch.

Such glimpses may be caught sometimes in unexpected places, in the lives of princes, statesmen, conquerors, and "wealthy weary folk" who, in gaining all that the world can give, have proved the truth of Bossuet's sermon to the French Court when Louise de la Vallière took the veil: "The world itself," said the great prelate, "makes us sick of the world; its attractions have enough of illusion, its

¹ Amiel's JOURNAL INTIME.

¹ Cotton's Translation, 1695.

favours enough of inconstancy, its rebuffs enough of bitterness—there is enough of injustice and perfidy in the dealings of men, enough of unevenness and capriciousness in their intractable humours—there is enough of all this to disgust us.”

In the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury is a characteristic passage which will find an echo in the heart of almost any man who reads it :

Hope, Faith, Love and Joy never rest or fix upon any transitory or perishing object I appeal to everybody whether any worldly felicity did so satisfy their hope here that they did not wish and hope for something more excellent ; or whether they had ever that faith in their own wisdom, or in the help of man, that they were not constrained to have recourse to some diviner and superior power than they could find on earth, to relieve them in their danger or necessity ; whether ever they could place their love on any earthly beauty that it did not fade and wither, if not frustrate or deceive them, or whether their joy was ever so consummate in anything they delighted in that they did not want much more ?

His solution of the problem harmonises better with Richard de Bury's

lines of thought than with those popular at the present day.

Ours is so far advanced an age—
Sensation tales, a classic stage,
Commodious villas.
We boast High Art, an Albert Hall,
Australian meats, and men who call
Their sires gorillas.¹

Nevertheless I am not aware that any of our modern men of science have suggested an explanation more elevating to poor humanity than Lord Herbert's : “The proper object of these faculties . . . is God only, upon Whom Faith, Hope and Love were never placed in vain, or remain long unrequited.”

It is consoling to remember that we have had contemporaries who, by a widely different process of reasoning, have arrived in the end at a somewhat similar conclusion. “The Ideal, after all” said Amiel, “is truer than the Real, for the Ideal is the eternal element in perishable things.”

¹ To Q. H. F. (*Vignettes in Rhyme*) ; by Austin Dobson.

MICHAEL BARRINGTON.

THE REAL CAGLIOSTRO.

IN spite of certain seeming instances to the contrary, it is too much the habit of the critic to undervalue what he considers the light and frivolous influences that help to make the history of literature. It has been the invariable practice, for instance, to belittle the part played by the elder Dumas in the romantic movement of eighty years ago; and the fact that his nature and talents were generally of the irresponsible order has caused him to be set entirely aside as unworthy of consideration, although the enormous popularity of the romancer in itself proved that he was a power, and that he had his share in revolutionising narrative and dramatic literature, although most critics refuse to recognise him. "Eccles!" cries the irate Marquise in *CASTE*; "there isn't an Eccles!" "Nevertheless he takes the liberty of existing," replies Hawtree; and Alexandre Dumas is influencing the story-writers of the world to-day, even as he did sixty years ago.

It was not without design that we referred to Dumas as one of those people whom critics foolishly ignore, but who leave their mark on the literature of their time. A work just published deals with one of the Frenchman's leading characters, and affords the student of the historical novel material for a most instructive comparison between the truth (so far as we know it) and the fictitious personage created by the author's fantasy. The volume on Cagliostro by M. Henri D'Alm ras, who has profited by M. Funck-Brentano's researches and supple-

mented them by his own, is (let us hope) the last word respecting that arch-quack of whom Carlyle wrote so trenchantly; and we may safely take it that we have here all that is credibly known of him, and that whatever is not here told belongs either to error or to prejudice, and is therefore untrustworthy.

Who was Cagliostro, or Balsamo? To tell the story briefly, he was born of a poor Sicilian family, a rogue almost from his birth, and was early noted for his dissolute life and low cunning. He married a beautiful Roman girl named Lorenza Feliciani, but soon getting into trouble in that city began his long wanderings, travelling over nearly the whole of Europe, living by swindling, or on the lady's charms. In England he became a freemason, and there inaugurated a new ceremony, a speciality of his own, called the Egyptian rite, of which he naturally elected himself Grand Copht. His fortunes changed; he became famous by his cures and popular through his charities, being already powerful by his secret position among the freemasons. He attached himself to the Cardinal de Rohan, but played the part of dupe rather than deceiver in the matter of the Diamond Necklace. Acquitted of any complicity in that affair he was released, and crossed to England; but success had flown, and ultimately he returned in desperation to Rome, there to be discovered and arrested by Papal spies. He was tried, and condemned to imprisonment, dying shortly after, in 1795.

The first thing which strikes the

reader after mastering this compact yet exhaustive study of the subject, together with the old *VIE DE BALSAMO*, published in Italy in 1791, and of which our copy is a French translation,—the first impression, we say, conveyed by these works, is that not one of these writers has given us a plausible representation of the man's character. Here we have a famous historical personage, who (if we must believe contemporary evidence) was one of the greatest of rogues and impostors, who was chased from almost every city in Europe, who was low-born, vulgar, and ugly, possessing a "greasy, bull-dog" face,—who, in short, was neither attractive in appearance nor clever in wit, and who yet became the friend and confidant of princes, the pet of Paris, the adored of thousands of enthusiasts, and one of the most singular figures in the book of human nature. Schiller was inspired to write an unfinished novel concerning Cagliostro; Goëthe for a time was attracted by the subject, and even wrote a play with the Grand Copht for hero. Yet somehow the two Balsamos are not blended into one recognisable personality by any of their biographers. Certainly M. D'Almèras protests at the outset that

Cagliostro's character makes some appeal to our sympathies. For a century we have had such a succession of rogues, in or out of office,—rogues so dull and wearisome that Balsamo, with his inexhaustible *verve* and good-humour, his Egyptian rites, philosopher's stone and so forth, disarms our anger. Figaro-turned-alchemist, he is gay, entertaining, always fresh,—more learned than Diafoirus, more crafty than Scapin. He lies in five or six different languages, which in itself shows his superiority over most men. Filled with benevolent theories which the stern necessities of life do not permit him to put into practice, he is incapable of doing wrong unless she really gains by it. One finds,

on studying him more closely, that if his reputation is bad, he is much better than his reputation, which is more than most of us can say.

Unfortunately this tolerant, and therefore desirable, point of view is not maintained throughout the book, and again we are faced with the problem, what was the real Cagliostro like? Would the fat, dull, vulgar arch-quack of Carlyle's scornful essay ever have persuaded fortunes and friendship from the great? Would the unutterably wicked heretic of the Italian biography ever have created a revolution in freemasonry? If, as we are told, his swindling tricks were so gross, open, and palpable, his Oriental mummeries such ridiculous rubbish, his manners and appearance so low and repulsive, how came it that he ever left his Sicilian hovel to blaze like a sinister meteor across the darkening heavens of France?

It is with such a life, of which so much is unknown, and of which so much that is known is incomprehensible, that the historical novelist is most qualified to deal, and it is in such cases as this that he is most needed. The first attempt to supply this want was made by the *soi-disant* Marquis de Courchamps, who pretended to have discovered certain unpublished memoirs by Cagliostro, which in reality he had concocted from old *chroniques* on the subject. This was detected during the book's publication in the *Presse*, and the serial was abruptly stopped. It was then, in 1846, that Emile de Girardin, to whom the subject appealed, commissioned Dumas to take the place of Causen (as de Courchamps was really called); and forthwith the great romancer, with the help of Maquet, assumed the task of presenting the French public (and incidentally the world) with a portrait

of the Count from the picturesque and imaginative point of view.

"Without being one of the best works by that formidable romancer," says M. D'Alméras briefly, "it had a marked success." In this casual way he dismisses all consideration of those romances which are the chief source of the world's knowledge concerning Balsamo, and in nineteen out of twenty cases the only source. Here, however, we are chiefly intent to ascertain whether or no Dumas presents a fairly truthful portrait of the man as he probably appeared to his dupes and devotees, rather than to his enemies, so that the secret of his success may be inferred, and to note whether the available material was skilfully utilised,—in short, to see whether in violating history (to use the novelist's own figure of speech) he succeeded in producing a child which was a credit to his father.

It was obviously not Dumas's policy to follow the adventurer and his beautiful young wife Lorenza throughout their early wanderings. GIL BLAS is an admirable piece of work, but the pattern is unquestionably old-fashioned. The MEMOIRES D'UN MÉDECIN, then, introduces us in the prologue to a mysterious horseman on an Arab, the latter being the famous Djerid, the former the notorious Balsamo. Somewhere on the banks of the Rhine he keeps a secret tryst with others of his masonic brethren, and undergoes a series of terrifying tests which, although seemingly due to the novelist's imagination, are in reality more than suggested by the initiation ceremony which the future Grand Copht underwent when becoming a freemason in a London lodge, and greatly resemble an account given by Cagliostro himself of a similar ceremony at Frankfort.

Once received and acclaimed as Master the hero of fiction tells the

admiring auditory the story of his life in flowery fashion and highflown language taken almost word for word from the Count's own confession. Balsamo proceeds to make a speech which might be described as that of a very French evolutionary revolutionist, and proclaims his motto to be *Lilia pedibus destrue*, a motto which the Papal Inquisition actually discovered among their prisoner's papers twenty years after. It was evident that the lilies to be trampled under foot were none other than the *fleur de lis* of the French monarchy. Among the Count's hearers are Swedenborg and Lavater. The great physiognomist did actually meet Cagliostro, and wrote of him: "He is a man, and a man such as few are; in whom, however, I am not a believer. Oh that he were simple of heart and humble! . . . Who were then so great as he?" Lastly the Judas of the company is one Schröpfer, or Schieffort, the German delegate, to whom Cagliostro turns, declaring that the man will betray the cause, and die, before a month is over. The incident, which has been thus adapted for effect by Dumas, occurs in one of the Count's autobiographical statements. In the grandiose scheme of social regeneration which is next set forth there is nothing which might not have come from the lips of a humbug, one who, as Carlyle seems to hint, was (at times at least) capable of a self-deception that aped sincerity.

Our Monte Cristo the Second, has, then, made an imposing, theatrical entrance, such as would have delighted his living model. He proceeds to cause a variety of sensational effects during the following chapters, mainly by the use of hypnotic power, or animal magnetism, as Dumas called it. There seems to be no trustworthy justification for endowing the charlatan's character with such powers, but

the device is certainly an ingenious way of explaining Cagliostro's innumerable "supernatural manifestations," which the novelist neither denies nor defends, but which he explains here as more or less subjective phenomena. Cagliostro, however, is not merely a mesmerist; he has the power of discovering and utilising those endowed with clairvoyant possibilities. By this means he works miracles, again and again. If, as the real Balsamo declared, he showed the Cardinal de Rohan a mistress in a mist, might not Dumas's hero show Marie Antoinette a guillotine in a glass of water? As for the incident when the alchemist makes gold before the eyes of the credulous Cardinal, that is down in the chronicles of Cagliostro as told to an unbelieving Baronne de Oberkirch by the prelate himself.

The part which the Count plays in the prologue to the French Revolution is naturally more considerable than that which the original himself could have taken, even had he been in Paris all that time. He resides in the Rue St. Claude, a house which Dumas describes pretty accurately (and which was in reality Balsamo's residence), together with his wife and that old sorcerer Althotas, whom the novelist does not allow to die at Malta, according to history, as he requires him for the catastrophe. It is when we come to Lorenza that we leave not only recorded truth, but probability. Dumas represents her as hating her husband during her waking hours, and loving him passionately when in a hypnotic state, a contradiction in character which leads to a series of moving and dramatic scenes. In reality, although she did try to escape from her terrifying lord and master, Lorenza had not sufficient energy or depth of character to struggle against his influence; and she shared his brief pleasures and

constant perils rather because she was incapable of struggling, hating, or suffering, than as the result of any love or devotion. Needless to say the catastrophe of the *MÉMOIRES D'UN MÉDECIN* is undiluted fiction.

In the first of this series, then, Cagliostro's place is clearly shown. He is high priest of a certain sect of freemasons (which was undoubtedly the case) and is using their funds, and his own skill, to further the secret ends of those people who desired the Revolution and those causes which promised to advance it. With his wonted skill Dumas makes the man a commanding figure, adroit, intriguing, saying sublimely impudent things, often impressive, and always plausible. He has blended with the character that of the Count St. Germain, in some respects so similar a personality that it would be a pity not to merge the two. In M. D'Alméras's opinion the two men probably met in Germany, and most likely it was from the Frenchman that Balsamo acquired the trick of talking of himself as some thousands of years old. "Passing a statue of Christ," writes Carlyle, "he will pause with a wondrously accented, plaintive 'Ha!' as of recognition, as of a thousand-year-old remembrance." St. Germain had appeared in France about 1750; but whence he came or who he was, no one knew. He confessed to four thousand years, and pretended to have been present at the nuptials of Cana. He, like his successor in imposture, professed to possess an elixir of life, and to make gold. Possibly he afforded both Cagliostro and Dumas some useful hints.

The second of the Balsamo romances, *THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE*, it will be remembered, opens with a prologue describing a dinner at the Marshal Richelieu's, when Cagliostro

prophesies the end of each of the famous guests seated round the table. This incident is based not on any passage in the Count's life, but on the following passage from *La Harpe's MÉMOIRES*, which Dumas ingeniously utilised as being in the tone of his character. We give part of the passage, so that those who care to see the novelist at work producing his effects may take down *LE COLLIER DE LA REINE*, and compare.

It seems to me but yesterday, and yet it was in the beginning of 1788. We were at table, in the house of one of our colleagues at the Academy, a gentleman of high position and a man of wit. The company was numerous and varied, courtiers, lawyers, men of letters, Academicians. . . . One alone of the guests had taken no part in all this lively conversation. . . . It was Cazotte, a pleasant and original man, but unfortunately infatuated by the dreams of the Illuminati. He began to speak, in the most serious tone: "Gentlemen," said he, "be content; you will all see this great revolution which you desire so much. You know that I am something of a prophet, and I repeat that you will see it. . . . Do you know what will come of this revolution, what will happen to all of you here?" "Ah, let us hear," said Condorcet, with his sly and simple smile; "a philosopher is not sorry to come across a prophet." "You, Monsieur de Condorcet, will die on the pavement of a prison-cell; you will die of poison which you will have taken to escape the executioner, of poison which the fortunes of that time will compel you to carry always with you." At first there was great astonishment; then they laughed with the utmost gaiety. "What may all this have in common with philosophy and the reign of reason?" "It is exactly as I tell you; it is in the name of philosophy, of humanity, of liberty, it is under the reign of reason that you will end thus; and it will be veritably a reign of reason, for it will have temples, and indeed there will be no other temples in all France at that time save those of Reason. . . . You, Monsieur de Champfort, will cut your veins with two-and-twenty strokes of a razor, and yet you will only die months afterwards. You, Monsieur Vioq d'Azyr,

will not open your veins yourself, but you will have them opened six times in one day, in the midst of an attack of gout, to be the more sure of your death; and you will die in the night. You, Monsieur de Nicolai, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur, on the scaffold; you, Monsieur de Malesherbes, on the scaffold; . . . you, Monsieur Roucher, also on the scaffold. . . . Ladies will be treated just like men, with no distinction whatever. . . . You, Madame la Duchesse, will be led to the scaffold, you and many other ladies with you, in a cart, with your arms tied behind you." "Ah, I hope, in that case, that I shall at least have a carriage draped in black." "No, madame, greater ladies than yourself will go like you in a cart, their hands bound behind them." "Greater ladies! What! Princesses of the blood?" "Greater ladies still." . . . They began to find the jest a little strong. Madame de Gramont, in order to dissipate the cloud, did not dwell upon this last reply, and contented herself with saying in a lighter tone: "You will see he does not mean to leave me so much as a confessor." "No, madame, you will not have one, you nor any one else; the last victim who will have one as a favour will be"—He paused for a moment. "Well, then, who is the happy mortal who will have this privilege?" "It is the only privilege which will remain to him, and that man will be the King of France."

According to known facts Cagliostro was little better than the dupe of the cunning Jeanne De La Motte in the affair of the Diamond Necklace. He is said to have prophesied great things as the result of his patron the Cardinal's correspondence with Marie Antoinette; but it is equally certain that he saw through La Motte before the end, and warned de Rohan against her, though in vain. However, Dumas naturally did not want his chief actor to be idle, and there are plausible reasons for urging that so devout an intriguer as the Count would surely have had a finger in the pie. Therefore Cagliostro, having discovered the extraordinary resemblance between Nicole Legay, or Oliva, and the Queen of France, takes the girl

about and contrives that persons high at Court shall see her masquerading here, there, and everywhere. Presently he places Nicole where the cunning La Motte sees her; and thence comes the story of double-dealing, forgery, deceit, misery and ruin, which is known as the Affair of the Necklace. This, it will be seen, is in apparent opposition to the line Cagliostro really took; but the only irreconcilable statement, — that the Count warned the Cardinal — was made long afterwards, and we have only the word of the former gentleman himself for it.

In ANGE PITOU, the third of this series, Cagliostro does not appear, Gilbert, the physician of the *Mémoires*, taking up his old master's rôle; but we find the Count, all alive and charming, in the opening chapter of the *COMTESSE DE CHARNY*, the fourth and last of the Revolution romances. In a few airy sentences he explains that history, when it fancies that Cagliostro permitted himself to die in San Leo, altogether underrates him:

"Six months ago I was in the castle of San Angelo, while three months ago you were in the Bastille."

"But I thought there was no escape from San Angelo?"

"Bah! remember Benvenuto Cellini."

"Did you, too then, make a pair of wings, as he did, and like a new Icarus fly over the Tiber?"

"I could not, thanks to priestly precautions. I was placed in a deep, dark dungeon."

"You did get out, though."

"Yes; for here I am."

"You bribed the keeper?"

"Not so; unfortunately I had an incorruptible, but fortunately not immortal, jailor. Chance, or one less infidel than I would say Providence, contrived that he died one day, after he had thrice refused to release me."

"Suddenly?"

"Yes. His successor was not incorruptible; the first time he brought me supper he said, 'Eat and get strong, for

before to-morrow we have a journey to take.' He did not lie, for that night each of us used up three horses and travelled a hundred miles."

"What said the government to your flight?"

"Nothing. They dressed the body of the dead jailor in my old clothes; fired a pistol-ball in his face; laid the weapon beside him, and said that having procured arms, I had killed myself. An account of my death was published, and the poor devil was buried in my place."

Balsamo is now Zanoni,—the old name is unpopular, in spite of his acquittal after the Necklace trial—and he keeps well in the background, still, however, playing the part of the evil genius of the French monarchy and the Ancien Régime. He bribes Beausire (whom Oliva actually married after the great scandal) to betray de Favras's abortive attempt to rescue the King from the revolutionists; and by similar tactics gets at Gamain, the King's blacksmith, and learns of the intended flight to Varennes. Here, however, not desiring the King's head, he determines to remain neutral. But when Mirabeau undertakes to save the monarchy it is Cagliostro who seduces the sensual statesman by again utilising Oliva; the great orator dies of his two great weaknesses, women and flowers, and with him dies the hope of the monarchy. *THE CHEVALIER DE MAISON-ROUGE*, which is seemingly the last of the series, contains no Balsamo, for the obvious reason that it was written first, before the character of the charlatan had been suggested to Dumas.

How far and how truly, then, does Dumas realise the character of Cagliostro for us? It would seem at first sight that he had erred in making the Count a political intriguer, for the story of his life, so far as we know it, shows him intent on making money, and nothing more. According to M.

D'Alm ras the bulk of the freemasons were not actually favouring or furthering the Revolution. But for ourselves we believe Dumas to be justified, if only by the famous LETTER TO THE FRENCH, which Cagliostro published from London after the Necklace trial, wherein he expressed the most republican sentiments, adding: "They ask me if I shall ever return to France? Yes, I reply, when the Bastille becomes a public promenade." If this were not indication enough, the furious zeal with which the Copht's Papist biographer attacks Cagliostro and the freemasons for their wicked, blasphemous, anarchic teachings should be a pretty sure guide. The motto *L.P.D.* should not be forgotten, nor the fact that the Illuminati of the

day included in their ranks some of the most famous Revolutionaries.

In conclusion, if Dumas did take undoubted liberties with his subject's character and career, he gave us what no one else has attempted to do, a picture of the plausible impostor as he probably appeared to his adorers, and so enables us to see how possible it was for men to fall wholesale under his influence. That the portrait is overdrawn is probable: Dumas, its painter, had written *MONT  CRISTO* too recently and too successfully, to restrain his brush; but the fact remains that history modifies and supplements the Balsamo of the great French novelist, but does not belie it, or take away its real value as an effort of the imagination.

NATURE IN GREEK ART.

Is it fair or logical to base any conclusion as to the moral or æsthetic qualities of a nation on the works of its poets and artists? To this question many would reply in the negative, yet they would admit that in dealing with primitive times, when the artist and the poet were indistinguishable from the mass of the people, when each man adorned his own weapon, and poetry consisted of stories handed down from father to son, it would be a perfectly justifiable proceeding. After a little further consideration they would also be willing to grant that, in the case of a nation so artistic as the Italians of the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, or so musical as the Germans, it would not be unreasonable to see in the work of Italian artists of that period, or of German musicians, a fairly accurate picture of the taste of the nation at large. The Greeks of classical times were certainly as a nation both poetic and artistic; they who took such a keen interest in the dramatic competitions and in the games, who were so ready to dedicate works of art at their famous shrines, who were anxious that every article of dress or furniture should be beautiful in shape and ornament,—surely these people shared in the spirit of their artists and poets, and their artistic perceptions and capabilities differed from theirs only in degree. We shall not be wrong, therefore, in using the works of art which are left as foundations for our conclusions as to the feeling for Nature felt by the Greeks as a whole.

At first sight there will perhaps seem a dearth of material for this

study. If we recall the various specimens of Greek art with which we are familiar, it is certainly no natural scenery, no fruits or flowers, which will first occur to us; it is surely men, men everywhere, from the hero to the slave, from the athlete to the ghost fluttering round the tomb. It seems as though the human interest were of paramount, of unique importance; yet on further reflection it will perhaps be necessary to modify this view. The Greek, above all men, had an idea of the eternal fitness of things. He knew by instinct the right kind of ornament to suit his object, the proper subject for the material at his command; he would not, for instance, use as a design for a bas-relief the subject which would be suitable only to a flat painting. Now the kinds of artistic production which have come down to us from Greek times are architecture, sculpture (in stone or bronze) and relief-work, vase-painting, terra-cottas, gems and coins. The three divisions of natural objects imitated in art are, roughly, landscape, animal-forms and vegetable-forms.

Let us first take landscape: there is obviously no place for direct imitation of scenery in any of these departments of art; its place is in the painter's studio, and of easel pictures or frescoes we have not a single example. It is clear that landscape proper could have no share in the art of the vase-painter. In most cases such an artist was limited to two or three colours only; he found therefore that, as a rule, the most effective method of treating his subject was in silhouette. For this variety

of outline was essential, and he therefore turned his attention to the human figure, or to a conventional treatment of flowers or animals, which would ensure the greatest possible wealth of line rather than a mass or a choice of colour. We have indeed seen landscape as vase-decoration in our own day, especially on certain miscalled Dutch ware, but the effect is only questionably good, even where the painter has had a large choice of colour. The other kinds of artistic production may be classed together, as the same conditions apply to all. There is certainly no place for landscape in any of the plastic arts; variety of outline, mass of light and shade, contrast of surface are what the modeller or engraver requires. A French sculptor has indeed recently proved that a sea-wave can be treated in bas-relief in a most beautiful and convincing manner as a background for the dripping figure of Leander; but there still remains a lurking feeling that such a thing is out of place, and is rather an experiment or a *tour de force* than a successful innovation.

So much, then, for landscape: let us come to the second division of our subject, the treatment of animals. Here, as we should expect, we are confronted with a mass of evidence. The animal and human forms are so closely akin that any artist appreciating the one must almost inevitably delight also in the study of the other. And animal subjects supply the very qualities the sculptor needs; conditions are found the very reverse of those present in landscape. Look at any collection of Greek coins; half of them bear representations of animals,—animals treated so tenderly and with such feeling for the texture of feather and hide, that there can be little doubt that the artist studied them with

understanding and affection. Look at the eagles of Agrigentum devouring their prey; the splendid eagle's head of Elia, or the lion and bull of Acanthus; the cow and calf of Dyrhacium, or the bull of Eretria scratching his head to the very life; the chariot-horses of the cities of Magna Græcia tossing their heads in eagerness for the contest. We are even told that a bronze cow was the chief glory of the great Myron. The same is true of gem-engraving; greyhounds, dolphins, and rams appear drawn with a wonderful truth to Nature; indeed, in some cases the engraver has made his design correspond to the colour of his stone, so that a cow will appear on an emerald as in a green field, or a dolphin on a beryl as if in the blue-green sea-water; though that may possibly be due to the desire to emphasise the power of the gem as an amulet.

In our third division, the treatment of floral and vegetable forms, the result is, I think we must admit, disappointing. Flowers and leaves occur on coins, but their treatment is not successful; it is neither natural nor conventional. The wheat-ear of Metapontum, the parsley-leaf of Selinus, the rose of Rhodes are unsatisfactory; all that can be said for them is that they are unmistakable. On a coin of Gortyna in Crete Europa is seen seated in a tree which is certainly drawn after a more natural pattern; but even here it is inferior to the bull on the other side so complacently licking his back. It is doubtful whether a natural treatment of flowers is suitable as a decoration for vases; admirers of the Worcester china of our own day will say that it is, but the question remains open. No one, however, will deny that most beautiful conventional patterns may be made from floral forms, yet the only cases of such designs on Greek vases are, so far as I know, the stereo-

typed lotus and palmette. The vine appears as the adjunct of Dionysus, and sometimes alone, as on a vase where satyrs are gathering the grapes; yet the treatment is almost always inadequate, and in no case, I believe, does the olive appear on vases of Athenian manufacture. An apple-bough is seen on a very beautiful white-ground vase by Sotades in the British Museum; but the general feeling for floral forms is different from that which the Mycenaean potter had for the weeds and flowers of the deep. Where they do occur it is generally as a necessary part of a story in which the human interest is paramount. Triptolemus, for instance, holds the wheat-ears in his hand, but it is on him that the artist expends his skill; Dionysus is surrounded by the vine, but it is the god at whom we look, not at the curving spirals of the plant. The acanthus leaf, again, is the motive of the Corinthian capital, but it quickly becomes stereotyped; the variety of the Byzantine capitals and friezes show a far greater love for leaf-forms.

But there are more ways than one of treating natural objects. Beside the natural method there is also the symbolic; and a love for Nature may show itself by means of this, if the limitations which the material or purpose of his work lay upon the artist preclude him from using the direct, and at first sight more spontaneous, method. If the artist takes the trouble to invent symbolic forms for natural objects when he cannot imitate them directly, it will rather show his desire of introducing those objects at all costs than a state of mind which loves symbols for their own sake. It is from the manner in which this symbolism is treated, and the length to which it is carried, that the craftsman must be judged,

and not from the mere fact that he employs such a device. Sometimes, indeed, naturalistic treatment will be tried and will fail, as, for example, on a vase found at Cumæ, where Europa is painted crossing the sea on a bull. The painter has obviously observed the effect of refraction through water, for the bull's legs appear slanted in a curious way as he swims; but such treatment once proved unsuitable for its object, the painter gives it up and contents himself with symbolising the sea under the form of a dolphin or a crab; the effect as a piece of mere decoration being much better, while the circumstances of the story are equally elucidated. On another vase Dionysus crosses the sea in a boat, shaded by the branches of his own vine, and surrounded by dolphins which appear above as well as below his boat, perhaps a graceful way of showing the sea in perspective. Dolphins seem to have been great favourites with the Greeks, as they appear on many coins and gems; Arion, Taras, Phalanthus are carried across the sea by them, and the ship of Dionysus itself becomes a dolphin. Perhaps their sportive character had some resemblance to that of human beings and the dolphins were once men, as in the story of Dionysus and the rude sailors. On another vase, which shows Theseus below the sea in quest of a certain ring, the painter, besides suggesting moisture in the clinging draperies of the figures, has marked the locality by placing a little triton beneath the feet of Theseus, ready to bear him to the surface, an ingenious way of representing the buoyancy of seawater.

Connected with this symbolical rendering of Nature is the method of personification, in which mountain, river, or spring is shown not by some symbol, but as an actual person.

This idea was familiar to the Greeks from the earliest times. They personified everything; Galene, Comos, Pothos, and above all Nike, appear over and over again on their vases as men and women. And if this personification of abstractions was familiar, none the less so was that of natural scenery. From the time of Homer, who makes the river Scamander fight with Achilles, and Eos bear away her son Memnon to Egypt, Nature was not merely scenery but a collection of persons with interests deep and varied in the affairs of the human race.

We read of a picture by Aris-tophon, the brother of Polygnotus, in which Alcibiades reposed on the lap of Nemea; of another representing Orpheus, Pontus, and charming Thalassa, wherein the last two evidently had quite as much of the personal form as the first. This way of treating Nature could hardly be carried further than on a vase in the British Museum, where Eos is seen pursuing Cephalus; Helios rises in his chariot from the sea, Selene sinks beneath the waves on the other side, while the fixed stars, in the shape of little boys, dive into the water at the coming of day. Even the winds have histories, and Boreas woos Orithyia as she gathers flowers on the banks of a river; Zetes and Calais, their sons, drive off the harpies from the feast of poor blind Phineus. And all this is not merely the creation of poets or story-tellers; it is a natural growth from the mind of the people. The human interest is always predominant: the birds have stories told of them, the halcyon, the hoopoe, the nightingale each has his own history; the laurel, the reed, the hyacinth, the narcissus each has a legend of its own; Arethusa, the spring, is wooed and won by Alpheus, the river.

The personal interest is indeed paramount, but the love of Nature also is there. It is the plaintive music of the nightingale which has given rise to the tragic story of Itys, the changeful character of the ocean which embodies itself in the transformation of Nereus or Thetis. A mountain stream, hurrying down to the sea, is for the die-sinker of Lower Italy a man-headed bull, rushing forward, often with his head down, on his wild career; but Syracuse, surrounded by her quiet harbour, is a smiling nymph with dolphins playing among her locks.

These Nature-people (if we may so call them) were deemed worthy to appear even on the most august monuments and in company with the gods themselves. There is little doubt that the reclining figures in the pediments of the temple of Zeus at Olympia are river-gods and nymphs, among them the Cladeus and Alpheus of Pindar's lays. On the western pediment of the Parthenon too they occur, in the Cephissus and Callirhoe; and it is even thought that the famous figures of the eastern pediment, known as the three Fates, may be none other than Thalassa and Gaia.

I have said that landscape and painting went together, but that no landscape remains from which any data can be gathered. Yet there are a few notices of such painting in ancient authors, though their exact significance is a matter of doubt. In the great frescoes of Polygnotus it seems that there was little if any landscape background, but that the figures were arranged in two or three rows without perspective, while the locality was shown by means of symbolism. Agatharcus, who flourished about 460—420 B.C., is spoken of as a painter of scenery, but whether in a naturalistic way or not we have no means of judging. Every one knows

the story of Zeus and the bunch of grapes, but even this proves very little; we are tempted to compare it with the accounts of the early sculptor whose figures had to be fastened with chains lest they should run away in the night, so life-like were they. Apelles painted a picture of Aphrodite rising from the sea and pressing the water from her hair, and we are told that her body seemed to melt into the waves. Here, at last, we seem to have come to a naturalistic treatment of the sea, but the notice is so meagre, and there is so little information about contemporary art, that it is hardly safe to base any conclusions on it; for on the other hand, where it was quite open to the painter to treat a subject in a natural way, he chose the symbolical method to represent his idea.

In conclusion then we may say that the facts are these. The Greek mind could and did appreciate natural scenery but was ever ready to see it

in a personal form, to give a history to every hill or stream, bird or star; and so strong is this tendency, that when the story has once been evolved, the interest in it so dominates the mind, that the thought of each thing as a mere phenomenon of Nature becomes obscured. It is as if to the Greek mind the universe consisted only of personal beings, supernatural or human, to which every other object was merely an accessory, affording either a field of action for, or a detail of circumstance in the all-absorbing drama played by the personal agents. Whereas for the modern mind the universe consists rather of three elements, God, Nature, and man, each reacting on the others, but each distinct and obeying its own laws, a force to be reckoned with for good or evil. The latter may be the more scientific view, the former the more artistic; but each is compatible with a love for Nature in the mind of the people which holds it.

E. M. CONGREVE.

THE QUEEN'S MAN.

A ROMANCE OF THE WARS OF THE ROSES.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHILE the men dashed forward, flinging themselves into the fray, Harry Marlowe caught the Queen's bridle and kept her impatient horse in the rear.

"Nay, nay, I love a fight,—they cannot kill me," she said, and laughed triumphantly. "Loose the bridle, my friend. I tell you, I bear a charmed life."

"Madam, if you love us all!" Harry cried. "See, yonder is a church, the church of King's Hall. Take sanctuary, I beseech you. This troop out-numbers us; I see more in the mist. Madam, if you are here, my arm is tied; I cannot fight, except to defend your Highness. If I know you safe, this rabble shall soon be driven south again."

"There, there, I obey you," Margaret said impatiently.

With a quick turn to the right, she galloped alone up the glimmering field. All around, the dark cushioned woods lay motionless; the mist was slowly clearing before the breaking day. She saw lights in the church, put her horse at the gate and cleared it, then springing over the few low graves that broke the turf, stooped from her saddle at the church-door and beat upon it with the handle of her whip. It was instantly opened, and a score of men crowded out to meet her, staring at her with fierce curiosity. One put out a rough hand to help her to dismount, but she waved him back haughtily. The unexpected reception startled her. As the low arched door

stood open, she saw more armed men crowding the dim half-lit aisle. There was a murmuring and exclaiming of women's voices too, and dogs ran out barking between her horse's feet.

While the Queen hesitated for a moment before entering this strange sanctuary, the wild noises of the fight half a mile away seemed to draw nearer, and the men close to her began to shout out questions: "What is't?" "Whence comes the lady?" "Who then are fighting yonder?"

"Nay, answer me," she cried to them. "Are you for York or Lancaster?" Her voice, clear and high, rang through the open door into the church.

"Lancaster! The Red Rose! For Lancaster, we!" a chorus from hoarse throats replied to her.

Leonard pushed his way close to her, seizing her bridle, staring at her with hard, bold eyes that fell when she looked upon him.

"Do you not hear them?" she said. "Away to help them, friends! The army of York is there,—March himself, for what we know, and we have but a small band to meet them. We know you, gentlemen, the gallant Fellowship of King's Hall; your help means victory. Where is your leader?" As the Queen spoke, she stretched out her hand to Leonard and allowed him to lift her from the saddle. The men gazed upon her as she stood among them, fearless and majestic. Long coils of hair had been loosened from under her riding-hat, and fell upon her shoulders; under a velvet coat she wore a thin

shirt of mail; a sword and dagger, both light and fine, were fastened to her jewelled girdle. Her beautiful dark eyes blazed with excitement; the flush on her face made her young again, and she smiled as she met their wondering glances. "Nay, we know his name," she said. "Where is Master Tilney?"

"He will be with you anon, Madam," answered Leonard, the readiest spokesman, and he shouldered one or two of his comrades back, with warning looks and growls. "Hold thy fool's tongue! See you not? 'Tis the Queen; she will stop the wedding. Ah, Madam, we be at your service."

"The Queen, the Queen!" was quickly whispered round among the strange congregation, and in staring upon her they mostly forgot the noise of battle which came rolling nearer and nearer as the air of morning moved.

Margaret became grave again; her quick ears caught Leonard's words, and she was reminded of what she had half forgotten, the object with which she and Lord Marlowe had ridden out to King's Hall. She went forward into the church, the crowd making way for her; there was something that awed them in her walk and bearing. Reaching the nave, she turned to the east and saw, in the light of the candles about the high altar which struggled with the gleaming windows and the rising day, bridegroom and bride standing there, the old priest in his vestments beyond them. It looked, at first sight, as if the marriage service had not been interrupted by the Queen's sudden arrival; but in truth those three at the altar had not budged since she knocked upon the door. Margaret Roden stood statue-like, beautiful but stunned; her eyes had not moved from the east window's deepening

glory. Jasper Tilney, upright and silent, had turned his fierce wounded head and splendid height away from bride and priest and altar, and was looking westward with an angry question in his eyes. What were those distant sounds of warfare? What was it that distracted the Fellowship and made them crowd to the church-door? As for poor Dr. Curley, his white hair bristled on his head and his pink face grew even pinker, as he stood waiting, afraid to call back Jasper's attention, conscious that something very strange was coming to pass.

And now that beautiful Amazon, Queen Margaret, of whose pride and daring and resolution and wit there were so many stories afloat in England, came walking alone up the pavement of the broad aisle, and mounted the steps into the choir. Beyond the church windows, in the world shut out by their blazonry that began to glitter in the dawn, the noise of fighting rolled to and fro, now nearer, now further off again, like the clamorous waves of a distant sea.

The Queen changed colour slightly, as she looked from one to the other and saw by what a narrow margin, if at all, her god-daughter would be saved from a marriage with the wild leader of a troop such as that which was now streaming out with oaths and cries into the churchyard. The girl's beauty startled her, and no less the man's savage though handsome looks. A strange contrast he to the gentle courtier, yet very true soldier, Harry Marlowe! The Queen addressed him in tones that Jasper would have borne from no other person in England at that day. "What do you here, Master Tilney? Who gave you licence to marry with this lady, Mistress Margaret Roden, whom we named at the font, and who

is now our charge, being under age, and her grandfather dead? You have stolen her away from Ruddiford, and by main force you are marrying her. But we will not have it so."

Jasper flushed up darkly as he bowed to her. "Madam, by your words you are the Queen. But pardon me, I dispute your right to interfere. Mistress Roden is my bride by her own consent; the priest here will bear me witness. I will give her up to no man or woman, not even to you."

The Queen frowned impatiently. "Nay," she said, "you outlaws of King's Hall, you think you are masters in England. First you kidnap our faithful servant Lord Marlowe for your own ends, detaining him from our service. Then you carry away the heiress of Ruddiford, and pretend it is by her own consent. The maid's consent has nothing to do with the matter; but if it had, who can believe you?"

The Queen walked up to Meg and laid her hand on her shoulder. The girl trembled sharply under her touch, looked at her with wild eyes and was not reassured, for the elder woman's face, beautiful and striking, spoke of nothing but haughty anger.

"Is the girl crazy?" said the Queen. "To your knees, Margaret, your hands in mine; it is not true that you have consented to a marriage with this man?"

Meg knelt as she was commanded. Her lips moved; the Queen stooped over her, frowning and impatient, for at first there was nothing to be heard. "Yes, Madam," the girl murmured, as if half dead, with white lips and suddenly drooping eyelids.

"And what of Lord Marlowe?" whispered the Queen, so low that only Meg could hear. "Then," she said aloud, "his threats have terrified you into it. Master Tilney, you and

I will settle this matter. Now, look and listen; your friends and followers are gone to fight for the Red Rose, while you linger here for the sake of a girl. No time for marrying, this; go, if you would not be shamed before all England. The White Rose is on the march, the army makes for Ruddiford, your King and Prince are there. Will you leave to Lord Marlowe the whole honour of driving back the enemy? Hark! the battle rolls this way. If you are a man, go!"

Jasper Tilney's blue eyes met hers, and the war between those wills, for a moment or two, was as fierce as that between the Red and White Roses. With a stride across the pavement, almost pushing the Queen aside, he lifted Meg to her feet and held her with both hands, gazing hungrily into the face that took no life from his near presence. He would have kissed her, but something, he knew not what, held him back. "God bless thee, Meg!" he said. "Be true to me, as I to you. I will come again when the fight is over."

He hardly waited to hear the faint "Yes" that answered him, but loosened his sword and walked away, tall, proud, reckless, clanking down the aisle, under the low arches, and out into the dim churchyard, already empty of his men, who had rushed to the fight without waiting for him to lead them.

It seemed that every man was wanted on the side of the Red Rose. Those sounds of battle rolling nearer to King's Hall meant that the Yorkist troop, strong in archers and crossbow men, was pressing the Lancastrians hard; that they were slowly retreating, fighting their way, across the field towards the strong position of the old house, where both shelter and reinforcement might be found. Many had fallen on both sides; the few country people who

ran in terror to stare saw dead and wounded men and struggling horses, and thatched hovels flaming, set on fire by one side or the other. The rising sun, as it drove away the mists, lit up the Midland landscape, usually so still. Men, ploughing or digging in the fields, left their work and ran to see, had arms thrust into their hands, fought in the ranks, and perhaps died. Till now, the war had been little to that country-side but a rumour; the two Roses had not yet come to mean the fearful whiteness of death, the red of English blood shed by the hands of kindred, staining the new spring grass and making the ways slippery.

Harry Marlowe, and Black Andrew his lieutenant, fought hard in the van. It was of set purpose that they manœuvred back towards King's Hall, sending more than one messenger to call the Fellowship to their aid. They desired to draw the Yorkists into a trap, to check their advance on Ruddiford, where lay the supreme danger of their recapturing the King, and by a sudden attack from the west to divide them and throw them out of array.

The Fellowship dashed in, and the Yorkists, though more in number, fell back at their first fierce onslaught. They were on foot, half armed, unprepared, but each man was young, strong, and a soldier trained to fight for his own hand. They grappled in single combat with as many of the enemy, clove men over the head with their swords, dragged them off their horses and stabbed them as they lay. Still the Yorkists pressed on, the fight growing hotter and hotter as it rolled up the broad field towards the buildings that crowned the hill and overhung the river.

It was here and now that Jasper Tilney's fate overtook him, and he

died a death which redeemed his wild life and handed down his name for a few years as that of a hero in the country-side. That he foresaw it, young Lancelot bore witness afterwards. He met Jasper by the churchyard wall, carrying his sword, hurrying without horse or armour into the fight, as his companions had gone. The young fellow had been sent by Leonard to hurry Jasper forward; it was certain that the Fellowship would fight better with him to lead them.

"Ay, Lance, I come," Jasper said. "A last stroke for Tilney and his band, brave fellows all! A quiet life for such as I! 'Twas a dream, could never be. But then, Lance, if thou come safe out of this, go back to thy father's house again."

It was a small skirmish enough, this battle of King's Hall, and left no trace of itself in history, hardly even in tradition. To be sure, that great field on the west side of the high road bears still, four hundred and fifty years after, the name of Deadman's Moor, and on it stands a hollow oak, survivor of a few trees, they again remnants of an earlier forest, which the country people call Battle Oak to this day, without knowing why or wherefore. But though the records of the war hardly chronicled that skirmish, it cost many good men's lives, and that of Lord Marlowe himself was only saved by the ready heroism of his rival.

A ring of Yorkist archers and crossbow men had surrounded the oak, which then, young and majestic, spread its wide arms over the field. Harry Marlowe and a few others were caught, as in a trap; arrows and bolts were poured in upon them; two had already fallen. As Harry put his horse at the enemy to ride them down and break through, a man aimed at him deliberately from a few

yards' distance. But at that same moment Jasper Tilney, sword in hand, sprang like a wild beast through the circle of steel, threw himself between Lord Marlowe and the bowman, and while rushing upon him with his sword received the arrow meant for Harry in his heart. Lance and a few others followed him, breaking at all points through the ring, driving back the archers by main force of sword and fury.

All this happened in a moment ; then the fight rolled away from the oak tree, forcing itself nearer and nearer to the gates of King's Hall. But it was there, under the great oak, when all was over and they came to bury the dead, that they found Jasper lying. The first arrow had freed his wild spirit ; but many others had pierced him. History knows nothing of his name, and under the fear of Edward the Fourth he had not even a monument ; but the Wars of the Roses claimed no bolder victim.

When Jasper had disappeared from the church, and it was empty,—for the rabble of servants and followers had run back to the house, to watch their own belongings and the end of the fight—Queen Margaret commanded the Vicar to show her the way up the tower. While the old man hastily put off his vestments and prepared to attend her, she looked in silence at Margaret Roden, whom the tribulations of the last few days, physical and mental, had robbed of all her young spirit and stateliness. She now stood like a drooping lily before the Queen ; pale, heavy-eyed, a little dishevelled, all the more deplorable of aspect because of her fine white gown, crushed and stained, and the jewels which hung upon her like fetters of bondage.

Her brain was almost too weary to think. It seemed that Fate had taken her and tossed her to and fro,

deceiving her in every one she trusted. Harry had been false to her ; he had forsaken her for the Queen, for this woman who stood now before her and looked at her so strangely. Or rather, this was his love of old ; the stories were true ; he had cared for Meg but as a plaything, a toy for his hours of absence from this other Margaret. It must be true ; or how could he have deserted her so utterly, accepted the consequence of his scandalous bargain, made no attempt to see her after the coming of the King and Queen, no attempt to rescue her from the hands of Jasper Tilney ? All this poor Meg had said to herself over and over again, till her brain was dazed and she could think no more ; and yet, now that she stood at the altar, prepared to marry Jasper Tilney, her burning anger of last night against Harry and the Queen had died down into the cold ashes of despair.

She saw no kindness in the eyes of the Queen ; but indeed she feared and hated her too much to look for it. The eyes thrilled her ; they seemed to read her heart, and she dared not meet them ; her old courage had fled. They spoke of wonder and scorn. What did that whisper mean,—“And what of Lord Marlowe ?” To Meg it seemed like a cruel insult.

Suddenly the Queen came close to her, laid her hand on her shoulder again, and spoke impatiently in a low voice : “Margaret, child, what of this foolery ? You do not pretend to love that man !”

Meg shivered from head to foot. The Queen's touch, the suggestion, almost stopped the quick and faint beating of her heart. She pressed her hand over it, as with a great effort she answered : “Nay, Madam, not that, but—”

“Terror,—I knew it,” the Queen said, and her face changed suddenly ; she smiled like an angel, if an angel

be capable of a touch of scorn. "Be of good cheer, pretty one," she said. "That will of yours is not strong enough,—but you are in our hands now, and safe. Courage, child! You have suffered; so have we all. Think of your father, good and brave,—your grandsire, the old and honoured hero—God rest them! Come, their descendant must not ruin her life through craven fear. A woman who submits to a forced marriage does not know her own strength, Margaret."

The taunt, as it seemed, brought a flush to Meg's white face. She drew herself upright, almost shaking off the Queen's hand. *Craven!* the word was hard indeed to a girl who knew that she feared nothing, except treason and wickedness.

Margaret saw that she had touched her to the quick, and her smile had less scorn, and more tenderness. "Child," she said, low and quickly,—the priest was coming back from the sacristy—"Child, the man who loves you, whom you love, is the bravest of the brave."

The words seemed to Meg incomprehensible. To answer the Queen or ask her meaning was impossible; the more she thought, the more puzzled was the poor tired brain.

Now she was alone; the Vicar and the Queen were gone. She looked round at the dim shadows of the arches, down the long damp aisles; in the distance, the tower door shrieked on its rusty hinges; then within the church all was still.

But the wild confused noise of the fight, the twanging of bows, trampling of horses, shouts of men, trumpet-calls and heavy clash of steel, drew nearer and nearer outside the thick walls. She looked round her with a dizzy longing for escape; but where could she go? She stood still, trembling, half regretting the strong presence of Jasper, half conscious of

a great joy that for the moment she was free from him. Even the Meg of last night, who had spoken to him so fearlessly, was not now to be recognised in this helpless, half-conscious girl.

Before she had been able to think, or to resolve on anything, old Dr. Curley was beside her again, his face very red, his breath short and panting from the hasty climb up and down the tower. He looked at her seriously; he was a kind old man, though timid and time-serving. He crossed himself and muttered: "Heaven forgive us! Are we saved from crime and sin, or will Jasper yet claim her?"

She turned to him, with an eager hand on his arm. "Father, hide me from the Queen."

He looked at her keenly. Could it then be true? Was he mistaken in fearing, in spite of all, that this marriage had been forced upon her? "What, my pretty lady?" he said. "Hide you till Master Tilney comes back from the fight? Well, perchance he would thank me, and yet—"

"Do you hear, father?" she said, not noticing his words. "Hide me from her,—from her,—from the Queen!"

"Tis true," he told himself; "her Grace would have stopped the wedding an she could, fight or no fight. Do not fear the Queen, mistress," he said aloud. "She has forgotten you; she thinks of nothing but the fight; there, on the tower, she will stay and watch till it is over. She waves her kerchief as a signal to her brave men; they look up, they see her, and shout more loudly for the Red Rose. Why, even my deaf ears can hear them now, 'a Lancaster!' Till the White Rose men are flying southward, her Grace will not have a thought for you."

"Hide me, then, and quickly," the girl said, and pulled at his arm;

"in any cupboard, or dungeon, or vault, if you will; only let them not find me and carry me back with them to Ruddiford."

He stared at her hesitatingly. "Nay, if you mean it, mistress, if you have courage, come this way."

Though the church swayed round her as she moved, Meg followed him closely. He stumbled up some steps into a side chapel off the choir, empty, except for a bare stone altar and two or three large tombs against the wall. The priest took an iron bar from a corner, and lifted a broad, new-looking flagstone in the floor. Beneath this, a narrow flight of steps led down into a vaulted room, not very large, and not quite dark, for light and air found their way in through a small barred window under the chapel floor, almost hidden from the churchyard without by one of the great buttresses that supported the church wall. It was in fact a small crypt, such as was not often used for burials, but sometimes for storing bones dug out of the churchyard. It was empty, however, and the surface of the red sandstone walls and floor was clean. The roof was so low that Meg could only just stand upright when her trembling limbs had carried her down the steps. But she looked round her prison joyfully.

"Yes," she said, "here shall I rest till the fight is over. You will keep my counsel, father, from everyone,—except Jasper," she added under her breath. "If he will claim me again, when the rest are gone and far away,—so be it! He is my only refuge. But that other—ah, I desire never to see him again."

The old man hardly heard her last words, for he was growing deaf, as he said. But he scrambled back into the chapel, as she let herself fall, exhausted, on the stone slab under the window, and soon came back

with a great fur cloak and a pillow. To his surprise he found that Mistress Roden was already asleep. With trembling hands he pushed the pillow under her head and laid the cloak round and over her, then left her, dragging the stone into its place and hurrying back into the choir.

The noise of the battle was near enough now to terrify him, with all his faith in Jasper and the gallant Fellowship. It seemed as if the Yorkists were driving the Lancastrians by the field almost as far as the churchyard wall and the gates of the house.

Queen Margaret of Anjou watched from the church tower; the windows in the high gables of the house were full of servants and frightened women; the uproar was tremendous and the slaughter was becoming great. Still Harry Marlowe, the Ruddiford men, and those who remained of the Fellowship, fought hard with charge after charge upon the wild troop of the White Rose. The word *Margaret* was ever on his lips as he rode at the enemy, for loyalty and love bore the same name.

All this time, in the little dark underground chamber, Margaret Roden slept the sleep of a young hunted creature too exhausted for thought, or for any desire save that of escaping and lying down. Her low window let in the fiercer sounds of the fight, the shouts of a moment's victory, the cries and groans of the wounded. Later, a fearful noise of crackling wood, a smell of fire and smoke, a red light shining fiercely on the wall, the shrieks of women and trampling of hurried feet, told of fresh horrors; but Margaret slept through all.

Now Harry Marlowe was searching for her desperately, high and low, from cellar to garret of the blazing house, to which the Yorkists had

set fire before a last desperate charge, aided by countrymen who had gathered from all the farms and villages round, had finally driven them back, with the loss of half their number, helter-skelter along the south road. The battle of King's Hall was over,—a hard-won victory for the Red Rose.

Dr. Curley held his tongue. He was indeed too much distracted with saving his church, his flock, and his goods, too profoundly grieved at the death of his patron, to attend much to other people's matters; and so at last, for the hour and most unwillingly, Lord Marlowe gave up his search and rode away with the Queen, back to Ruddiford.

The lost maiden, deep sheltered by the thick church walls, slept dreamlessly on.

CHAPTER XXV.

By the end of that long spring day King's Hall was a heap of smoking ashes; its inhabitants were scattered to the four winds; and the distracted old Vicar had time to consider the fate of the girl whom, for his patron's sake even more than for her own, he had consented to hide. He confessed her hiding-place to three faithful men whom no court duties prevented from searching King's Hall and its precincts till they found her.

One after another, these four scrambled down into the crypt and crouched on the floor by the sleeping girl.

The scene was wild enough. A yellow gleam of sunset darted through the bars, but this was not enough to light the dark cavernous place, and Dr. Curley brought a lantern. Priest, lawyer, doctor, and soldier, all their eyes were fixed on Meg Roden, who lay, seemingly lifeless, covered with the heavy fur, just as

Dr. Curley had left her some twelve hours before.

"'Fore God, brother Simon, she is dead!" muttered Timothy Toste, and Black Andrew, crawling on hands and knees to her feet, swore violently under his breath.

"Peace, peace, you are on holy ground," said Dr. Curley.

By this time the little apothecary was kneeling at the girl's head, bending over her, all ears and eyes to catch her faint breathing, gently turning back the fur that covered her, finally, with tender hands, lifting her head from the pillow. "Nay, nay," he murmured, "the sweet lady lives; 'tis but the long sleep of exhaustion, — and no wonder. She will speak anon. Two drops of my cordial —" he drew out a flask from an inner pocket. "There, my child, there, dear Lady Meg! Nay, do not be angry, do not push me away. Open your pretty mouth, sweet babe! Good heaven, what has the child gone through,—and dressed for the wedding she escaped so narrowly!"

"Nay, 'Master Simon," the old priest interrupted, "had Jasper Tilney lived, he would have made her an honest husband. There be worse men, thousands of 'em. He was not a Court popinjay, like my Lord, but she did not mislike him."

"'Tis a strange tale," Simon said. "But, wise or foolish, she loved my Lord well; every man at Ruddiford knew that. For my part, I never thought him worthy of her, a crazy dreamer; yet, I suppose, 'twas Sir William's intent, and when we have her safe home again—"

His voice failed and he broke off suddenly. Meg sat upright and stared wildly round at their open eyes and gaping faces. Then, with a long sigh, it seemed that she came to herself, the self which Simon, at least, recognised

very well. It was the Mistress Meg of old days, as proud and wilful as she was gentle and generous, who lifted a hand and pointed with a meaning finger at each of the men in turn. First it was the Vicar of King's Hall. "You have betrayed me, father, though it be to my friends. I gave my word to Master Tilney,—where is he?"

The old man was suddenly choked with tears as he answered her: "Madam, your word is given back to you,—he died in the fight. God have mercy upon his soul!"

Meg bowed her head and crossed herself. Then she looked at Black Andrew, who crawled a yard nearer, took the hem of her gown and kissed it, then lifted his rough face and waited her orders with a fierce steadfastness. She looked him full in the eyes, pointing with her finger. "You, Andrew, you were there, I know; tell me that the Red Rose won the day."

"Ay, mistress," he said, "but with a great loss, and the burning of King's Hall,—you may smell the smoke. God preserved you, or you might have been smothered in this kennel underground. Ay, 'twas my Lord Marlowe's bold fighting that won the day. The Queen cheered us, crying to us from the tower. By the bones of St. Andrew, 'twas the merriest fight I've seen for a long day! They be fled south again, all that were left of them. They thought we were lazy drones in the Midlands; but they found us wasps who could sting. Ruddiford and King Harry are safe, madam."

While he spoke, she listened intently. Her lovely eyes, still tired and heavy-lidded, were cold and stern; her mouth looked hard and older by ten years. Simon, trying to watch her closely, could scarce see for tears; the suffering that the girl had gone through was so plainly written on the young soft features. Black Andrew, less easy to be moved,

outwardly at least, than the two good brothers, and with eyes keen and strong, saw more than they did. He was aware that when Meg spoke again, though the voice was unconcerned, a very faint pink flushed the cheeks that were as pale as the creamy satin of her gown. She still pointed at him, but her eyes drooped a little from their fearless gaze. "Where is the Queen now?" she said. "And my Lord Marlowe,—where is he?"

"They are at Ruddiford," Andrew replied. "My Lord searched for you, madam, till her Grace commanded him to return."

"Was he hurt in the fight?" Meg asked abruptly.

"No."

She had done with him, it seemed. The finger pointed now at Timothy. "You made my grandfather's will," she said. "He ordered no marriage for me. Two of those in whom he trusted have failed him, and me. There remain you and Master Simon,—and Sir Thomas—" her voice trembled with a question.

"Alas, Mistress Meg," Timothy sighed, "you have him no more, your faithfulest old friend and servant. As the ruffian company carried you away to King's Hall, he passed to Paradise."

"Then he is in peace," Meg said, "and with more power to help me than on earth, may be." She paused a moment, praying silently; then went on in a low voice. "He knows now,—I would not ask, now, to fulfil a certain last request of mine. I have learnt,—I will not be played with any more. You two, you two," she pointed at Simon now, turning and looking into his friendly old face, all puckered as it was into lines of distress for her, "you are all I have left of the old time, the old life, before strangers came to trouble us at Ruddiford. Listen, dear Master Simon, I

have been asleep and dreaming. I dreamed of my mother's country, of the great palace where she lived all among flowers and fruit, where the sky was blue and the sun shone. I know that her brothers and sisters dwell there still, in the city of Venice, on a clear canal that runs in from the sea, bright shining water all about their doors; no horses, but boats with gay rowers, carry them whither they would go. Why do you look upon me so? I am weary of England, weary of war and sadness. I gave my word to Jasper Tilney, but he is dead. My grandfather was foully murdered. Sir Thomas is dead, who next to him was my guardian friend. Another, who loved me in his wild way, is dead."

She stopped, and looked round upon them all. Simon and Timothy were silent before her; they could not tell whither she was leading them, and the responsibility seemed more than they could bear. They were almost grateful to Black Andrew when he growled out: "Whatever may have chanced, madam, there is one who loves you, and 'tis but yesterday that you loved him. I have no right to counsel you, but I say, come you home to Ruddiford, and be married to him. Your father was English,—what are foreign lands and foreign folk to you?"

Meg frowned upon him, and the flush deepened. "You say well, Andrew; you have no right to counsel me. I ask leave of none of you, remember; I will go my own way. No returning to Ruddiford for me, till all these things are past away and forgotten. Do you understand me, all of you? The Queen and her servants may do what they will; my grandfather, we know, would have given them all,—except myself." She suddenly bent her head, put her hands together, and said solemnly: "I call

our Blessed Lady to witness, and you four good men, that by my own will I will never again see Lord Marlowe." Then lifting her eyes, dark and sad, to Andrew: "You talk of love," she said, "but I know better than you. What is love?" she laughed softly and bitterly. "Enough of that; you know my mind; it is firm, and will not alter. Now, you two,"—she turned to Simon and Timothy—"in my grandfather's name I ask you, will you travel with me to Italy?"

"Mistress Meg asks what she might command," answered Simon, radiant and ready. He looked at his brother, whose face grew longer and longer. "I speak for me and thee, Timothy," he said. "Ruddiford and England are desolate enough now-a-days. Often we have wished to see foreign parts before we died; now comes the occasion, and the spirit shall not be wanting. Think of the learning of Italy, brother, the schools of law, of medicine, the supreme art that teaches the meaning of beauty. Ah! I mind me how Master John Roden used to talk of it all. It would have pleased him well that his daughter should visit those lands, for he loved them. Why that black face, Timothy? What have you to say against it? Nothing reasonable, I'll lay a bag of gold."

"Gold, gold! that's the question," mumbled Timothy. "Can Mistress Roden travel for nothing? And how can we leave our house and properties, our beasts, our clients and patients? What will Ruddiford do without you and me, and how shall we live on the other side of the sea, and how shall we get back again? For me, I care not to lay my bones in a foreign land,—to be robbed and stabbed by night, perhaps, and dropped into one of those canals Mistress Meg talks of. Ay, I too remember Master John's tales of Italy. Perils, perils by

land and sea! Nay, nay, Simon, thou art a babe; Sir William did not make us executors that we might ruin ourselves, obeying a young maiden's every whim. Dear Mistress Meg, be not angry with old Timothy. It is not I who would press you to marry my Lord, your mind having changed in the matter; but come you back to your old Ruddiford, and your faithful servants will keep you safe there."

Such a long sermon was seldom heard from Timothy. Meg listened to him impatiently, turning so pale the while that Black Andrew nudged the priest and muttered something about "wine and meat." The old man hurried away through the church. Andrew sat still, uncomfortably crouched, and listened rather grimly to the argument that went on,—Simon and his lady on one side, Timothy on the other. For himself, he would not open his mouth again; he was too proud to expose himself to another such rebuff from Mistress Roden. He listened and marvelled. For as the dispute continued, it was plain that Simon, daring, resourceful, adventurous, would have the best of it in the end. Timothy had only to press a difficulty, for Simon to find the way out of it. As to money, they had their own treasure-chest; they had a rich merchant cousin in London, who would supply them as they went through to take ship in the Thames, and beyond this, see Mistress Meg's own jewels she was wearing, worth enough to take a dozen people to Italy and back again. As to conveying her safely and secretly, they would give it out at Ruddiford that their house would be shut up for a time, as they were going to visit their cousin in London town, and to carry their old housekeeper with them in a horse-litter, as many well-to-do citizens' wives travelled then. But they would send the good woman quietly away to

her home at a distant farm, and they would take Dame Kate from the castle to attend on Mistress Meg, who must endure her hiding-place at King's Hall till all these arrangements were carried through.

Simon charged himself with the smuggling of Dame Kate out of the castle; for that matter, she could escape for herself easily enough. She had not been afraid to blow her own trumpet as to all she had done in helping the Red Rose party to surprise and retake the castle. Simon had heard it from herself, and now repeated it to Mistress Meg, who listened absently enough. All that was past history. Now, she was turning her face towards Italy and freedom. She would bear anything, wear any disguise, lie hidden for any number of days, go through any hardships of travel, any risks of land or sea, to gain her perfect freedom from the Queen's man, from the lover who had played with her, whose heart and true devotion were given to the Queen. Again and again she heard Lady Marlowe's voice saying words which never had been or could be forgotten, even though in Harry's presence they could not be believed. "He went to join the one he loves best—yes, best in the world—another Margaret!" And again to Harry in that last tragic hour,—*"She loves you, not merely as a partisan, and you loved her, till that fair face distracted you."* Then the sneers of Jasper Tilney's men, proving to a doubtful heart too certainly that the Queen once there, Harry had forgotten her.

So Black Andrew listened, and heard all, and said nothing. Now and then, as the talk went on, Meg's eyes rested on the grave dark face opposite, and now and then, child as she was still, she could not repress a faint smile, which did not stir its

gravity. All the plan was discussed ; it took shape rapidly. Black Andrew neither spoke nor moved, till presently the chatter of Simon, the gloomy, doubting acquiescence of Timothy, the impatient insistence of Meg, were all interrupted by the return of Dr. Curley carrying food ; and then Meg remembered how long it was since she had eaten, and gladly swallowed something of the poor provisions. When the old man began to take away plate and porringer, Andrew suddenly scrambled up and left the crypt with him, under pretence of helping him to carry his load.

Once in the high nave, pacing down to the twilight of evening, the soldier drew himself to his full height and breathed long and freely. "Look you, father," he said, with gruff suddenness, "my Lady Margaret will go her own way and please her sweet self. But I would fain know what has turned her sharp round and made her hate the man she loved so well. They may call my Lord Marlowe crazy, but 'tis a good man and a gentleman, who loves her with all his strength. Crazy now with grief at the loss of her he may be, if you will ; but an she hate him so cruelly, it were no kindness to break faith with her and let him know where to find her."

"Nay, nay, do you not know ?" said the queer old priest, his face wreathed in pitiful smiles. "I knew it from Leonard, and guessed it partly from herself, poor lamb. She is jealous of the Queen. There you have the secret, Master Andrew, and 'twill be hard, I warn you, to change her mind now ; she is wounded and wrathful to the core. That explains all, hey ?"

"By the Saints, she knows him ill ! That a woman can be so faithless !" Black Andrew muttered in his beard.

A few minutes found him back on

his knees at his lady's feet, and now his rough visage had taken a gentler look, and there was the light of understanding in the eyes that met her friendly glances. Simon's plans were going apace ; the good wine and meat had warmed Meg's blood, and hope was springing through sadness. Life could never again be happy, she told herself, but it might and should be free. "And you, Andrew, you will stay behind at Ruddiford," she said, with a touch of wistful kindness. "We shall want no warriors in our peaceful cavalcade."

Andrew passed his broad hand over his mouth, looking at her keenly. "Have I so far offended you, Mistress Margaret ? Nay, I think the good brothers can away with a stout serving-man. I'll take a cudgel, and crack a few heads on the road, if need be. You must go, if you will, to seek these foreign uncles, but you do not budge without Black Andrew, —no, by my holy patron's bones !"

CHAPTER XXVI.

UP to a certain point, all was carried out as Simon Toste had planned it. He sent a letter in advance to London by a trusty man of his own, warning his cousin the merchant to expect the party. They started at dead of night from the priest's house at King's Hall, and by morning were many miles from Ruddiford on the south road.

The two worthy brothers, in black, with high hats, the picture of smug respectability, rode their stout nags beside the litter which carried Dame Kate and her supposed niece, wrapped up and disguised, so far as possible, as a young woman of the middle class. Black Andrew, in plain leather and steel, armed to the teeth, but without a sign of belonging to any great house, rode a few yards in

advance. Behind came a pack-horse with the baggage, and two old servants of the Toste brothers, who, though discreet and silent men, were unaware who it was that the litter really contained. They knew that their masters and Black Andrew were going to town on business connected with Sir William's will; that was enough for them.

It was not an uncommon thing to see such a quiet little travelling party on the high road. There was nothing about them, no valuable horse-flesh, gay dress, or rich convoy, to tempt an attack by vagabonds of high or low degree, who knew very well, also, that sturdy folks of this plain kind were often a harder nut to crack than those who made more show.

At the same time, marauding parties from the two armies made the road more unsafe than usual and by Black Andrew's advice,—given, it is true, with a certain twinkle in his dark eyes—the Masters Toste and their party kept as much as possible to lanes and by-ways, always bearing towards London, but travelling as the crow may be supposed to fly, rather than as the road led. Andrew's notion of a crow's flight was at times original. Timothy, anxious, cautious, but ignorant, was often seriously puzzled about his bearings. Simon showed a more cheerful confidence.

"Seemeth to me, friend Andrew," Timothy suggested, "that you bear too much to the south in this cross-country way of yours."

"Nothing of the sort, Master Timothy," Andrew growled; and any suspicion of being misled might have been on his side, so grimly did he squint upon Timothy from the corner of his eye. "Look you, there is the sun," he said, "and there is the moon. Our way lies south-east; you will

not dispute it. If I lead you on a more easterly track, you will find yourselves presently on the shores of the North Sea. Trust me; I know the country well. Nay, if you doubt me, I'll back to Ruddiford, and leave you and Master Simon to cross this common and thread yonder woods without a guide."

"My good friend," said Timothy, "never threaten what you will never carry out." His severe mouth and hollow cheeks relaxed into a smile as he pointed at the litter, making its slow way along the edge of a wide common that broke gradually on the horizon into forest. Black Andrew also smiled. "The counsel is good," he said. As he turned and rode on in advance of the party, he was still smiling.

It was evening when they had passed through a corner of the forest and came out upon a place where a steep lane led down to the high-road. They could see it winding along, muddy and yellow, through the valley. Half a mile further on it crossed a long and narrow bridge over a stream that spread into green marshes, so that the road for some distance on each side was boggy and deep. At the further end of the bridge there was a little stone house where the collector of tolls lived. Had it not been for the Abbey whose servant he was, the bridge would long ago have fallen into ruin and the place become impassable; but yet his calling in these days was a dangerous one.

The evening was mild, the sunset light soft and beautiful. All the woods were flushed with spring. Grey in the distance, a church tower stood against the clear eastern sky, and about it were clustered the red and thatched roofs of a village; it was at a wayside inn beyond the village, rather than at the Abbey

a mile away in the fields, hidden by a shoulder of purple ploughed hill, that the little party meant to rest a few hours that night.

Black Andrew advised Simon and Timothy to keep near the litter in the shadow of the wood, while he rode a few yards along the lane to inspect the bridge and the stretch of road. It was a place where outlaws were apt to take their stand, to ride suddenly down on any rich company, ill guarded, who might be approaching the bridge. Andrew wished to make sure that no such evil-doers would interfere with him and his charge on their way down to the high-road. His attention, however, was suddenly attracted from the immediate neighbourhood of ditch and clustered bushes, in which, to-day, no marauders seemed to be hiding, to certain sounds, measured, musical, and strange, coming from the north-west along the road up the valley. He dismounted quickly, and led his horse cautiously forward to a place where he had a longer view of the road.

A procession was advancing, black against the sunset, yet flashing with many points of light that flared in the evening air. There were a troop of horseman riding at a foot's pace; there were a number of men on foot, two and two, carrying a tall crucifix, censers and torches and candles, chanting and singing as they came; there was a great coach, drawn by six horses and hung with black and silver, with torch-bearers walking on each side of it, splashing through the miry way. Then came a gentleman riding alone, swaying wearily in the saddle, a black cloak and long black trappings covering horse and rider. Then more singing men with torches, then litters and pack-horses, with a second troop of armed horsemen bringing up the rear. And the *Miserere* rose and fell with solemn

monotony, and all the valley seemed filled with hoarse music, barbaric, yet thrilling and stately, while the hills echoed back the waves of sound. The long scattered line travelled along securely, for there were few outlaws desperate enough to earn an eternal curse by attacking a funeral procession, richly formed as it might be.

"The devil, my masters! we have come too quickly," Andrew muttered between his teeth, when he had for some minutes considered the slow-moving spectacle.

"Nay, good Andrew, too slowly," a clear voice said close to his ear.

He started round to see Mistress Meg standing behind him, with Dame Kate hobbling up behind, and the two brothers in the rear.

There was a strange brightness in Margaret's face, so thin and ethereal; her eyes were full of light as they followed that weary figure riding alone behind the great coach. Of what was he thinking, Harry Marlowe, while with an almost unnatural loyalty he conveyed his father's dead wife home to his father's house? The girl who had disappeared from his life—was there any room for her in those melancholy thoughts of his? Or were they all filled with the pain of once more leaving that other Margaret, and returning south to bury his dead while she and the King and their little army pressed on northward?

Mistress Meg's question was not so positively answered as it would have been a few days before. It had been impossible to silence the old nurse. Dame Kate had talked and talked through the long hours of all that had happened since the siege of Ruddiford began. Meg now knew the true tale of the three straws, and much more beside. Lord Marlowe's reputation did not suffer in Dame Kate's hands. To her mind, at least,

there was no doubt of his love for Meg, his passionate grief at losing her; a touch of craziness, if you will, but no disloyalty. To the Queen, he was a courtier who placed a faithful devotion to a losing cause before every other duty; to Margaret, a lover whose passion so possessed him that he forced himself, according to his nature, to set his duty before his love; to his own house and name, so loyal that even a wicked woman, a supposed murderess, who hated him and would have slain him if she could, claimed honour at his hands and must be followed by him to her burial.

Dame Kate's chatter, and her own calmer thoughts, had taught Meg to suspect that she had done Harry injustice. But not a word of this escaped her; and any change of plan seemed an impossibility. She could not now return to Ruddiford; she was too proud to change her mind again. Whatever the truth as to the Queen might be, she shrank from following her. In London, she had no friends with whom to remain. She must press on, must hide from the faithful men who guarded her any lingering love for old England, any tremors at the thought of a cold green sea and mountains of snow, flowing and swelling between her and Harry for all life to come. The Italian sky, the famous beauty and glory of her mother's city, had suddenly lost their attractive power. She remembered Antonio, and shuddered. Little as Simon knew it, every look of Meg's that fell on the grey English landscape as they travelled south had in it an agony of farewell. And now, to-night, it had needed no words to explain to her the meaning of that procession winding through the valley, or to point out to her keen young sight the tired horseman stooping on his horse's

neck, just as he had stooped on Christmas Eve before her eyes kindled the light in his, making him at once free and a captive. Ah, this time he was too far off. Following sad and stern in Isabel Marlowe's funeral train, was he in thought mourning Meg Roden, lost and dead?

Black Andrew stared at her with wonder in his eyes. Dame Kate muttered under her breath, "Now, if my Lord only knew," but Simon nudged her to be still. The little group stood together at the edge of the high lane, and watched till the procession began to wind out of sight, till the long body of the great coach went swaying over the bridge, and the solitary horseman had followed it, and the voices of the singing men were muffled by the hill that began to rise between.

"Truly, Andrew," Simon said with irritation, "you have managed ill to bring us into such near contact. They will scarce travel through the night; we shall fall in with them in the village yonder; even if they abide at the Abbey, some of them will take the inn."

"Ay," grumbled Timothy, "and even if they should travel by night, we travel quicker and should fall in with them again. 'Tis an ill-managed business; as Mistress Meg says, we should have been before them."

Black Andrew took little notice of these remarks. He was watching his lady, and considering what her looks might mean. Perhaps some sudden fancy, for he had a lively brain, made him hope one knows not what. But soon he found that no such presumption was justified.

"You thought to pass the night in yonder village, Andrew?" she said, and the light had died in her eyes, and her voice was hollow and cold, like that of one alone in a desert world. "No; it is my will to pass

on and travel through the night. Hurry! you will cross the bridge and be clear of the place before the procession has reached the Abbey and scattered itself. But hurry, I say! for there are many men there who will know us, and I will not be stayed in my journey. On to London town with all the haste you may."

Andrew's dark bearded lips showed a gleam of white teeth, and his eyes were fixed on Meg, as she spoke, with a strange look not unlike fear. But he saluted, and turned to his horse. "As you will, mistress. The beasts are fresh enough, and I know a place where we can sup by the road-side, half-a-dozen miles further on. Get you back to your litter, then, and say not that Andrew delays you."

And so they followed Lady Marlowe's funeral train across the bridge, and through the low straggling village where the people were standing at their doors, and past the paved road to the Abbey, which wound between high walls, and along which the solemn *Miserere* came echoing down, and the tramp of many feet was plainly to be heard.

Meg had drawn the curtains of the litter close, and as her little cavalcade, slipping past unobserved, paced on into the brown depths of evening, she lay with her face hidden in her hands. The chance of life had brought her very near her love once again, and by her own will she was passing him by. It seemed that those funeral chants were not alone for Isabel; it was the happiness of their two lives that Harry and Meg were burying. For that the mourners mourned, and for that the Abbey bells chimed out heavily.

Black Andrew's party were not long allowed by their guide to keep the high road. Again he led them apart through lanes and by-ways, avoiding

towns, gradually working southward, persistently keeping a little more to the right than Timothy would have done. It is possible that he, though not pretending to be very familiar with the way to London, would have led them there by a more direct journey, even though making little use of the great roads. But Black Andrew appeared sure of himself. His route took a long time, but seemed a secure one. It was impossible to hurry him; when Mistress Roden sternly gave orders for a better speed, his horse fell mysteriously lame. Nor was that much wonder, for the lanes now began to be full of sharp flints, and to wind up and down difficult and slippery slopes. Great beech-woods, which had showered their masses of dead leaves in the autumn, covered all the face of the country; the track that wound among them was soft with peat and wet chalk; it was a matter of careful going, if one would not slip, among the undergrowth of yew and holly and box, down into some deep chalk dell with a bubbling spring at the bottom of it. Above the beech there were fir-woods, in which the March wind rushed and sang. All the country, when the sun shone, glowed with the coming spring; there were primroses under sheltered banks, blue violets in the moss about the roots of the beech-trees.

"Where are we, Andrew?" called the young, stern voice from the litter. "How far from London town?"

"A matter of thirty mile, Mistress Meg," Andrew answered, and rode on whistling.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE sun was shining low in the sky, but the wind was still, and the birds were singing, the rooks cawing in the tops of the ancient limes by the water-side, when after labouring through a

hollow way in a wood the travellers came out on the hill-top and saw the beautiful valley below them.

A steep flinty lane seemed to lead down straight upon the long leaded roof and low tower of a church, above which a great flag hung motionless. The green churchyard, bordered with trees already old, chiefly elms and large yews, broke away into broad slopes of park and flushing woodland, the bare part of the hill studded over with thorn-trees. Below could be seen great gardens, with high hedges of box and yew, and formal walks among which the river ran shining, playing and eddying round an island with ruins on it, alive with swans and water-fowl, and full of fish. The house itself, the centre of all, scarcely showed its chimneys and turrets above the surrounding trees and the curve of the beautiful hill. Beyond were lines of stately trees, carrying the eye far down the stream and the road through the valley, bounded by more woods on the other sides, and abrupt hills where the white chalk gleamed in the sunshine.

Margaret Roden saw all this, for Black Andrew stopped his company at the top of the hill and advised her to dismount from the litter. Her companions all exclaimed at the beauty and richness of the place. She alone said nothing, but frowned, with puzzled eyes, as if she had opened them waking and found herself in the midst of some well-known but impossible dream.

She walked on slowly down the stony way, which was indeed like a path for penitent pilgrims, ending at the church-door. The others followed her at a little distance; and she was not aware that Timothy Toste turned on Black Andrew with a sudden, fierce accusation, that Simon's face glowed like the setting sun between rage and unconquerable amusement, that Dame

Kate chuckled with joy and held her sides as she came waddling down the hill. Andrew had edged south from the direct road for some purpose; he had brought them to Swanlea.

"All very well, rascal, but you will repent," Timothy said furiously.

"Ay, I fear we shall all repent, for her mind is set firm," muttered Simon.

Andrew did not smile; his face was full of a grim resolve. "If she is wrath with me, let her punish me," he said. "If I have done wrong, I'm ready to pay for it,—with my life, if need be."

Simon wagged his head anxiously. "She may kill you, Andrew. It may be a word and a blow. How dared you do it, man?"

Andrew did not care to justify himself. He left that work to Lord Marlowe and the future.

"On my life, Andrew, thou hast done a fine and bold thing," said Dame Kate. "And if I were young, I'd marry thee for it."

Mistress Meg walked down the steep and flinty way. A sharp turn when she was very near the church, brought her into sight of its wide sheltering porch and the low wicket gate that closed it from the road. There, where the full evening light from the south-west fell upon them, a group of three persons were standing; two men and a woman, in deep mourning all. They had the air of waiting and watching, their faces turned to the hill, down which Meg was coming.

She came, as if indeed she was walking in some familiar dream. The awkward garments in which they had wrapped her for the journey did not hide the grace and majesty of the young figure and its movements. Her eyes returned from wandering over the lovely, home-like

landscape to rest upon the church with its grey flint-built walls, and then, with a frown of utter bewilderment, on the three who were waiting there,—waiting for her, it seemed, yet how could it be? She asked herself, if she had ever known that Swanlea was on the road to London, for she was not quick to suspect Andrew's good faith, as her companions had been. Then she forgot to wonder at all, for the woman, fair and pretty, smiling too, in spite of her heavy black robes and eyes wet with tears, ran suddenly up the hill with eager arms open to receive the traveller.

"Meg, dear Meg! Safe with us, my sister, my friend! Nay, you have not forgotten Alice! Art dreaming, child? Dick, see, she has forgotten me. No wonder, after all the horror,—but Meg, dearest—"

"And me, too, I wager, sweet."

The Popinjay merited his name no longer. He was pale, he had clipped his yellow locks; the mourning for his mother suited him ill, body and mind; Dick Marlowe was made for the sunshine of life. Yet as he came up to Meg, dropped on his knee and kissed her hand, there was something in his young face, a manliness mixed with kindness, which she had never seen there before. Alice Tilney had made a man of him.

Meg gave him her hand, leaned her cheek to Alice's embrace, but yet gazed, gazed, with eyes full of a vague wonder that was almost terror, at the third figure now following the others up the hill. If he came slowly, she knew it was that he could not, like herself, believe in the divine happiness of that moment. He was coming back to her from a world of blood and fire, where many lives younger and stronger than his had been laid down. He bore the marks of it all; his hair was grey and his

face lined; there was a measureless sadness in his eyes, waiting to be comforted. He bore too, but that she did not know, the sorrow of her doubting him; to have that burden lifted off for ever, he had waited till his last duty to Isabel Marlowe was paid, and till at his own Swanlea he could claim Meg in spite of herself. Black Andrew, in his confidence, had served him well.

He came too slowly, doubting a little of himself, hardly knowing her mind towards him. Suddenly with each hand she pushed Alice and Dick away, and went to Harry Marlowe with light steps, almost running, her eyes on his, till she was held safe in his arms.

"Andrew, lucky dog, she will not punish thee," little Simon murmured, coming to the turn in the lane. "Nay, if she rewarded thee, I should not marvel."

And so Simon Toste remained for ever a stranger to the art and the science of Italy. He and Timothy, after a short sojourn at Swanlea, returned to Ruddiford in the company of Lord and Lady Marlowe. These two married lovers lingered there long enough to carry out Sir William Roden's will, and to bury the old hero of Agincourt, with all fitting ceremony, in the chapel where his wife and sons lay; and then, leaving their interests in the hands of Richard and his wife, they rode off together to the north, before their troubles came, to join and follow the Queen.

Long years passed before Swanlea and Ruddiford saw their rightful masters again, for these, with many another Lancastrian lord and lady, crossed the sea to France, and did not return till Henry the Seventh was on the throne, and the Red and White Roses divided English faith no longer.

There is a picture, supposed to be

by Mabuse, of a stately gentleman of seventy-five or more, with white hair and beard, and a lady, perhaps a score of years younger, most majestic and beautiful, with a wonderful string of pearls about her neck. These sit on chairs, hand in hand; and grouped behind and about them are their sons and daughters, seven in number, worthy of them in looks and bearing. It is a noble family group, such as

some old painters loved; and it belonged to a family, soldiers all from Agincourt downwards, which became extinct at Waterloo. The gallant Colonel Harry Marlowe, who fell in leading one of the boldest charges on that day, was the only remaining descendant of Henry Lord Marlowe, —known as Mad Marlowe and the Queen's Man— and of the lovely Margaret Roden of Ruddiford.

THE END

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THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN the human mind is tormented by doubt it instinctively endeavours to relieve the pressure by thrusting its pain upon another. Geoffrey had no doubts as to the correctness of his position, and the argument in which he had just engaged seemed to him as elemental as might be the discussion of a flat earth. But with Eve it was otherwise, and consequently when she found Mr. Fletcher waiting for her on the verandah, she very shortly began to affect his serenity in a manner similar to that in which her own had been disturbed.

"Do you *never* have doubts?" she asked *àpropos* of some dogmatic utterance of his.

"Doubts are of Satan," replied Mr. Fletcher; "put them behind you."

Eve caught at something fresh. "Is Satan a personage," she asked, "or merely an abstraction?"

"Can you ask that question with the Bible before you?"

"But does the Bible always mean what it says? Must we believe it all implicitly, no matter how incredible it may appear?"

"Why harass yourself with these doubts?" Mr. Fletcher asked. "Put your faith in God, and He will make the path easy for you."

"But—but—forgive me if I pain you—if there be one falsehood in the

Bible, then the whole of it must be open to suspicion. If God had desired to reveal Himself to man, He could have made certain of achieving His object by appealing to his reason."

"It is not for us to question the ways the Almighty in His wisdom has seen fit to adopt," replied the clergyman severely. "Nor must you forget that what we regard now as incontrovertible truths would have been rejected with ridicule on all hands at the time the Word of God was given to mankind."

"That is no doubt true. But with what veneration would every one of us regard the Bible if we found that every fresh discovery in science only made its truth more apparent?"

"And are we certain that it will not be so? Science has reached no finality in its discoveries. The truth of yesterday is the doubt of to-day and the lie of to-morrow. In the pursuit of knowledge do we get any nearer the solution of that vital question, the fate of the human soul? And," he continued, starting to his feet with something of his outdoor fervour upon him, "the day of science is well-nigh spent. Everywhere its votaries are returning with the same story of the impenetrable barriers God has set against the expansion of human knowledge. Turn then, my sister, to the blessed figure of the Saviour, in whose strength lies your salvation and that of the world. What has science

resolve, if no more favourable, will at any rate be the result of mature consideration."

Eve moved uneasily. It seemed that she was being asked so little that it was mere obstinacy to refuse. But also it seemed that she was being asked so much that there was very little more to be conceded. She had not reached her twenty-first year without receiving an offer of marriage, but she had never had a lover who pursued the matter with such pertinacity as Mr. Fletcher. That gentlemen, indeed, seemed possessed of a fecundity of argument and a resolution to use it which must be allowed to be somewhat unusual in the circumstances.

"It is, of course, impossible for me to prevent you renewing the subject should you desire to do so," she said at last.

"May I take that for a permission to address you again?" Mr. Fletcher asked at once.

It seemed that there was no escape on that road, and Eve became slightly exasperated. "No," she said, with more firmness than she had yet shown, "I will not go as far as that. I could not in honesty take any responsibility for the infliction of a fresh disappointment, for I am convinced that nothing but disappointment for you could attend any renewal of the subject."

"If you could bring yourself to dismiss that aspect of the matter from consideration," Mr. Fletcher urged. "No doubt I was unwise to broach the question at this juncture, but do not let me suffer irretrievable harm as the result of an uncontrollable impulse of affection towards you."

Eve felt that there was something extraordinary about this speech, but she was too agitated at the moment to enquire what. Surely it was impossible for her to refuse so gentle a plea, and yet—

She heard a step that she recognised enter the dining-room, then return along the verandah. A shadow passed the window going and coming, then the wanderer entered the house and advanced along the hall. Eve's heart beat more rapidly in the hope of relief, but she did not move. Mr. Fletcher's attention was divided between the downcast face of the beautiful girl and the annoying movements without.

The step came along the hall and paused outside the partly closed door; there was a perfunctory tap and Geoffrey put his head into the room.

"Were you looking for me, Mr. Hernshaw?" Eve asked lightly as she rose.

Geoffrey glanced with an impassive countenance from one to the other.

"Good morning, Mr. Fletcher," he said. "I am looking for Major Milward. There is a native outside thirsting for his blood. He charges him that he did, on or about October 18th last, feloniously and of malice aforethought supply him with one tin golden syrup in place of one ditto preserved meat, and he demands apologies and damages, or in the alternative—war."

Eve laughed gaily, and Mr. Fletcher, as in duty bound, produced a dour smile, which did not by any means express his actual sentiments at that moment.

CHAPTER IX.

It was Major Milward's custom to spend an hour or so of every morning in the office, when all matters of importance in connection with the estate were brought before him. Sandy had claimed that the real management of affairs was in his hands, and though there was a certain justification for this, it did not take Geoffrey many days to discover

that the master mind belonged in fact to the head of the household. He was astonished at the clearness of judgment with which the Major dissected a commercial problem, and the far-reaching grasp of its possibilities which seemed to be present a few moments after the subject was first mooted. Nothing could exceed his keenness and shrewdness in entering into any speculation which seemed to promise profitable returns,—unless it might be the laxity he displayed in pressing for his own after the venture had succeeded. Major Milward was above all things a companionable and good-tempered man so long as he did not meet with wilful or prolonged opposition. But there was something in his shaggy brows and bright blue-grey eyes which was calculated to impress strangers with the belief that here was a man with whom it might be dangerous to take liberties. Those who knew him well needed no such outward indication to be similarly convinced.

Geoffrey found himself liking his employer better every day, and whether or no this good feeling was reciprocated, it is certain that the Major appeared to take pleasure in the young man's society, dropping in at the store at other than his accustomed times, and allowing himself to be defeated at the chess-table with perfect placidity. Sandy could have assured Geoffrey that there was no more certain sign of his father's goodwill than that.

One morning, a few weeks after the event recorded in the last chapter, Major Milward entered the office at the customary time. Usually the cigar between his teeth was the only thing he carried, but on this morning he had what appeared to be an old account-book under his arm, which he placed beside him as he took his seat at the writing-table. It was mail-

day, and a little packet of correspondence lay waiting attention.

"Anything fresh?" the Major asked musingly, as he glanced through the first letter.

"There is one note from a man called Wadman, who has a kauri bush for sale."

"Ah!" said the Major eagerly; "what does he say?"

Geoffrey found the letter and laid it in front of his employer.

"'Sorry to have to let go . . . kauri getting scarcer . . . twice the money two or three years' time,'" read the Major in snatches. "H'm! Hope so. 'About three quarters million feet . . . easily got out.' Oh yes; write and tell him we'll take it if he halves the fire-risk until we start cutting."

"I suppose in that case we should fix a date when the cutting will begin," Geoffrey suggested.

"He will probably think of that," said the Major drily; "and we'll let it stand over until he does. About the price,—Sandy will tell you what it's worth."

The Major returned to the letter he had been reading. Presently he said: "I see Hogg writes that the lease will expire in fifteen months' time, and he asks with Howell's consent for a transfer to himself for ten years at the same rental."

"Yes, sir; what reply shall I send to that?"

Major Milward referred to the index of the old account-book and turned up a page. "Just come here," he said.

Geoffrey went round behind his employer's chair and looked over his shoulder.

"What do you make of it?" the Major asked after a moment.

"I take it to be a loan account for £480, on which there is £75 owing as interest."

"That's the position," the Major said, nodding approval. "Write and tell him that when he has discharged arrears of interest on that loan and made a reduction in the capital amount, I shall be prepared to consider his application for this lease."

"Is the rent account satisfactory?" Geoffrey asked.

"Yes, the rent is paid through another channel. That was the money you received from Howell a fortnight ago. Hogg is a sub-tenant."

Geoffrey made a note of his instructions while the Major finished the remainder of the letters. Then the latter turned again to the old account-book.

"I should like you to go through this," he said, running the leaves through his fingers with a lingering touch, "and draw out a statement of what is owing in each case. You will find a number of accounts ruled off with a red line and those you can disregard. I have either been paid, or I am satisfied I sha'n't be, or I am content not to be. I should like a list of the others, but any time will do, and there is no hurry for a week or so."

"Very good, sir."

The Major rose, walked idly across the office and stood musing in the doorway.

"Everything satisfactory?" he asked finally.

"I think so," said Geoffrey, a little puzzled.

"Don't feel bored out of existence? Satisfied with the money you are getting?"

"No to the first question, yes to the last," Geoffrey replied.

"There was a time," the Major said, "when I never saw a ship cast off for the old land but I wanted to be on board. Ever felt like that?"

"I have, often, but not now."

"When you feel the craving return

upon you and you are convinced that there is no place like England and no happiness away from it, tell me so, will you?"

"I will," said Geoffrey, puzzled.

The Major nodded, seemed on the point of continuing the conversation, but finally departed without further speech.

Geoffrey sat at his desk with the pen arrested in his hand. That instinct of return, which man shares with all migratory creatures, and which years of restraint can deaden but never kill, lay for the time wholly hidden from feeling by the one passion powerful enough to subdue it. There had been a time when, had he yielded to the intense desire that possessed him, he would have taken the first boat available; when the very name of England filled his heart with a rapture such as the lover finds in the name of his sweetheart. All the while it had been in his power to gratify the longing had he so chosen. Of the many letters that reached him from his uncle and his cousins not one failed to speak of his return as otherwise than a more or less immediate event. Things had prospered greatly with his uncle. The Boer War, which had brought sorrow and suffering to thousands, had brought wealth to him, and in this increased prosperity he desired that his nephew should return to share. Mr. Hernshaw refused to entertain the idea that Geoffrey would settle permanently in the new land, but he offered to buy and stock a small farm for Robert, or to provide the capital necessary to carry on operations on a place already selected. This offer led to a species of compromise, by virtue of which, and pending any ultimate decision, the brothers drew on their uncle for £150 a year. This, until his coming to the station, had been the whole of their income, and it was easily absorbed in the

expenses of living and the demands made on them by their position. It was not that Geoffrey was indifferent to money, or the ease and comfort it provides: having been reared in comparative luxury it was next to impossible that he should be so; but he had a feeling that before he could accept anything more from others he must first prove his ability to support himself by his own efforts. This,—whether the incentive to it were pride or a desire to test his efficiency once for all by matching his strength against the world—was, he told himself, the venture which had drawn him from England.

Something of this passed through Geoffrey's mind as he sat listening to Major Milward's retreating footsteps. He wondered whether his employer's last words had been prompted by good-natured sympathy, or did they veil a knowledge of the facts of the case, and, if so, how was that knowledge acquired? "When you are convinced that there is no place like England and no happiness away from it." Had the word *Wairangi* been substituted for *England*, the answer must have been *now*; for the place where love dwells is the only spot more desirable than that where we were born and bred.

Geoffrey's thoughts drifted easily from the father to the daughter. He reviewed the occurrences of the past two months, recalling every conversation, every chance word and expression of his beloved. At one moment it seemed impossible that the girl should be unconscious of his feelings; at the next, when he recalled the frank serenity of her manner, it seemed equally impossible that she should be aware. Could any girl be unconscious of the meaning of certain little speeches, hovering on the borderland of a declaration, such as love had drawn from him on occasions?

He thought of her clear eyes, and admitted it might be so. He thought of her momentary silences, and hoped for the best. There had been something in her looks at times,—he recalled the momentary heart-shock of finding her alone with Mr. Fletcher, almost instantly annihilated by the radiant smile which had welcomed his arrival. If ever there were welcome for a man in a girl's eyes, it was in Eve's at that moment. But perhaps it was not the man but the interruption that was welcome. Of course Fletcher was in love with her. Possibly he was on the eve of a proposal at that very instant, and if the proposal were unwelcome anything likely to avert it would have been as radiantly received,—a cow, for example. Geoffrey laughed and frowned at the same instant. He thought of Mr. Fletcher with misgivings. Not that he considered it likely that the clergyman would prove a dangerous rival, but on account of the power he possessed to create mischief if he chose. As it was, there was an element of difference in his relations with Eve which had not existed previous to Mr. Fletcher's arrival. For some occult reason the fiercest heart-burnings grow out of and accumulate round a religious disagreement. It would seem that just at that point where reason becomes powerless she makes the most obdurate fight to retain her supremacy. The man who in one breath will tell you that religion is a matter of belief and not of reason, will in the next educe every argument reason can provide to convince you that belief itself is a matter of reason; and thus, with growing anger in its participants, a religious argument will whirl round in a circle like a pair of bantams fighting in the dust. Fortunately the religious difference between Eve and Geoffrey had so

far been of an impersonal character. Whatever the feelings which actuated the girl, the man's love kept all bitterness out of his side of the discussion; and probably Geoffrey was right in concluding that no taint of chagrin had clung to either party as a result of their mutual inability to convince. It was a great deal, however, to expect that this would continue to be so, and it was in the possibility of a coldness arising from this source, and in the growing influence of Mr. Fletcher, that Geoffrey recognised his most dangerous obstacles.

Geoffrey dipped his pen in the ink and automatically completed the task on which he had been engaged; then he sat down at the table and opened the old account-book.

It began a long way back in point of time, and some of the earlier entries were veritable historical curiosities, the value of which was occasionally enhanced by a brief note written in red ink at the foot of the page.

"To Capt. John Shewn. Master mariner. On the hull of the schooner *MARTHA*, £250 at 8 per cent." Interest appeared to have been forthcoming for two years. Then came a note in red ink, so faded as to be hardly decipherable. "*MARTHA* wrecked on the bar, June 12th, 1852. Captain and all hands lost. Poor Jack Shewn!" Lower down the page was a column of small amounts, debited to E. S., £5. Ditto, £3, etc., etc. The account was closed with a red line.

Geoffrey turned the pages idly.

"To Joe Mallow, without interest, £100 to equip his boys for the West Coast goldfields." This appeared to have been repaid, but the Mallow account ran for two or three pages and concluded with a considerable debit. At the foot of the first page were the words: "Mallows said to have done very well at the diggings.

Bought a schooner and loaded her with goods, chiefly agricultural instruments—but also, it is said, large quantity of gold dust—and set sail for the north. Schooner sighted off Hokitika September, '54. Never seen again."

A little further on was an account for £50 discharged by a contra of ten tons of gum. Gum was of very little value in those days. The loans on timber ran into very large amounts, and Geoffrey was pleased to see that they nearly always resulted profitably. The loans on real estate were more difficult to estimate, and it was the exception when any commensurate amount appeared on the credit side of the ledger. More frequently there was some such note as: "Gave this bit for school-ground," or less explicit, "Church stands here," or "Allowed the family to continue at nominal rent on account of my friendship with the father." But even in this last case there was nothing to show that the nominal rent had ever been paid. More often than not the red line went steadily across the page, and closed the matter up for good. It is not always in a man's ledger that he appears at his best, but Geoffrey found his heart warming as he read.

But he was fated to make a discovery that should bring the Major's business peculiarities home to him at his own door. In his idle turning of the leaves he came to a place where the pages adhered together, and absently lifting the paper-knife he divided them at the bottom and then at the top. Not until he had done so did it occur to him that the sheets had been intentionally sealed against him, and at the same moment his eye fell on his father's name. There was a sum of over £300 to the debit of the account, and not one penny to the credit. Beneath was the note:

"I wish with all my heart that Mrs. Hernshaw had let me do more to help her. As good and noble a woman as ever lived." The red line crossed the page with more than its usual emphasis.

Stung as he was in his pride by the discovery of this unexpected obligation, Geoffrey yet felt the moisture gather in his eyes at the tribute to the mother he scarcely remembered.

The sound of an approaching foot-step caused him to close the volume, and Sandy came in booted and spurred from his customary bi-weekly visit to the branch store on the coast.

"Did you ever look through this?" Geoffrey asked, indicating the account-book.

Sandy opened his eyes and whistled. "No," he said; "that's tapu."¹

"Some day," Geoffrey said, "and may it be far distant, you will read it, my boy; and take my word for it now, who have read many books, that you will never twice read anything quite so noble and so foolish as your father's private ledger. And if it be possible to pay a man's nature a higher compliment than that, then I confess I don't know how."

CHAPTER X.

THE potatoes on the ploughed land had done well, and now that the hoeing was finished they presented a picture of which Robert, as its author, was justly proud. A strip had been left for the cultivation of kumaras, and on this Robert was busily engaged. He had worked the soil up into long ridges during the past week, and was now employed in the pleasant operation of putting out the sets at regular intervals all down the ridges. The tubers had been started in a

piece of rich soil near the house, and now and then, as his work demanded, Robert came down to the bed for a fresh supply of shoots.

He was returning from one of these visits when he caught sight of a large straw hat and a black stocking between the slip-rails. Lena Andersen, for it was she, came through the vegetable garden and greeted him with a serious little nod.

"Oh, Robert!" she exclaimed.

"How beautiful you look, Lena," Robert said soberly.

It was a wonderful November morning, with just sufficient movement in the air to soften the intensity of the sun's vertical beams. The mingled odours of the standing forest came down the south wind, and the air was full to the liquid talk of the tuis as they sipped at the pendent blossoms of the honeysuckle trees. The crops were growing vigorously, the hardest of the work was done, and the reward of labour was in sight. Planting kumaras was a pleasant relaxation, calling for no physical exertion, and allowing the mind to wander at its will. So Robert, who would have scorned to pay a mere compliment, summed up his satisfaction with the moment by telling Lena that she was beautiful.

Lena seemed astonished. She had discarded the flour-bags from the day they had attracted the young man's attention, and was dressed in a grey print frock, with black shoes and stockings, all of which Robert had seen on other occasions. A wide rush hat rested on her sunny curls and shadowed her fair face and blue eyes. Altogether she was a sufficiently charming picture of a young maiden to justify Robert's remark; and if she were astonished, the astonishment probably had reference not so much to the words as to the quarter whence they emanated.

¹ *Tahpoo*, sacred.

"Oh, Robert," she said again, "father has come back!"

Robert's face fell slightly, and he put the kumara sets back on the bed. "Come and tell me," he said.

They went together to a log behind the house and sat down side by side. A row of quince bushes formed a screen in front of them, giving the spot the privacy of a room. Their actions seemed to show that this was not the first time they had made use of the log.

"When did he come?" Robert asked.

"Last night; and he was awful. He chased mother with a knife round the house, and we put all the things against the door of our room; and at last I got the children out of the window, and we stopped together in the bush all night. He wanted to kill us all because he said mother—"

"Mother what?"

"Oh, I don't know. . . . Something he said. I was glad when daylight came."

"Why didn't you come up here?"

"Mother wanted to go somewhere else, and I said we would come here; and neither of us would give way, so we stopped where we were."

"Where is he now?" Robert asked presently.

"He's at home asleep. Of course he will be sorry when he wakes; but what's the good of that? Oh, Robert!"

"Well, Lena?"

"I wish he was dead—I wish he was dead and buried."

The wish found an echo in Robert's heart, but he moved uneasily.

"It's no good wishing I was dead myself," Lena said, looking at him, "because that would help nobody; and why should I wish we were all dead rather than him?"

"It's a shame, Lena; but I don't like to hear you say that. Let me do

it for you, because there's no harm in my wishing him dead—and I do!"

There was a long silence.

"Do you think you will be able to come to-night?" Robert asked at length.

"I don't know—I might—I will try."

"Does he stop long as a rule?"

"No. When he wakes up he begins to cry and carry on, but mother takes no notice of him. Then after a bit he says he will reform and never touch drink again, and then he goes away to look for a job; and that's the last of him—till next time."

"Does he never give you anything at all?"

"Almost never."

"Then how on earth do you live?"

"Mother gets money somewhere, Mrs. Gird gives her some, and other things. She gave me these clothes. Oh, I hate it!"

Robert looked contemplatively at the clothes and the desperate young face, then he turned away and gazed fixedly at the bushes.

"I was thinking, Lena, I might do a great deal for you,—if you wouldn't mind."

"What could you do?" asked Lena quickly, her eyes on his averted face.

"I could give you things, you know,—clothes and such, anything you liked. I have plenty of money, and I could get a great deal more if I wanted."

"Why don't you want?" Lena asked, her attention diverted by this surprising statement.

"I suppose it's pride," Robert said, after a thoughtful pause.

"And don't you think I have any pride?" Lena asked. "Besides, you do give me things, as it is."

"Tea and sugar," Robert observed contemptuously.

"More than that."

"Soap," said Robert, considering.

"Soap and—sympathy," said Lena, with a little laugh. "It sounds like that funny book, ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Robert looked round quickly. "I meant practical things," he said. "Sympathy's cheap enough, Lena."

"Sympathy is dear," Lena averred.

"Would you let me give you some money?" Robert asked, sticking to the point as was his custom.

"No, I wouldn't."

"Why not?"

"I don't know."

"But if you liked me you would think nothing of that."

"Then I suppose I don't like you."

Robert tried a fresh tack. "You take money from Mrs. Gird."

"Yes, because if I didn't we might starve."

"Would you take it from — Mr. Russell, or—Major Milward?"

"I dare say."

"And yet you won't take it from me! Why?"

"Because."

"Because what?"

"Because."

"But that's no answer. You must have a reason."

"Well, because I don't choose."

"Very good," said Robert, in a huff. "I only meant to be friendly."

Lena's eyes filled with tears, and presently they overflowed and a tear fell. Robert saw it, and his ill-humour vanished in an instant.

"There!" he said. "Don't cry, dear; I won't trouble you about it any more."

The term of endearment slipped out unawares, but it sounded natural, and Lena, happily, appeared not to hear.

"It's because you are my friend that I couldn't," she sobbed. "Don't you see?"

"No," said the practical Robert after a tremendous strain. "But never mind. No doubt you are right, and it's only my stupidity."

"But you think me unfriendly."

"No, I don't. I think you are the nicest, and the prettiest, and the cleverest girl I know."

Lena laughed through her tears. "Boo!" she said. "What a baby I am! But I have been wanting to cry ever since last night. And to think it was you that made me after all." She turned a pair of tear-bright, wondering eyes on the delinquent.

"You know, Lena," Robert said seriously, "that I would not willingly make you cry for the world. I would do anything to give you happiness."

Lena rested her chin on her hand and regarded him steadfastly. "Do you like me?" she asked. "Do you —almost—love me?"

"I do love you," said Robert.

Lena clapped her hands. "Oh, you dear!" she said. "How much do you love me?"

"A great deal," replied Robert, labouring heavily in the strong seas of emotion. "It—it covers everything, and goes right out beyond, beyond what I can see, or hear, or feel. But I'm a fool at words, and I couldn't make you understand."

"But I do—I do!" Lena exclaimed in awed rapture. "And what you said was beautiful and sweet. And why do you love me?"

"Because you are beautiful and sweet, and because I can't help it."

"Would you like to help it?"

"No, indeed!"

Lena gazed rapturously at her captive. "Tell me some more," she cried.

"That is everything," said Robert. "I think of you always, and when I say your name to myself I see your eyes. I can always see you quite plainly when I think of you."

"Then I must be always with you," Lena said, putting two and two together.

"Yes, all day long."

"And you never told me!" she urged reproachfully.

"I did not think it would be so easy to tell you."

"Why not?"

"Because I was afraid of you."

"Oh, you strange boy! Oh, you funny Robert! And you're not afraid of me any longer?"

"Yes, I am,—a little. It seems too good to be true that you should be glad because I love you, and so I am afraid that it may not be true."

Lena thought over this. "Would you be very sorry if it were not true?" she asked with experimental curiosity.

"I should not care what happened to me after I knew that."

"But it is true, Robert, it is. Because you love me, I don't care what happens. I don't wish any one any harm now, only happiness. I wish every one could be happy. I feel sorry for poor mother, and I never felt sorry for her like this before. And I'm sorry for father too—yes, I am. And I feel glad and good. And it's all because you love me; and you say, 'If it were not true.' Oh, Robert, if it were not true, and I knew it were not true, I should wish I was dead."

"If I could express myself like that," Robert said, "how I would make you believe!"

"It was just beautiful as it was," Lena declared; "and I shall remember every word of it as long as I live. And now I must go back home."

"You will come to-night?"

"Yes, if I can. Good-bye."

They came out into the sunlight, and Robert glanced with diminished interest at the kumara sets wilting on the bed.

"I believe you are sorry I am going," Lena said, watching him.

"Sorry!"

"Well, but you have my second always with you. Let her run along the rows, and help you plant the kumaras."

"She is not like you."

"Good-bye," Lena said again.

At the fence she stopped, and they stood still for a space, looking across the garden at one another; then she waved her hand and went on. Robert watched the straw hat till at the bend of the road her face was again turned towards him. Again she waved her hand and stood to watch him. A whole minute passed. At last, step by step, she moved backwards till the bush concealed her.

Robert rubbed his eyes, picked up the kumara sets, and went slowly up the hill to his interrupted work.

The tuis had stopped singing in deference to his majesty the mid-day sun, but the little riro-riro, who haunts the shadowy places in company with the fantail, popped out with a little silvery congratulation as Lena ran past.

"Thank you, you darling," she said; "but I can't stop to talk about it now."

The fantail, perched on a supple-jack spanning the track, spread out his tail and made a dozen little grotesque bows and as many little rasping remarks, all with the kindest intentions.

"Oh, you funny little dear," Lena said. "I love you. I love every one and everything. And the world is just sweet."

"Sweet—sweet—sweet—sweet!" said the shining cuckoos in crescendo on the skirts of the bush.

Then Lena looked down on the house with the kerosene tin roof which was her home, and saw her mother

standing moodily at the door and her father gesticulating apologies at the slip-rail.

It was only a chapter from the past. She had seen it all before. The nightmare of his coming, the relief that followed his going; how well she remembered them. But now, somehow, she saw it all with different eyes. That was her mother in the doorway—that listless, untidy woman with the resentful eyes. Her mother! Oh, poor thing!

Her father turned at the sound of her approach, and looked at her curiously out of his bloodshot eyes. "Vy, it's Lena," he said at last in surprise.

"Yes, father," said Lena gently; "it's me."

"Vy! she is bekom a womman," the father muttered. "She is grown great gel. Now I vill warrk and warrk and never touch him again. You vill see the goot faters I vill be and the goot hosbands. Vill your mother say I forgif you, Sven, dis las' time!"

Mrs. Andersen, who had been apathetically watching the pair, shrugged her shoulders.

"Mother has forgiven you many times, father; and always you need to be forgiven again."

"Ah!" said the wretched man, thrusting his hands in his hair. "It is true as my daughter says. It is true, and I am beast and brutes, but never more vill I touch him—dis time vill I swear."

"I have heard you swear before, father," Lena said sadly.

"But never as dis time. If your mother vill give von forgifness then I shall be strong."

Lena looked imploringly at her mother.

"Well, then, listen to me, Sven," said Mrs. Andersen. "You have called yourself a beast and brute, but you may thank Lena there that you

have not to stand up and call yourself a murderer as well. You came very near it last night. Do you see this mark on my cheek? Ay, you may well call yourself a brute, but when the drink's in you, you are worse than any beast. Husband or no husband, that's a true word. Now you listen to me, for as God lives I mean what I say. This is the last time. Do you hear that?"

"Yes, yes; I vill swear—I vill go on mine knees—"

"And if you break your word and come again as you did last night, then—you may take the consequences, for drunk or sober I will have nothing more to do with you."

For an instant the woman's eyes blazed with passion, then clutching her throat she went sobbing into the house.

"Oh, father, father," said Lena, her eyes shining, "do try, and we might all be so happy."

"Yes, I vill try," said her father, staring at the closed door. "I vill try so as neffer before."

"And you will succeed, father; and then how proud we will all be."

"Yes, I vill socceed. I vill make you proud as neffer was. Dis time I haf no money. Ah, filty wretch dat I am!"

"Never mind that, dear; only try."

"Yes. Soon I vill bring some money—every veek I vill bring money. And your mother vill forgif me more'n more, and you vill be proud."

"Yes, I will be proud, for it will be very, very hard for you; but this time you will conquer, won't you?"

"Yes, dis time I am strong. It is nutting. I vill not touch him again; I have said it." And the poor wretch snapped his fingers at his absent enemy.

Lena looked at him and sighed, "When are you going, father?" she asked.

"Straight away," said Andersen, and lifted his swag from where it had been lying since the night before under the fence. Lena helped to adjust it on his broad shoulders and to secure the straps, swollen with the dews; then she looked at him long and wistfully and said, "Remember."

Her father nodded. "Gif me the kiss for the kia ora."¹

¹ Well-wishes.

Lena lifted her face to his. There was moisture on her cheek as she drew away, and she saw that there were tears in his eyes. "Be strong, dear," she said.

He nodded again and went blindly away down the track as full of good resolutions as ever a man in this world.

The nearest public-house was fourteen miles off, and besides he had no money.

(To be continued.)

SIR HENRY NORMAN.

SOME years ago a distinguished friend of mine spoke with deep regret of the passing of a tribe in the Malay Peninsula. Once much respected, they had become sadly diminished in numbers, until but two remained. Their laws forbade their union; their prejudices forbade marriage elsewhere; thus, I take it, the race died out.

And so apart from all the pain of separation, and the loss of personal friendship, I bid Sir Henry Norman a last farewell at the graveside, with yet additional sorrow. For he seemed to me the last of a great official race; men who had ruled and served our Empire with unselfish devotion, and unflinching industry, whose simplicity and modesty recoiled from modern conditions of notoriety; men, in fact, who worked at once so silently and so successfully that their merits have sometimes remained hid under the shadow of their self-effacement. True, the newspapers have given an inventory of his services, and some kindly pens have told us something of the nature of the man; but the picture somehow lacks colour, and thus I venture to offer yet another sketch of Sir Henry Norman, inadequate, but drawn by intimate and reverent hands.

In 1891 Sir Henry Norman was returning to his governorship in Queensland. He needed a private secretary. Sir Robert Herbert was good enough to recommend me, and I was appointed.

No one could then have foreseen the years of trouble and distress which lay before that Colony, and

probably no Australian governor has ever had to face the prospect of such a desolation of adversity.

Our intention was to change ships at Sydney, and continue our journey to Brisbane by sea. But our plans were changed; on arrival at Sydney came the news of the sheep-shearers' strike, and Sir Henry decided to push on overland without delay, and learn the real state of affairs.

The Land Defence Force had been called out. The troops and the defiant shearers occupied neighbouring camps, and we travelled believing in the probability of a great civil disturbance and armed interference. Mercifully wiser counsels prevailed. No collision occurred, and the Defence Force was not called upon to act. The burning of grass, a grave offence in a dry country, such as Queensland, where the fire would spread over a vast tract, destroy the keep of thousands of sheep and cattle, and well-nigh ruin the pastoral industry, was vigorously dealt with under the existing law.

Then followed a time of peace and comfort. A Coalition Government was in power. Political lion and political lamb lay down together in a happy millenium. There was an Opposition; but the leaders resigned, and later, owing to financial disaster and other calamities, parties became more reconciled, and the real political condition might have been summed up in the simple sentence, Labour against the Field.

But if there was no immediate difficulty, there was plenty of opportunity for the exercise of tact, and a

Governor in a constitutional Colony can do much to soften the asperities of local political life by kindly accessibility to all parties.

Such was Sir Henry's duty, and he recognised it fully. Adaptability to circumstances was his gift, and few could have ever imagined that one officially reared in India, that magnificent school of benevolent autocracy, could have learned so well, and appreciated so fully, the limitations of a Constitutional Governor.

"We have no power, but we have influence," he would say to me, in speaking of his office. And it was no doubt because of his ready acknowledgment of the fact that he exercised so marked an influence, and that his counsel, born of long experience, was so much sought and valued.

Perhaps the explanation of this understanding of the position might be found in his strong natural Liberalism. His autocratic experiences of India needed the fresh air of Liberalism elsewhere; and he found the required change in the political climate of the free lands of our new Commonwealth. But his Liberalism knew its geography well. Had he undertaken the Viceroyalty of India, he would have conducted his government on the old lines of autocracy; for, judging by his conversation, he certainly showed no inclination to stray from the beaten track into the by-ways of native self-government.

And so he became a sort of "uncle" to his Ministry, offering his advice readily and pleasantly whenever it was sought, but fully recognising that his "nephews" were in possession. Ministers would appeal to him constantly. A military dispute threatened the well-being of the Volunteer force; what more natural than to seek his counsel and aid to investigate the quarrel and repair the breach? His services were always ready. He would

quote the words of the late Lord Elgin, "We public men exist to settle difficulties"; and I would leave him, beside a mass of correspondence (for personal disputes are prolific parents of correspondence) determined to find a way out of the labyrinth of misunderstandings.

Nor was his adaptability limited to political circumstances. Much of our life was spent in opening Agricultural Shows, and most assuredly no one could ever suggest that Sir Henry had agricultural or sporting tastes. Crops or stock had no interest for him; as regards sport he would tell me that he never had understood the pleasure of killing animals; and probably an hour at the dentist gave him as much pleasure as an hour on the race-course. Still the shows had to be visited, and so great was his power of enjoyment that he never seemed to be bored, and better still, never was bored.

He had a personal interest in his people and his new country; and he was determined to learn their lives, and the Colony's capabilities, by personal travel. The memory of these journeys comes back to me now in a fresh light of humour. I see him with a face of smiling welcome, listening to a deputation of school-children singing the National anthem, or pleading his doctor's injunctions as an excuse for refusing champagne at some incredibly early hour.

On one occasion we had left Brisbane at daybreak, to be present at a series of entertainments. In Australia your kindly hosts permit no cessation in their hospitality, and from the moment of arrival till late evening we were engaged. Schools and Institutions were carefully inspected, and we had to descend into three mines before we had satisfied our friends' kindness. A photograph is still, I believe, extant representing the Governor

of Queensland in a sort of butcher's blouse, candle in hand, and Sir Henry used to solace himself with the reflection that his Secretary presented a yet more dilapidated appearance.

Occasionally the Agricultural Shows embraced a Dog Show as well, and on one occasion the Committee, as a happy thought, had placed the dogs next to the speakers' tent, perhaps in suggestion of the politicians' future. On all these occasions, no matter how long the speeches, or how far removed the topics from his own personal interests, Sir Henry Norman remained pleased and amused. He always found a welcome from the Colonists, and he received pleasure in the same large measure that he gave.

But this lull was merely misfortune's recuperation. The Colony had suffered the dangers of a strike; she was now to undergo the misfortunes of a flood. Heavy rain had fallen up country. Sir Henry was travelling in the Colony; and I had been left in charge of the correspondence at Brisbane.

Brisbane is a town built on both sides of a river, which eternally crosses and recrosses it, a serpent, so to speak, from whose coils there is no escape. A Venice in the Antipodes was now created, and journeys to the post office were made by boat. No one who ever saw the havoc caused can forget those ineffaceable memories of sadness and suffering. Wooden houses, homes which represented long years of thrift and labour, floated down the river, and bridges, which joined the different parts of the town, were in ruins. The news of the disaster brought Sir Henry to Brisbane. The journey was undertaken with a determination which laughed at hardship, and I found him one morning at breakfast anxious for news, and for an opportunity to help. His kindly nature soon found

charitable expression. He would go off, unknown to others, to visit the wreckage, learning the harm wrought, distributing aid, and giving his money and his sympathy with both hands.

The floods abated, and the stress was past. But there was yet fresh disaster before us.

The banks had advanced large sums in the development of estates. Their property had become depreciated. It is not suggested that the floods explained the timidity of the depositors in England, but no doubt it added to the accumulation of causes which brought calamity in their train. At any rate, assets were now less realisable, whatever may have been the extent of the actual damage. Moreover Queensland was suffering from the effects of over-borrowing, and fresh trouble could not well be borne. Good interest had been paid on deposits, and hitherto the depositors had renewed their loans; these were now fast maturing. The English depositor had grown timid, and was claiming a return of his own; but no provision for this had been made, nor could the money be found. Nor was this all. A large loan had not long before been raised. The requirements of the Colony did not offer immediate employment for all the money, and some of the banks had received large sums on deposit. This then was the position. The banks were in danger; large sums of the Colony's funds were there; but extort your full pound of flesh immediately, and the banks would be destroyed, which would mean yet further injury to the Colony.

I well remember the beginnings of misfortune. The smaller banks were the first to fall; then began the crash, till of some eleven banks only three remained.

But there was more to come.

There was no Government bank. Most of the banks had a large note-issue in circulation, which entailed an unlimited liability upon the shareholders ; and of these shareholders many were often the depositors in other banks which had failed.

Knots of busy men stood about the streets. Even the Savings Banks depositors were alarmed ; and a story was told of a Chinaman who came into Brisbane, demanded the return of his money, and having counted it, deposited it again, satisfied with the security of his account.

One of the Ministers called one morning to tell Sir Henry that a prominent bank would close its doors on the morrow. It would be quite competent for him, it was suggested, to withdraw his account and obtain his money, but he honourably declined, fearing this might cause a panic. He had learned of the bank's difficulties officially, and he would face his trouble like any one else. Of all the many memories which endeared him to me none ever won my respect more fully ; and I remember later, without recalling the incident, telling him that it would be he who had taught me, should I ever learn it, my first lesson in proud contempt for money. It was my first experience of bank disasters, and many were the sad stories and examples on all sides of the suffering that had come.

In another matter Sir Henry's disregard of money found expression. The general cry throughout the Colony was for retrenchment, and a levy of some ten per cent. was made on the Civil Service salaries. Wisely the Governor's salary was excluded from the estimates ; it was felt, at the time that self-government was granted to Queensland, that it would not be fitting for the Governor's salary to be made the subject of a Parliamentary

wrangle, and the reduction accordingly could only be effected by an Act. It troubled Sir Henry much that he should be immune from financial loss, while the Civil Service of the Colony suffered. He wrote therefore offering to accept any reduction of salary which his Ministers thought fitting. The suggestion was at once declined ; but the spirit was, I think, appreciated.

Financial uncleanness was the sin which, he felt, left the most ineffaceable stain upon a public career, and he had always grown up in horror of any irregularity.

The financial condition of the Colony troubled him greatly. The banks in the Colony had become, by loans, large owners of property. He personally felt that this was a departure from their natural business, and he was very anxious to consider whether a scheme could not be devised by which some other agencies, with the necessary machinery at hand, might take over the liabilities and assets, leaving the banks to their more ordinary business. At that time Governors used to send monthly reports home respecting the affairs of their colonies. Finance was of course a prominent subject ; and Sir Henry Norman's despatches, written with great care and accuracy, show a keen grip of financial questions.

Sir Henry's powers of enjoyment have been described ; his indifference to comfort was no less remarkable.

To endure much uncomplainingly is no doubt most virtuous ; but he went further ; he seemed almost to enjoy discomfort. His simplicity greatly pleased one of his hostesses, who had apologised profusely for a lack of the things, not for a lack of the spirit, of hospitality. Her apology was gently put aside. "You forget," he said, "that before I became a Governor, I was a subaltern." I can give yet a stronger personal proof. A bazaar

was held up country. The journey was somewhat tedious, for a bridge had been destroyed in the flood, and late in the evening we had to leave the train. We were ferried across, to find another train awaiting us on the other side. The bazaar was held at night, and we then returned home, slept as best we could, and arrived at Brisbane early the next morning. There was of course nothing to complain of ; but a night in one's travelling clothes, followed by an early arrival, is not exactly luxurious. I merely therefore expressed my pleasure that everything had passed off successfully. To this came the reply : " Ah, yes, excellent,—nothing like the night before the storming of Delhi."

Sir Henry Norman's acceptance and final refusal of the Viceroyalty of India has been so often mentioned, and so often discussed, that perhaps a few words from one who was with him at the time may not be amiss.

It has been stated that the offer of the appointment was accompanied by conditions which prevented acceptance. Sir Henry showed me all the telegrams ; I can recall no such conditions, and I feel sure none were ever imposed or accepted. His health also has been suggested as a cause for his release from taking up the duties of the office. Again I know nothing of it. What happened was simple enough. The offer was made. His first intention was a refusal, but he was advised to pause and consider what he was declining. He accepted, then followed a fusillade of congratulations from friends and officials. But all the time he was troubled. He was sixty-six years old, and he felt that he was undertaking a great office full late in life ; moreover he had never had any love for the pomp or the dignities of the Viceroyalty. One morning I went into his office as usual, and he told me that he did not think he would take

up the appointment. I demurred, suggesting that a refusal would now be too late, and might not be accepted. If he felt unable to undertake the strain of a full term of office, could he not accept it for a time and become a sort of official semi-colon ? But he did not think that this would be right, and stated that he had actually sent in his refusal, and that Lord Kimberley had accepted it. That morning I went with him to a show in the country, and I shall never forget his boyish delight at his release. The work would have been immense, and his leisure time would have been spent in formalities and show. Here in Brisbane he could spend his afternoons in his canoe up the river. He had no escort or body-guard, and when he had left his office he was a free man.

He never lost his interest in India. Sometimes he would speak of the Mutiny. Others, to whom the incidents and places stand out on the skyline of a clear memory, can best write the story. The causes of the Mutiny had never yet, he would say, been fully given, and I never extracted from him a definite answer to my question whether it was a mutiny of troops solely, or a general insurrection against our rule ; in fact, what popular backing it really had.

He spoke often, and most affectionately, of his old chief Lord Clyde, and probably two of the anecdotes which he told of him, with admiration, give some clue to the school in which he had learned the lessons of self-forgetfulness.

It will be remembered that after the immediate relief of Lucknow Lord Clyde, deciding that his force was not strong enough to hold the Residency, determined to evacuate it by night and to take with him the ladies who had borne the long siege. Silence was specially enjoined, and Lord Clyde was very much annoyed to find that

his orders had been disobeyed. A regiment got out of hand, took a gun, and on the Commander-in-Chief's appearance broke into wild cheering. But Clyde was not in the mood to welcome their greeting and shouted: "D—n you, you have broke my orders; I don't want your cheers."

Again Sir Henry Norman had an immense conception of the exigencies of the public service. Every demand which it made must be met, and this other anecdote of Lord Clyde is somewhat typical of his own understanding of self-sacrifice. It had been a tradition throughout the Peninsular War that officers should remain erect, careless of the shot around them, in order to inspire the men. A young officer saw a round shot coming, and ducked his head. This would be now regarded as sensible; but Lord Clyde was displeased. "D—n you, sir," he said, "are you not paid to be shot at?"

I last met my old Chief in the summer of last year.

Discussion turned on the policy of Colonial preference, with which he had no sympathy. Australia, he said, could offer no *quid pro quo*. Nor had he any desire for the Mother Country to intervene in Australian affairs. "Leave them alone," he said. He saw clearly their future difficulties, and had no wish to add the excitement of a new fiscal policy to their political issues.

More than that, he had no sympathy with the New Imperialism. Others had spoken of the Empire; he had served it. Its flag was no "commercial asset" to his mind; nor had he ever interpreted patriotism as insult to other nations. He was no colonial bagman, no imperial *parvenu*, but an English gentleman, whose service in India had accustomed him to his race's

inheritance, with its mortgage of responsibility, as a natural possession.

He would as soon have thought of boasting of the Empire as a Cavendish would of boasting of Chatsworth, or a Howard of boasting of Arundel.

Others, politicians, have (somewhat like villagers who have suddenly entered a large park) after some years of municipal labour become Imperialists. They are lost in the contemplation of a colony, and their sense of proportion becomes dulled. He had no such temptation. An Empire was a very natural thing for an Englishman to own; but the Empire which Sir Henry had at heart was a quiet, orderly, self-governing possession.

To lift the veil of privacy which rightly hides a man's creed from public eyes would seem a sacrilege. Many merely seek their religion, as a medicine, in times of trouble; others have inherited their faith with their property. It was not so with Sir Henry Norman; his religion was his character, and his very self. Sometimes I would picture him as a Puritan; but his sympathies had grown too broad, and his Christianity had out-run the narrow lines of sect. He had no love of ornate services, and hated priestly interference with either his devotions or his conscience.

Such was Sir Henry Norman. His was a character cut from the clear white marble, knowing no flaw of self-interest or negligence. His was a life spent in the service of the State; his later years were devoted to work, and his play-hours to the society of his friends and kinsfolk. He liked to be of them, and amongst them.

Such characters are rare. But we do well to honour them. They are the assets for a pure public service, and a well-governed State.

GERARD WALLOP.

A COMMISSION OF ENQUIRY.

(A HISTORICAL PRECEDENT.)

THERE is good reason to believe that in no quarter does there exist a more complete account of every detail of the occurrences now to be described than in the pigeon-holes of the Russian Foreign Office. Russia herself was, so to speak, godmother to the offending party, every incident of whose affairs was scrupulously made known to and carefully followed by the Ministry at St. Petersburg. Surprise and indignation, then, were equally out of place when Russia was brought face to face with the inevitable consequences of her attack upon our fishing fleet in the North Sea.

For the demands to be made in such an event, for insistence on their being complied with, and for the final decisive steps to be taken in default, there is ample precedent.

It is satisfactory to know that, in the case in point, there was no murderous attack upon British subjects, and that the offence was nothing worse than a gross infringement of British neutrality, arising from acts of warfare committed by one belligerent upon his enemy, when that enemy had taken refuge upon soil protected by the flag of England.

It was in the time of the war of the Greek Revolution, when the Greeks, incited thereto by the agents of Russia, had risen against the yoke of the Turk. In this unequal contest the sympathies of Englishmen were overwhelmingly on the side of the weaker party, which, pardonably enough as we may think, was guilty of the outrages in question; but the law of nations demanded their redress, and the British Government did not shrink from doing its duty.

In the end of 1823 a Greek squadron was sent to the relief of Anatolico, a port on the western coast of Greece then being besieged by Omer Vrioni, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Ionian Islands which were at that time under the rule of England.

On the morning of December 10th the people of Ithaca saw a number of Greek vessels off Missolonghi, and at about eight o'clock firing was heard. When Colonel Knox, the Resident, had arrived at a point where he could follow their movements, they were standing in the direction of the island, nearly the whole of them firing on a Turkish brig-of-war, which they had partly surrounded. About one o'clock he lost sight of her at the southernmost point of the island, the farthest and most difficult of access from the city, and it appeared as if she had run herself on shore.

Taking with him a number of constables and *guardiani*, the Resident proceeded in all haste in that direction, when, upon going down the valley towards the spot where the vessel lay, he found a number of Turks under an olive-tree, where they had been directed by the Captain of the Port, an alert and active officer who had for some time been on the scene. Leaving a guard over the Turks, Colonel Knox continued down the cliffs to the sea, and there saw the vessel lying broadside on the rocks, and the Greeks plundering her, — between two and three hundred of them on board or in boats, and some of them standing on the rocks cutting down the rigging; the boats as they were loaded con-

stantly plying to the ships, which all lay within musket-shot of the shore.

The Resident immediately hailed the boats and protested against the action of the crews, both as to being on shore at all, and as to plundering a vessel under any circumstances in any of our harbours or creeks; but the Greeks were too much elated at what they considered a victory, and too sure of their own strength at the moment, to pay any heed to protests.

The Captain of the Port, who had arrived about an hour before the Resident, stated that the Turkish vessel appeared to have become unmanageable owing to losses among her crew, and that upon the survivors running her on shore, the Greeks immediately manned twenty or thirty boats and made towards her. As they approached, as many of the Turks as were able leaped ashore, the nearest ships firing shot and grape at them until the boats came up, when some of the crews landed, pursued the Turks, and killed five; the rest by dispersing and hiding in the woods escaped. The pursuers then returned to the vessel and joined in the plunder which had already begun.

So soon as the Captain reached the shore he had protested against the conduct of the Greeks, and asked who commanded. On being told it was Prince Mavrocordato, he begged that a boat might go for him. The Prince came without delay, when the Captain, stating who he was, and that no superior officer of the Government was present, formally protested against the proceedings, adding that he had no doubt that the Resident would be shortly on the spot, if the Prince would wait. The latter, however, went off, only making some answer implying that he could not help what was going on.

Seeing that nothing could be done with regard to the ship, since the

Greeks were determined to follow their own lawless course, and night coming on, Colonel Knox took the necessary steps to prevent the peasantry coming into contact with the Turks, forty-eight of whom had now been collected by the *guardiani* and constables. A cordon was placed for the night to keep the country-people from the dead bodies, and the others were taken under a strong escort by the most unfrequented by-ways to the town. A mile out they were met by the military, and reached the shore at ten o'clock, when the Turks were embarked on quarantine boats and sent to the lazaretto. Next morning two more were found hidden, almost perished with wounds and cold.

The Turkish vessel was a brig of twelve guns, on the way from Prevesa to Patras with forty thousand Spanish dollars on board for the payment of the garrison at that fortress. Besides a crew of seventy, she carried seventy-five passengers belonging to Yussuf Pasha's people, among the latter being two officers of rank, the chief of whom with the captain were killed and plundered on shore. Of the whole number on board the aforesaid fifty were all that remained, about thirty of them being very severely wounded. To these latter none of the Greek surgeons of the island would give any assistance, and they must have fared badly had it not been for the kindness of a young English surgeon, on his way to the Continent to join the Greeks, who volunteered his services, and remained with the Turks for three days, until their removal to Prevesa. He then went to Missolonghi, and was with Lord Byron during his last illness.

The plundering of the vessel continued until the middle of the night, when she was towed by her captors into deep water and sunk. The conduct of the Greeks had been ferocious,

and the Resident speaks of his horror at the display of hatred and revenge manifested by them in the treatment of their enemy, in spite of the fact that, in their cry to other nations for assistance, their great boast was the mildness of the religion they professed in contrast with that of their oppressors. The bodies on shore, he states, were vilely treated ; under the eyes of the Captain of the Port, a Greek having killed a man, took out his knife, cut off the head, ripped up the body, and hacked the limbs about in the most savage fashion, then putting his knife between his teeth, he walked down to the shore exultingly ; the bodies on the decks, he adds, seemed to be trampled on for the mere pleasure of the thing.

These details, horrible as they are, are inserted in this place because they form part of the facts of the case ; but to the writer it seems there must be something to be said for a people, excitable by nature and an easy prey to their passions ; under no restraint from their religion, which was a mere outward show, the husks of a faith presented to them by a priesthood whose lives and actions were often scandalous and despicable ; the descendants of a race which had lain for four centuries under the heel of the Turk, whose atrocities concerned the whole lives of his victims, and not merely their bodies after death had relieved them from suffering ; and now, for a time at least, getting the upper hand of their conquerors : in the light of history, what is to be expected of human nature under such circumstances ?

Two days afterwards, a Turkish brig from the Castles of the Morea, which was lying off the point of Cape Ducato,¹

¹ The Leucadian rock (*Leucate*), whence Sappho is fabled to have leapt down. Leucas, or Leucadia, is the Greek name of Santa Maura.

the south-west extremity of Santa Maura, was attacked by a boat from one of the Greek cruisers. In order to escape the commander slipped his cable and the vessel drove ashore, upon which the crew, with the soldiers on board, tried to make their way inland. They were, however, met on the beach by a number of armed men, part of the Greek boat in ambush, who had landed for the purpose and opened fire on the Turks. Out of sixty-five on board the brig five were killed and six missing, while the rest succeeded in making their escape.

Among these Major Temple, the Resident, afterwards found a Greek slave, recently taken in the Morea, whom he at once released, and subsequently sent the Turks to Prevesa, as was done in the former case.

Now, whatever may be said in extenuation of the behaviour of the Greeks,—who had probably presumed upon the indulgence of Englishmen, if indeed they thought about the matter at all,—it was imperative that such a flagrant disregard of the established law of nations, as had been exhibited in following up and despoiling the enemy when he had taken refuge on Ionian soil, must be effectually dealt with.

So soon as the outrages came to the ears of the Lord High Commissioner, he issued a proclamation denouncing the violation of Ionian territory by the ships of the Greek squadron, in which he reflected severely on the conduct of Prince Mavrocordato and the commanders, and placed the islands on which the crews had landed in a long quarantine. This was necessary on account of the risks of plague, which invariably followed in the track of the Turkish armies.

Some of the Greek authorities at Missolonghi made a weak attempt to get rid of the responsibility for the

outrages. The new Greek Gazette was to be brought out on the first day of January, and they seized the opportunity to publish their statement by way of a preliminary attraction. After setting out the proclamation of His Excellency, they declared that Prince Mavrocordato never commanded the squadron, but was merely a passenger, and that the vessels had their own captains, all of which was doubtless correct. As to the affair at Ithaca, they made the trivial retort that it was the Turks who ran their vessel on shore, and that if the island was thus exposed to the danger of infection, it was caused by the action of their enemy. Moreover, it was the Turks who had fired on the Greek sailors after they had boarded the brig, and consequently it was the former who were the parties guilty of the insult to Ionian neutrality, —unconscious apparently of the fact that their childish talk admitted the presence of the Greeks on the island. The outrage at Santa Maura with a great show of righteousness they repudiated as the work of "inhuman pirates," who, it was said, had been arrested on arrival at Missolonghi, and were being tried for their offences.

The Greek fleet, it should here be mentioned, had not the lofty status of a modern navy. It owed its existence mainly to the shipowners of Hydra and Spezzia, where the most enterprising of the Greek seamen were to be found. After those islands had joined the Revolution, the shipowners fitted out a number of vessels which hoisted the Greek flag, and certain regulations were agreed to by which a portion of their prize-money should be devoted to the general expenses of the war. At the end of the season the ships would be discharged, and the sailors dispersed; while from time to time the fleet would be fitted out

afresh; the chief command being given to the admiral of the Hydriot squadron, the most experienced of all the captains.

But although there was some outward show of organisation, there was in practice an entire lack of discipline, and owing to the disgraceful and insubordinate conduct of the seamen during their proceedings in the previous autumn, the Greek Admiral had in fact refused to accompany the squadron which sailed for the relief of Anatolico in December. The chief power in the Government, however, was possessed by the naval party, the shipowners of the two islands being represented by the President and Vice-President respectively.

The Sultan naturally looked to the Ionian authorities for compensation for the loss incurred by the plunder of the vessel while lying on the shore of Ithaca. The matter was referred to Ministers, who acknowledged the claim, and in their turn, looked to the Greek Government for recoupment. Either the latter must accept the responsibility, or the Greek cruisers would have to be treated as pirates.

Communications were slow in those days, but early in March, 1824, upon the orders of Earl Bathurst, Colonel the Hon. F. C. Ponsonby was instructed to proceed with Captain Pechell, R.N., to the seat of the Greek Government with respect to these outrages. They were to demand the dismissal of the officer commanding the squadron in the affair at Ithaca, and the punishment of the person responsible for the violation of the territory of Santa Maura. If it were alleged that these atrocities had been committed in defiance of the orders of the officer commanding, then the parties who were principally guilty must be punished. If the demands were refused, the Greek Government was to be informed that orders

had been received effectually to prevent such violation in future.

These officers accordingly went, on board H.M.S. SYBILLE, to Cranidi, where the Government in the Morea was then established. They were received by Conduriotti the President, Botassi the Vice-President, and Coletti, one of the Ministers. The British officers having stated their demands, the Greek authorities were profuse in their expressions of regret, and said that they had every reason to believe that the commander had been unable to restrain the fury of his men in the attack on the Turks at Ithaca, but that the British authorities might rely on the whole affair being strictly investigated without delay.

They were requested to put this statement into writing, which they agreed to do if Colonel Ponsonby's request were presented in the form of a note.

The Greek statement of March 1st, 1834 (o.s.) is to the following effect: that the Government felt extreme sorrow for what had taken place at Ithaca, as mentioned in the note, and would make the most strict enquiries; if it should be found that any commander had been guilty, he should be cashiered; if any sailors, they should be consigned to the severity of the laws. And the Government would issue the necessary orders for the strict observance of the rights of neutrality thereafter, so far as lay in its power.

Another month having elapsed, the Lord High Commissioner enquired what had been done, saying that it was necessary that his Government should know not only that redress had been promised, but was actually being carried out. His Excellency was informed that a Commission had been constantly employed in a detailed examination of the case

(of Ithaca), in order to discover the persons guilty of the breach of neutrality.

Such an enquiry, however, was far from the intention of the Greeks, whose promises were the mere ordinary shifts of diplomacy, and with these the British Government was not at all disposed to be content.

After a further interval without result, the Ministry determined to send a Mission to the Morea to obtain redress which should be satisfactory. The envoys were Major Temple,¹ Resident at Santa Maura, and Major Campbell, the new Resident at Ithaca, and a vessel was sent down to take the former officer, who well understood the idiosyncracies of the Greek diplomatist, to Corfu for consultation with the Lord High Commissioner.

The instructions to the Mission set out that the outrage at Santa Maura was to be put on the same footing as that at Ithaca, and that the demands as to punishment were to be insisted upon. The punishment of the guilty parties, it is here to be noted, was made the prime essential. If the promised enquiry had not yet been held, explanation of its nature and extent was to be produced; or if already held, then a statement of the result, and of the measures adopted for punishment must be forthcoming. If pending, proof must be adduced that His Majesty's demands were intended to be complied with, for His Majesty could not remain satisfied with the mere semblance of investigation. As to the seizure of treasure, the plunder of two hundred thousand

¹ As a connecting link between a past generation and the men of the present, it is interesting to remember that at this very time there was a little child at the Residency in the fortress of Santa Maura, just two years old, who was to become the Dr. Temple we have known,—Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of All England.

Turkish piastres (then the equivalent of forty thousand Spanish dollars) was to be returned, since the Ionian Government was liable under the law of nations, or acknowledgment of the debt obtained. Otherwise, His Majesty's naval force would be employed to prevent the recurrence of such outrages.

There could be no discussion as to any modification of the sum stated, but if the debt were acknowledged, the envoys were at liberty to concede that payment might be postponed to some more convenient opportunity. His Majesty's forbearance in this respect, instead of demanding instant payment, while the Ionian Government was called on to satisfy the just indemnification without delay, was to be made perfectly clear.

The Mission, on board H.M.S. *DISPATCH*, Captain Scott, learnt at Spezzia (an island at the entrance of the Gulf of Argolis), that the persons exercising the functions of Government were at Nauplia, and here they arrived on June 26th. We are now enabled to find ourselves practically spectators of this diplomatic struggle on classic soil, and to see exactly the method adopted in dealing with the evasions and subterfuges of the other side.

On the morning of their arrival Major Temple at once notified the Greek Government of the object of the Mission,—to express dissatisfaction with the reparation hitherto offered, and to bring the question to a conclusion,—and asked for an interview. This took place on the afternoon of the same day; but they were received by Coletti, one of the members of the Government, with coolness and indifference.

They found that there was every reason to believe that nothing had been done for the discovery and punishment of the perpetrators of the

outrage at Ithaca, nor was it the intention to do anything; on the contrary, the object was to find pretences to avoid the question of the re-imbursement of the plunder.

On the next day, at another interview, Coletti stated that the Commission was in progress, but denied positively his previous admission of the breach of neutrality. By the tone of his conversation he left no doubt in their minds that an evasive policy was intended, and Major Temple therefore thought it advisable to reduce the demands to writing, and to require that those who had previously met General (late Colonel) Ponsonby and Captain Pechell should be made parties in the transaction. Thus they would ascertain the precise extent and object of the Greek pretensions. Afterwards, when reference was made to an assertion in the General's report, Coletti indirectly denied its correctness, saying that he knew nothing about it, and that it was not mentioned in the notes of their own secretary.

On the 28th the envoys were received by the President, the Vice-President, and Coletti, and presented their second note, demanding (1) that the outrage at Santa Maura should be put on the same footing as that at Ithaca, (2) that the proceedings of the Commission should be communicated, and (3) that the mode of punishment proposed in the case of the parties found guilty should be made known to them. In the answer the first demand was complied with, certain papers as to the Commission were enclosed, and further information was promised to be sent; but no notice was taken of the question of punishment.

It was now clear that nothing had been done, nor was intended to be done. The same general assurances, again repeated, promised no better

results, and the question of punishment was carefully avoided.

In the third note we find the diplomatic mode of giving the lie direct. The Greek Government was reminded that their secretary on April 22nd told His Excellency that a Commission had been constantly employed in order to discover the persons guilty of the breach of neutrality at Ithaca. So far from this being the case, it did not appear that a single individual had been examined, a single report demanded, or any statement presented from the commander or the captains. It was painful to be under the necessity of commenting on a contradiction of matter of fact, but the envoys would be wanting in their duty to their King if they did not again call for the dismissal of the officer commanding the Greek squadron, or otherwise the punishment of such officers as were guilty. If the demand were not complied with, the employment of force was threatened for the prevention of such occurrences in future.

A fourth note, presented at the same time, dealt solely with the matter of restitution. The Ottoman Government, it said, claimed two hundred thousand piastres. For this, the Ionian Government was responsible under the law of nations. Restitution must be made by the Ionian Government. Then the latter required recoupment by the Greek Government.

Excuses and promises for more active measures in future were now forthcoming with regard to the investigation, but on the question of the plunder the Greeks attempted to interpose fresh obstacles. They assumed as a principle that the breach of neutrality remained to be proved before the Commission, and for this reason no answer could be returned; and that even in the event of proof, the fact of the alleged plunder and of

its amount still required to be ascertained.

Such pretensions were entirely inadmissible. The answer was so contradictory of previous communications, and so at variance with the instructions given to the Mission, that Major Temple lost no time in presenting the last note, in which he declared that it was impossible to enter upon points already decided, charged the Greeks with want of candour, and concluded that it was vain to expect attention to the representations of the Mission.

They waited a day for an answer, which, when it arrived, pleaded inability on the part of the Government to treat so important a question in their present difficulties; whereupon, any expectation of the abandonment of the principles advanced being now destroyed, Major Temple acquainted Captain Scott with their wish to return, and he weighed anchor immediately.

It was plain that every indulgence had been exhibited by the Mission towards their puny antagonist, and while the envoys had been firm with the Greeks in pressing their demands, the moderation and forbearance which accorded with their instructions had been fully borne in mind.

A further period of grace was allowed, but without substantial result, and there was now no choice left to our Ministers but to take the matter into their own hands. Orders were therefore given by Lord Bathurst in the end of August that satisfaction was to be enforced; in consequence of which, H.M.S. SYBILLE, Captain Pechell commanding, was despatched to Nauplia to obtain immediate compliance with British demands, and a declaration in writing. His instructions proceeded that, if these requests were not complied with, he would not be justified in postponing the execution of his orders received from the

Admiralty that all Greek armed ships were to be seized and detained. This was the course to be taken, should the Greeks resort to subterfuge or evasion of any kind.

The SYBILLE arrived at the seat of the Greek Government on October 4th, when the commander at once preferred his request. He was met with the reply that it was necessary for the Council to be called together to deliberate upon the matter; whereupon without more ado, Captain Pechell took out from under the batteries of Nauplia three Greek warships, which were all those at that time lying in the harbour, and carried them to Corfu.

This proceeding speedily brought the Greeks to their senses, for on the very next day, a proclamation was issued acknowledging the outrages, and setting forth that a Committee of Enquiry having been appointed regarding the affair at Ithaca, the Government had found that the commanders of the naval division were not guilty, "because they exerted every effort to prevent the fury of the undisciplined sailors," and that those really guilty were two officers and eight seamen. The officers were cashiered and the men (all ostentatiously described by name and place of abode) condemned to three years' imprisonment in chains within the citadel of Corinth. It was further declared that the boat which had violated the territory at Santa Maura should be burnt as a pirate, while the men of the crew who were arrested at Missolonghi, should be condemned to ten years' imprisonment in chains.

As to the matter of restitution, by another document of the same date as the preceding they made formal acknowledgment of the debt due by them on account of the plunder of the Turkish vessel.

The British Government having thus compelled satisfaction, the warships that had been seized were sent across to Missolonghi.

The debt having once been acknowledged, it was a matter of no difficulty to secure its payment, from the fact that the Greeks derived funds from a loan raised in England under the auspices of the Greek Committee in London, the President of which was Sir John Bowring. The amount having been received, the payment of the indemnification claimed by the Sultan was settled by order from the Treasury in September, 1825.

The Greek Revolution had largely been brought about by the insidious methods and activity of Russian agents in Greece and the Ionian Islands; the belief being fostered in the minds of the unfortunate insurgents that Russia would come to their assistance with a fleet and an army. It was not that Russia cared in the smallest degree for the freedom of the Greeks; but she cared a very great deal for planting a thorn in the side of the Sultan, in furtherance of her own designs. Capodistria himself, indeed, the President of Greece when the Turks were forced to withdraw, had formerly been Minister for Foreign Affairs under the Russian Emperor, and had only accepted the dignity of President after having made a journey to St. Petersburg to obtain the approval of the Czar.

It is the irony of fate that Russia should now have been confronted with the same penalties at the hands of England as were meted out to her helpless *protégé* for a less heinous offence than that of which the greater Power has been guilty.

The experience formerly gained by the British Government may possibly prove valuable in the present situation.

T. C. DOWN.

THE DUTCH UNDERGRADUATE.

ALTHOUGH many pens have treated of life at a German university and though Englishmen who have been educated at Oxford or Cambridge are fully aware of the great difference that exists between their lives and that of a student at Heidelberg, so far as I am aware no one has yet described the life of a Dutch student at Utrecht or Leyden. Yet the manners and customs at a Dutch university seem no less strange to English ideas than do those of one of the German homes of learning, and if an English university man were to be suddenly transferred from the familiar quadrangles of Oxford or Cambridge to the streets of Leyden many months would have to pass before he could accustom himself to the way of life there. It is proposed in the following article to give an account of life at one of the great Dutch universities.

By way of fitting himself for a university career, the average boy in Holland goes not to a boarding-school, as in England, but to a day school or gymnasium. Each of these schools is divided into six classes and the boy spends a year in each class, during which time he is supposed to acquire a thorough grounding in Greek, Latin, French, German, English mathematics, geography, and history. Divinity is not taught in the Dutch schools, but if a boy proposes to take orders he can study Hebrew during his last two years. His time at school is occupied entirely with study, and he plays no games at all, at any rate with his school-fellows.

His school career ends at eighteen, and he now has three universities from which to choose, those at Utrecht, Leyden, and Groningen. If his parents are people of rank and fashion he will probably go to Utrecht; if he lives in the north of Holland he will select Groningen, which is the Edinburgh or St. Andrews of Holland and draws its students principally from its own locality; or he can choose the great university at Leyden, which is neither so select as Utrecht, nor so purely local as Groningen. These three universities are all under State control, but there are, as a matter of fact, two other choices open to him. If he intends to adopt engineering as a profession he may go to Delft, which is generally called a university though it is really rather a polytechnical school; if he goes to Delft, however, he will attend a special preparatory school and not a gymnasium. Or, if he is destined for the Church he may go to the free university at Amsterdam, of which the famous statesman Dr. Kuyper is the head. This last university is not under State control but is the property of the city. In this article it is intended to deal principally with the life of a student at Leyden, which, though it differs in some slight details from the life at the other universities, just as some of the customs at Oxford are different from those at Cambridge, may be taken as typical of university life in Holland generally.

From the moment that a student enters a Dutch university he is a free man. He is under no sort of

control; he wears no special uniform; he is attached to no college; and he can come and go exactly as he pleases. If he chooses to stay out all night he can do so; if he does not care to attend lectures he can stay away and nobody will object, though it is possible that, when the time comes for him to take his degree, his professor may make the examination so hard that he will probably be plucked. But there are no university or college laws to be kept, no proctors, no fines, and no gating. He hires rooms in the town at a rental of about £30 a year, and does exactly what he pleases. He takes his meals either in his own rooms or at a restaurant, and, indeed, he leads as free a life as the ordinary young bachelor in London.

As regards his studies, the moment that he goes to a university he specialises. He can take up medicine, law, divinity, philosophy, or literature, according to the profession which he intends to adopt. If he finds the professor to whose charge he is assigned interesting he may attend his lectures. If, on the other hand, he finds him dull, he can either pursue his studies by himself or he can go to his bookseller and order a complete set of his professor's lectures transcribed from the short-hand notes of some more diligent student. If he has come to the university solely with a view to working, and without the least intention of joining in the social amusements of his fellows, he will be instantly relegated to the ranks of the "Pigs" and will lead a life apart. Few further allusions will be made to the Pigs in this article for the simple reason that no one but a member of the fraternity could possibly describe their daily life. The ordinary man at Leyden may know a few Pigs by sight, but he does not bother his head about

them in the least. They lead their lives and he leads his; and there is an end of the matter.

For the first three weeks the life of a freshman, or "Green" as he is called in Holland, is a perfect purgatory. His elders and betters are determined to find out what manner of man he is and, with a view to achieving this end, they lead him a life compared with which that of a fag at the roughest English public school is heaven itself. From eight in the morning till twelve at night he is absolutely at the beck and call of every member of the university, and more especially of the second year men. They can send him on errands, they can compel him to amuse them, they can bully him and tease him to their hearts' desire; and they make the fullest use of their opportunities. For example, we will suppose that a second year man meets a Green in the street. "Are you engaged at eight to-morrow morning?" he asks. The Green replies that he is not. "Very well, then," his elder replies, "you can come and call me. By the way," he adds as an afterthought, "do you happen to play an instrument?" The Green answers that he is a humble performer on the violin. "Oh," says the other, "I have a fancy to be called with music to-morrow, so you can bring your fiddle and play it outside my door till I wake up."

It would be as much as a Green's life is worth to break such an appointment, so at eight punctually he appears outside the other's door and tunes up. The probability is that the second year man has been making merry with his friends till the small hours of the morning, and is annoyed at this interruption of his slumbers. The efforts of the musician in such a case will be greeted with a boot or any other missile that

happens to be handy, but nevertheless he must play placidly on until he is told to stop. He will then prepare his host a light breakfast of tea and rolls which he will be permitted to share, being subjected the while to a volley of such jests, snubs, and taunts as the inventive mind of his tormentor may suggest. At nine, if his services are no longer required, he will probably have to go and call some one else, with or without music, and endure another half hour's purgatory.

At eleven o'clock he will have a rehearsal to attend. If he is a sufficiently skilful violinist, a place will have been allotted to him in the Greens' orchestra. If he is an actor, he will have been given a part in the play which the Greens are obliged to rehearse for the amusement and edification of their elders and betters. If he is an oarsman, he will have to repair to the river and train for the Greens' race, an annual fixture which affords intense amusement to every one except the participators in it.

At one o'clock comes luncheon, and here it is necessary to digress a little from the daily life of the Green in order to describe one feature of Dutch university life which has no counterpart in England. The students of each year are divided into a number of small sets, or clubs as they are called, of from twelve to fifteen members each. Each member of a club provides a light lunch, known as a coffee-table, in his rooms on a set day and his fellow clubmen are free to use it if they feel so disposed, while every evening at six o'clock all the members dine together at a restaurant. The probationary period which every Green is compelled to go through is directly connected with the formation of these clubs. Nominally, the men of each year are free to use their own discretion in the

selection of their intimates. Practically, their elders bring strong influence to bear, and, having discovered the character of each Green, decide for him who his associates shall be.

But to return to our Green. Having acquired a good healthy appetite by his exertions on the stage or on the river, he repairs for luncheon to the coffee-table of one or other of the men of the second year. During these three weeks he lives entirely at the expense of the second year men. He takes all his meals with them, he smokes their cigars, he drinks their wine, and if one of them wishes to send him on a message, his omnibus fare is paid for him. In return he is expected to address his elders and betters as "sir." This rule is only relaxed at dinner when he meets them on absolutely equal terms. Naturally enough, by the time that the dinner hour arrives the Green has grown so accustomed to addressing the students as "sir" that he occasionally forgets himself. Up till a short time ago he was obliged to drink a glass of wine every time that he committed this breach of etiquette, and as he might easily make the mistake twenty times or so in the course of the evening the condition of the unfortunate Green at the end of dinner is better imagined than described. Now, however, no Green is compelled to drink unless he feels so disposed.

At luncheon the Green is expected to wait on his host as well as to fill his now familiar rôle of a butt for his fellow students' wit. It is useless to attempt to describe the many jokes which are perpetrated at his expense. They seem amusing enough at the time, but, related in cold print, they would merely appear foolish. After luncheon his time will probably be fully occupied. If his host has a fancy for a musical afternoon the

Green must sing and play to him. If there are pictures to be hung, or carpets to be laid down, or some furniture to be arranged, it is the Green's duty to see to these little matters. If his host, or his host's friends, have other engagements and do not require his services he is sent off to his rooms, but the chances are that before he has gone a hundred yards he will be annexed by some other student who wants to be amused, or has a few odd jobs ready for the first Green who happens to put in an appearance. A Green, by the way, is easily recognisable, for he is obliged to cut his hair short and to wear a low collar and a black tie. It sometimes happens that his host is a personal friend and, pitying his miseries, grants him an afternoon's respite. In that case the Green makes for his rooms with all possible dispatch and does not show his nose outside them for the rest of the afternoon, lest he should fall a victim to a less tender-hearted tormentor.

At four o'clock, however, he is due at his club. This is a room taken for the Greens by the second year men whither they are obliged to repair every afternoon. On two days in the week they have the place to themselves, and they can then discuss such affairs as the formation of their clubs in peace and quiet. On every other day of the week, however, the club-room is the resort of such of the gayer spirits of the university who wish to while away a pleasant hour or so in the congenial occupation of making the Greens wretched, an occupation at which they are, one and all, most expert. Six o'clock is the dinner-hour at Leyden, and the students dine, as we have already said, not in hall but at restaurants in clubs of twelve to fifteen. During these three weeks each member of a club invites a Green to dinner and

they sit down, consequently, in parties of about thirty. The revelry is not quite so excessive as it was in the days when Greens were obliged to drink whether they liked it or not; but the wine passes very freely and, as most of the diners have probably not stinted themselves during the afternoon, sobriety is not one of the features of these dinners.

At eight or so a move is made to the club-house. This is a splendid building appointed after the manner of a big London club. All the students of the corps, that is to say all students who are not Pigs, belong to it, and we shall frequently have occasion to refer to it later on. Here coffee, liqueurs, and cigars are served and the climax of the day comes for the unfortunate Green. By this time most of his tormentors are rather tipsy, and the jests which they perpetrate reduce his person and his clothes to a shocking state of disrepair. Syphons of soda-water are occasionally squirted over his head, his coat may be torn to ribbons, and he is heartily thankful when twelve o'clock strikes and he is allowed to wend his way home dripping wet and exceedingly weary.

Exclusive of Saturday afternoon and Sundays, he only enjoys one day of freedom during the three weeks. On October 3rd, the anniversary of the expulsion of the Spaniards from Leyden, not a Green is allowed in the town. On this day it is their custom to repair to Amsterdam where they lunch together and elect a President, whose sole duty it is to make speeches to which no one will listen.

On the last day but one of the three weeks' probation the performances for which the Greens have been rehearsing take place. In the afternoon the boat-race is rowed amid scenes of wild enthusiasm, and the victor is duly presented with a valu-

able memento of the occasion, which takes the form of a bottle of Hollands. In the evening every student in the university repairs to the theatre where the Greens' play is to be enacted. No matter what the merits of the performance may be, it is invariably greeted with showers of potatoes, cabbages, bags of meal, and similar missiles, and it would be a gross breach of etiquette to allow a single line of the play to be heard across the footlights.

The Greens' miseries are now practically at an end, for on the next day they are treated more or less like ordinary human beings. It is emancipation day and, instead of the noisy, riotous meals at which they have hitherto been unwilling guests, they are allowed to enjoy a really excellent luncheon and dinner. In the evening they are all taken to the theatre where they are locked up in a large cellar. The stage is then occupied by the *collegium*, or committee of the corps, who are attired in evening dress and are attended by an official bearing the banner of the corps. One by one in alphabetical order the Greens are brought before the President of the *collegium*, those who have made themselves unpopular being greeted with hoots and cat-calls which leave them in no doubt of the feelings entertained towards them by their fellows; they kneel to receive the banner and are then conducted from the stage to the auditorium, where the stalls have been reserved for them, their collars are turned up, the President makes them a short speech and they become, from that moment, full blown members of the corps.

The ceremony over, a procession is formed which parades the whole of Leyden. The *collegium* and the committees of the lesser societies are in carriages or on horseback, attended by banners and torches. Behind

them march the emancipated Greens, and in this manner they patrol the streets for a couple of hours. When they feel that the people of Leyden have admired them sufficiently, they repair to the club-house, where they spend the rest of the night. On the following morning, the Greens return to their homes to recuperate after an exceedingly trying three weeks.

By this time, it need hardly be said, every freshman is well known to the senior members of the university. The Greens themselves have been known to say that the system would bear a little modification, but they change their minds when they reach their second year and attain to the position of the tormentor. The expense involved in the entertainment of the Greens is of course considerable, and when the second year men receive their bills for food, liquor, and break-ages (the latter being by no means an inconsiderable item) they generally find themselves obliged to pay some £15 apiece. This, it should be added, does not include the cost of hiring the theatre for the Greens' performance or the wind and percussion instruments for their orchestra, which usually amounts to another £2 or so each.

As has already been said, it is during these three weeks that the freshmen's clubs are formed, and it is their first duty on returning to Leyden to inaugurate these institutions with all the ceremony that befits so solemn an occasion. For this purpose each club hires some four or five carriages and makes a tour of the town wearing, for the occasion, the club colours. The term club colours, by the way, is not a little confusing to the average English mind. The cricket and the tennis clubs have colours, but, unlike similar organisations at Oxford or Cambridge, they seldom wear them; but each of the five groups of students into which the members of a Dutch

universities are divided, that is to say, the students of law, of medicine, of divinity, of philosophy, and of literature also, has a special colour which is worn on two occasions only. The first is at the inauguration of the clubs with which we are now dealing, and the second is on the death of a university professor or fellow student. Otherwise the colours are only used to decorate the little statue of Minerva which is allotted a corner in the rooms of every member of a Dutch university.

During the progress round the town a halt is made at the rooms of each member of the club and a glass of port is drunk. The club then repairs to Amsterdam or the Hague and dines there. After dinner the members set out on the return journey to Leyden, driving back if, as is not at all improbable, they miss the last train, and make their way to the general club-house. There they provide free wine for every member of the university who cares to avail himself of the invitation, thus making some return for the hospitality which has been extended to them during the first three weeks of their university life.

These inaugurations extend over a fortnight or three weeks, for each club selects a different day for its ceremony, and there are some ten or twelve to be inaugurated. At the same time a number of literary, debating, or musical societies are generally formed, one or other of which almost every freshman joins, and these play a considerable part in the social life of a Dutch university. Each society meets, as a rule, once a month at about nine o'clock in the evening. One of the members reads a paper, or a poem, or anything else that his fancy may dictate, a desultory discussion follows, and at twelve o'clock or thereabouts the society

adjourns to the club-house for an hour. At one supper is served in the rooms of one of the members of the society, and the final adjournment does not take place till three or four in the morning.

After the clubs have been inaugurated and the debating societies formed the student settles down to the every day university routine. Lectures are in progress between the hours of ten and four, and he may, as has already been said, attend them or not as he feels disposed. A popular lecturer can always depend upon a good audience; an unpopular lecturer generally unburdens himself of his wisdom to rows of empty benches. In this connection a curious instance of the absolute licence allowed to a Dutch student may be quoted. Every year the students bring out an almanack which is distributed among all the officials of the university. In this almanack the professors and lecturers are criticised quite impartially and often very severely indeed. These criticisms have been known to be so out-spoken that the subjects of them have been placed in an exceedingly uncomfortable position.

Except for a short interval for luncheon, which is taken, as a rule, at the club, the day up till five o'clock is devoted to work. From five till dinner-time the students amuse themselves either in their own rooms, in the streets, or at the club-house. Few games are played at a Dutch university. Tennis, cricket, and football are, of course, not unknown, but the majority of the students do not indulge in them. After dinner nearly every one works till midnight, and then club life begins. The Leyden club is open all night and is only closed, in the interests of cleanliness, between eight in the morning and ten or eleven. No gambling is allowed there except on three days in

the year. This custom had its origin in the fact that it is supposed to be the duty of the committee to suppress all gambling in the club-house. An interval of two or three days, however, always elapses between the resignation of one committee and the election of another, and during this interregnum the students make the most of their opportunities. The club-house is never closed at all on those three days. Roulette wheels, *petits chevaux*, and gambling paraphernalia innumerable are brought in, and a great deal of money changes hands.

At a Dutch university no definite times are fixed for examinations. A candidate for a doctorship in law, for example, has to pass two examinations, but he can pass them exactly when he pleases, and if he chooses to extend his studies over twenty years no one will object, provided that he pays the necessary fees. In addition to these two examinations he has to write a book or thesis, but this is, as a matter of fact, little but a form, and if he has passed his examinations satisfactorily he will not be plucked however bad his book may be. This book, however, plays a considerable part in the last day of a student's university career, with which we have now to deal. If all has gone well with him, if he has passed his examinations and has not been sent back to resume his studies, he will don his evening dress in the early part of the afternoon and will repair to the University buildings, attended by two friends in whose hands all the arrangements for the day have been placed, and who are called *Paranympus Primus* and *Paranympus Secundus*. On his arrival, he will be shown into the professor's presence and he will then be called upon to defend his book against the attacks of these learned men. If the book is of exceptional merit, he will be asked to

defend it in public, but this very rarely happens. The defence concluded, his most intimate friends are called into the room and the professor gives him his degree, accompanying the presentation with a speech which will be complimentary, or the reverse, according to the merits of the case. All university degrees in Holland are presented in this manner.

The ceremony over, the student adjourns to the club-house attended by his friends and relations, and there he receives the congratulations of all his acquaintances. The congratulations and the inevitable toasts, without which no Dutch ceremony is complete, last for a couple of hours or so, and the whole party then repairs to a restaurant for dinner. These dinners are exceedingly long and elaborate affairs. They begin at seven o'clock and last till three in the morning, while the donor is generally called upon to disburse some £120 before all the expenses are paid. Not only his most intimate university friends but also his male relations, his father, his uncles, his brothers, and his cousins are invited, and nobody who is lucky enough to receive an invitation to one of these dinners ever refuses it except for some exceedingly urgent reason, for they are memorable occasions. There is no undue hurrying over the courses. The guests sit down in the happy knowledge that they have the whole evening before them and they discuss the meal at their leisure. Indeed, when ten o'clock arrives they have, as a rule, only just disposed of the fish. Then, however, a brief adjournment is made to the reception-room, where the guests smoke their cigars, drink a cup of coffee and a liqueur, and indulge, perhaps, in a little music or dancing, exactly as if the dinner was over. But the most important part of the festivities is still to come.

On a return being made to the dining-room the remaining courses of the dinner are served in the leisurely manner which characterised the earlier part of the proceedings and, while they are being served, the orators deliver their speeches. First Paranympus Primus rises to his feet and dilates upon the many gifts of the newly fledged Doctor. Then Paranympus Secundus follows with a neat eulogy of the parents who brought such a genius into the world. These are the only official speeches of the evening, but when they are over the tongues of all are loosed and wag freely. Speech follows speech till midnight brings the dessert and, with it, another ceremony which is entirely peculiar to the Dutch universities. The two Paranympuses (if I may be allowed so irregular a plural) have spent a good many days in the preparation of an account of the university career of the hero of the occasion. This they inscribe, partly in prose, partly in verse, and partly in pictures, on a large sheet of paper, at the head of which is a portrait of their host, while the inscription is so arranged that the centre of the sheet is left blank. On this blank space all the guests as they arrive write their names and, the moment that this collection of autographs is complete, the sheet is sent off to the printer who reproduces it in type with such dispatch that it is ready for distribution among the guests when midnight strikes.

And now Paranympus Primus finds himself face to face with a very difficult and delicate task. For it is his duty to read aloud and explain all the allusions contained in the inscription, and he must do this in such a manner that, while his meaning is perfectly clear to the university students, not a word that he utters must convey to the stern

father the idea that the career of his young hopeful has been anything but irreproachable. The Paranympus must, in consequence, exercise great circumspection in the performance of his task, and so well does he acquit himself that, as a rule, the father knows no more about his son's life at the end of the dinner than he knew at the beginning, to the great relief of the son, who often feels a little nervous at these ceremonies.

This done, the assembled guests bind their napkins about their heads and are photographed by flashlight. As everyone knows, a small room is unbearable after a flashlight photograph has been taken, so the guests form a procession and march to the club-house, hanging on to one another's coat-tails. The procession is attended by torch-bearers and musicians, and is headed by Paranympus Primus who carries a large model of the hero of the feast, or of his native home, which is fashioned out of toffee. It is supposed to be his duty to convey the model intact into the club-house, but he seldom succeeds in doing so owing to an unaccountable unsteadiness in his legs, and the model generally arrives in fragments at its destination where portions of it are promptly annexed by any one who happens to be present as mementoes of the auspicious occasion. Having arrived at the club-house, the procession executes an elaborate steeplechase over a long table, the bar, and through a series of wine-cellars, by the end of which it is usually reduced to a state of prostration. Then for an hour or so, the club-house is a scene of revelry. Champagne flows like water, impromptu speeches are the order of the day, and every one congratulates every one else, with or without reason. When the room at the restaurant is deemed to be cleared of the smoke

caused by the efforts of the photographer, those who care to do so return there and, true to their leisurely methods, spend some two or three hours over a second dessert, at the conclusion of which the party comes to an end, and the host finishes his university career.

There is one point on which we have not yet touched, and that is the great masquerade. Each of the universities has a masquerade once in every five years, and, as there are five universities, one masquerade takes place every year. These masquerades last for a week, and in splendour far outdo any similar institution that we have in England. Even coronation festivities are nothing to them. Almost every member of the university (always excepting the Pigs) takes part in the masquerade, and the minimum expense entailed, for dresses and entertainments, is £30, roughly speaking. For that sum, however, it is only possible to take a very modest share in the proceedings. Most of the actors in the masquerade spend far more, while the expenses of the King of the Carnival may run into thousands.

The masquerade always represents some event famous in history, and the utmost pains are taken by the committee, to whom all the arrangements are entrusted, to ensure the absolute accuracy of the dresses. The designs, copied from old books and pictures, are executed in Paris, and it would be difficult to discover the slightest error in any of the costumes from that of the King himself to his humblest groom. It is, of course, left to the students themselves to decide what part they will play. The poorer among them masquerade

as footmen and serving-men, the richer as knights and nobles, the richest of all as the King. In spite of the enormous expense entailed there is never any difficulty in finding some one who is willing to play the part of King, and indeed, the position is not without honour. He is, for a week, a king in fact as well as in name. He is magnificently dressed and well mounted; costumes and horses alone, indeed, will probably cost him £500. He takes a house and furnishes it sumptuously, and there he holds his court. He gives state banquets and state balls to all his followers who, during the week, call him *sire* and treat him as if he were actually a king. His name is known throughout the length and breadth of the land, and his doings are reported in all the newspapers. He is, in fact, the man of the hour, and it is easy to imagine that those who have the money to spare are eager to fill so exalted a position.

Inter-university rivalry, as we understand it, is almost unknown in Holland. Once a year a sort of university regatta is held at Delft, while in the winter skating competitions take place. Otherwise, however, the universities do not compete with one another in any way.

Regarded as a whole, the Dutch university system works very well indeed. Though he indulges in periods of dissipation, the average Dutch student really reads extremely hard, harder, probably, than the average English student; and the fact that he is perfectly free to work or not as he pleases only seems to urge him on as a rule to aim at higher things.

J. DOUGLAS HOARE.

SOME CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM.

No age has ever been entirely homogeneous. Every generation has contained men who belonged rather to the past or the future. Thus in listening to the chorus of dead voices, most easily becoming vocal once more in the literature of an age, we are often aware of men born out of due time, whose voices mingle strangely with their fellows', just as, pausing at the western end of a great cathedral, we may hear notes, re-echoed down the arches, mingling strangely with the actual notes of the choir. Most ages have some especial tone or quality; very often these belated or prophetic voices are perceptible only to the curious, so faint are their echoes; and how many of them have ceased to echo altogether! So that, in such cases, all that we can hear now is the dominant harmony, repeated in every form of art and every form of life; as when, for instance, we consider the heroic age of Spain, the work of Parma's and Spinola's regiments, of Lope and Calderon, of Velasquez and Murillo, each in its own way resuming the hopes and endeavours of the nation.

But when we turn to our own age, and the men and women who surround us, we see little but a lack of unity and a chaos of conflicting ideals. Perhaps this is because all life, even that of a young child, when looked at closely, is seen to be far too complex to admit of any simple formulas which the brain can devise; and the main outlines only grow distinct as we recede from it. So, to those who come after us, this age may appear at all events far less confused and pur-

poseless than it seems to us who live in its midst; and even now, if we look carefully, we can see a broad dividing line, on either side of which the conflicting systems may be well enough arranged. On the one side is scientific thought, aiming above all things at accuracy and precision, observing facts with untiring patience, analysing them with keen subtlety, correlating them with unexhausted energy, and hoping one day to construct a web so strong and delicate as to allow nothing cognisable to escape. On the other side is what we must call unscientific thought, sceptical of the powers of the human mind, and relying, not on the slower, more obvious processes, but on quick intuitions and the subtle chains of reasoning which may be hung from them.

This division is very old. It has appeared before in the disputes of Platonists and Aristotelians, of Realists and Nominalists. But to-day, although the division remains the same, science is new. The empirical, inductive fashion of winning knowledge, although in itself it is older than the human mind,—for how else do animals obtain their knowledge?—has at last been organised and applied to the great problems which are always awaiting their solution, and its novelty consists in the order, the concentration, the energy with which it has been and is being used, and the fruitfulness with which, alone of all methods of enquiring into the unknown, it has been followed. We have here a new and powerful arrangement of ancient elements of thought.

And just as scientific thinkers have

taken up a position which does not quite resemble any that has been taken up before, so too have some of their antagonists. Much of the unscientific thought which exists to-day is indeed a heritage which has been received without change from the past, and its opposition is merely that which it has offered already to every other form of positive speculation. This, then, we need not consider now, for it is characteristic, not of to-day when it is a survival, but of the past which has produced it. But beside it there is another school of thought, which has itself been called into existence by antagonism to science. This is new just as science is new. Just as science would raise our estimate of the human mind, so this in equal measure would debase it. Just as science, having watched the origin of our race, cannot but have a firm belief in its future, so this distrusts the future and sees in its scepticism nothing but desolation. We know that the course of every great movement varies about its ideal line by reason of a series of actions and reactions, just as the courses of the stars are traced by the resolution of a great number of conflicting forces. Those who despair of the value of the revelations which science has made and has yet to make to us, and who proclaim with its bankruptcy the failure of the human mind to understand, may only form part of a temporary reaction against a movement which is yet far from having spent its force. But if otherwise, if it is the beginning of a movement which is gathering power, its scepticism, which brings no principle to the consideration of life but that of individual judgment and no hope except that of transitory pleasure, can only have one meaning, — the failure of Western civilisation. For scepticism means impotence.

Contemporary criticism contains these same elements of thought which we have just seen in the general thought of the time. It aims at being scientific, or it does not. Where it does not, it delivers its judgments after the manner of the past, or it is influenced by the alleged failure of the last great effort of the human mind. Let us consider this a little more fully.

Criticism in England, except for a brief period when Coleridge and those he influenced submitted to the first intoxication of German philosophy, has been judicial; it has meant the judgment of the present by the past,—by the classical past at first, and later, when it was found necessary to recognise the delightful qualities of national poets, by a past less remote, more nearly resembling that which was to be judged. And the ideal which gave to the individual his standard of judgment was formed out of those qualities which seemed to him the most delightful. Naturally, then, as the field which he had to traverse became more and more extensive, the qualities which were found admirable became more and more diverse; so that the ideal of the judicial critic was gradually becoming less rigid, was gradually receiving something of a protean character.

But the progress of time, acting in another direction, was contributing to intensify this result in a second manner. While the critic was compelled to regard a literature which was becoming more and more various, he himself was being modified. The past four centuries have seen a continuously increasing complexity of mind, a continuous development of abstract ideas constantly made more subtle and exact, obscuring the elder simplicity of imagination. While a superior mind of the Elizabethan age was filled with concrete images, vivid

and precise, a superior mind of to-day is filled with abstract ideas, which cannot be vivid, and although precise, precise after another fashion. And not only this, but the modern has a new subject for earnest contemplation ; whereas the older mind looked without itself, the younger looks within ; what the one regarded as the very substance of things, the other deems to be but their reflections, the shadows they cast across the soul which only can perceive these shadows,—as we may see if we compare the literature of that age with our own, and examine the simplicity of the earlier beside the complexity of the later thought.

The two causes, the diversification of literature itself, and the corresponding diversification of the minds to which it is presented, have conspired to give the judicial critic of recent times an ideal of a strange variety and complexity. He may have lost something in depth of emotion, and no longer be stirred as at a trumpet-call by the ballad of *CHEVY CHASE*, for each tendency to emotion cannot now possess him completely, being liable to attack from a multitude of others ; but on the other hand he certainly has gained in compass of sensibility and delicacy of sentiment. He can appreciate the finer shades of literature, which before passed unnoticed or only obscurely felt, even although he may not feel the profounder differences with such intensity.

Such a critic was Walter Pater. He cared little for the obvious, and delighted in nothing so much as tracing out the suggestions of a medieval cathedral or Renaissance painting ; and when he describes a character, it is full of vague strange whispers, the subtlest legacies from those who have in any way worked together to mould it in the past. And how admirably he shows us the exact value of judicial

criticism ! While we read him we are living in an ideal world, and must be beware of bringing it into too close a comparison with brute facts, lest on a sudden the spell should lose its efficacy. We are content with taking his criticisms as they stand, imaginary portraits all of them, in which he presented the shadows of bygone men as they appeared before him, and, in so doing, materialised the wistful dreams of a soul which lived ever within itself, sparing to give hostages to life. And their value for us lies in the delight and sweetness of the character which they reveal.

But Pater, fortunately perhaps for him and for us, was almost untouched by the trouble which is attacking some of us to-day. Those from whom science has taken their old certainties without as yet supplying them with new, and for whom uncertainty is intolerable, turn away from science with disgust, but know not where else to turn. They can find no foundation which seems strong enough to build on, and this scepticism, which, as Taine says, does not form a system but is rather impotence to form a system, has had in criticism the strangest of results.

The sceptical critic, standing aloof from science, has been compelled to have recourse to some modification of the older form of judicial criticism. But here he is involved in difficulties. The elder critic, regarding beauty as a positive quality either present in a work or absent from it, considered his verdict as final if only it were in accordance with good taste, which was judged to be the same for all times and all places. But it is abundantly evident to the modern, introspective observer that the contents of the Beautiful are variable, and that a decision as to the beauty of this or that only holds good of him who gives it and those who resemble him, its value being significant and not posi-

tive. It follows then that judicial criticism is an absurdity except as a revelation of the writer's character, and in so far as it is in itself a work of art.

It has then accomplished one purpose, but not its ostensible purpose, and its virtue is an accidental by-product. The attempt to arrange genius in catalogues of precedence has failed necessarily, because the point of view, both of the critic and his readers, is unceasingly being altered by the mere progress of time. The measurement of praise and blame has never remained constant. Even with Shakespeare, qualities admired to-day were disregarded not so very long ago. It was a universally received opinion, until quite recent times, that his plots were loose and ill-constructed; a contemporary critic has devoted much labour to demonstrate that every incident, every scene, in certain selected dramas, are fitted and adjusted with as much care as the stones of an ancient Egyptian temple. Every famous author at some time has been condemned, and every forgotten writer has found some equally forgotten critic to praise him.

Both the scientific and the sceptical critic, then, agree in regarding the precise valuation of beauty as unattainable, but the latter is apparently content with the attenuated residue which remains when that has been surrendered, or rather, when as much as possible of it has been surrendered. He will no longer assign the place of merit to his subject, and he will endeavour to avoid the ridicule which now attaches to Rymer and Johnson by at all events never condemning. His is a mission of praise.

But even in this modified form such criticism remains what it originally was, a form of literature whose value depends solely upon the attractiveness of the personality which it manifests.

To avoid blame, and to abstain from ranking one author above another, indicate no change in method, but only that the method is not pursued to its logical conclusion. For after all, when one praises, one must praise more or less,—it would be unprofitable, were it possible, to praise all alike; and even though one does not blame in words, to ignore is equally significant. The judicial critic used to profess to distinguish the good from the bad in literature; now he professes only to point out the good. The only real difference between him and his successors lies, not in his method, but in his attitude towards life. And his work, like theirs, consists in an attempt, not to formulate the truth, but to discover and express some form of beauty. In other words it is artistic, and does not, except indirectly, contribute to the sum of human knowledge.

Mr. Arthur Symonds is a representative of this criticism in its latest form. He is a poet as well as a critic; and all his writings, poems, sketches of travel, and criticisms, seem inspired by the artistic need of self-expression rather than the scientific necessity of seeking truth. Here, no doubt, we have the explanation both of his criticism and of its attraction for those who regard the world with eyes like his. A poet,—that is to say, a man possessed of more than ordinary keenness and delicacy of perception, feeling acutely the joy and sadness of life, noting subtle contrasts, seizing eagerly the hidden analogies between things apparently dissimilar. Let us consider his poetical work for a moment, since it will help us the better to understand his attitude towards the work of others.

Many of his verses are sketches, as it were, direct from life. A particular scene, a sunset, a moon-rise, are described when, one would think, its

impression was still fresh and keen upon the mind, because it has aroused that feeling of "sweet sorrow" which is so often evoked by the contemplation of beauty. Such stand for a particular phase of emotion for the sake of which they are described. Besides these, we find portraits of men and women, common folk, such as may be seen any day in London or Paris,—a blind beggar, or a woman with traces of youth and innocence still lurking around her eyes—the *débris* of humanity, who interest because they are alive and the poet finds in them as everywhere the incarnation of the great mystery of life. Note too the delicacy of effects of which he is enamoured,—the portrait of one beloved and dead, glimmering more and more faintly in the growing dusk; the memory of a beautiful face borne back by music which had been listened to long ago with that beside him; the curious value of natural things, the sun and rain and flowers, seen suddenly amid the dust of a great city, and coming on one with a certain sense of surprised delight. To really please, emotion should steal over him, scarcely perceptible.

Dance always, Daughters of Herodias,
With your eternal, white, unfaltering
feet,
But dance, I pray you, so that I from
far
May hear your dancing fainter than
the drift
Of the last petals falling from the rose.

All violent emotion tends to hurt, merely with its own violence, so that all deep feeling has an undertone, often more than an undertone, of sadness and pain, mingled with a sense of the little duration of even the greatest human passion, and wild regret for the inevitable decay of all things, the most constant love failing at death.

I watch the moon rise over the sea, a
ghost
Of burning noon-tides, pallid with spent
desire,

he says, looking back on the past, in which the "strangeness of our difficult desires" so often has been answered by their final disappointment. In vain you seek consolation or distraction in wine or laughter or light loves, as epicurean poets have preached from Horace downwards; for after all, in words which Mr. Symons has put in Faustus's mouth,

We are born old,
Old in the heart, and mournful in the
brain,
Hunters of shadows.

These verses of Mr. Symons have two features of especial importance to our present purpose. In the first place, they are all written with care; they are the fruit of long meditation. When he wishes to speak through the medium of poetry, he never catches at the first expression, but waits to smooth and polish until there are not only no false rhymes or other such coarse, material defects, but not even any jaggedness of thought which he thinks the words may carry with them. In Mr. Symons's method there should be nothing of the rush and fire with which one supposes spontaneous poets, such as a Villon or a Burns, must have written; but he waits till his words seem to him to convey just what he wishes; perhaps we might say that he persuades, while Villon and Burns compelled them to their will. And this difference of method is, you notice, the exact equivalent in its own sphere to the difference between an unself-conscious and a self-conscious mind. And in the second place Mr. Symons's poems betray a deep interest in all sorts of different manifestations of life. Because a thing is contem-

porary, it does not for that lose its mystery for him, and he vindicates the poesy of modern life for which so many of us look in vain. He himself in one of his prose essays claims for Mr. Henley that he has written poetry that really is touched with the spirit of modernity; but one need only look through the two volumes of Mr. Symons's collected poems to see how often he is inspired by contemporary life, and how easily he pierces through the conventions which surround us, and finds beneath them the old hopes and fears, the old passions and desires. Sympathy with the present is commonly one of the most difficult tasks for the poet; when he can realise that the men and women who moved through the past with such grace and fragrance are of the same race as the men and women of to-day, it means that his sympathy is more than usually catholic.

The poetry of Mr. Symons, then, shows us a man who loves to distinguish the finer shades and differences of things in carefully sifted words, and whose ideal of beauty is not confined to this type or that, but ranges widely over the field of possible realities. He sees many sorts of beauty and of truth, and can make no final choice. Just because he realises "how many aspects truth has," he has not "the least interest in getting the better . . . in an argument, or in thinking of any argument as finally settled." He doubts whether things seem the same to him as to other men. In the dedication of his *CITIES* he thus speaks of the men he has known and the cities he has seen: "At least they have given me what they had to give, like the people: my part of their souls. For we can see or receive, in people or things, *only our own part of them*; the vision rising in our own eyes, the

passion rising in our own hearts,"—a reminiscence, no doubt, of Coleridge's well-known lines:

Oh lady! we receive but what we give,
And in our life alone does Nature live.

Suppose such an one, with such capacity for perceiving the beautiful in many things, and such doubts whether it may not exist in all things, that which we see by no means excluding from existence that which we cannot see; such an one, turning to criticism, has only one possible road before him. All decision with any appearance of finality is impossible to him; he cannot follow the older course of judicial criticism. Neither can he follow that of scientific criticism, which ignores beauty itself, and leads, not to its discovery, but to the analysis of those works of art in which it is supposed to reside, and the examination of its causes in them and in the mind which produced them. He therefore is compelled to enter on the way of that sceptical form of judicial criticism which I have already attempted roughly to describe.

We have seen that he is cut off from anything resembling a definitive judgment by the manifold complexity of his ideal. What then is his conception of a work of art and the critic's function in connection with it? He tells us in the dedicatory letter prefixed to his *STUDIES IN TWO LITERATURES*. Addressing Mr. George Moore, he says: "A work of art has but one reason for its existence, that it should be a work of art, a moment of the eternity of beauty." Everything, he holds, has its own particular beauty, just as it has its particular mode of existence; we may not be able to see that beauty, but that makes no difference; neither are we able to compare and say this beauty

is greater and that less, because an objective contemplation of anything is impossible, our perception of it being only relative to ourselves as we perceive it. The function of the work of art is to translate this beauty into such terms that other than artistic eyes may be able to see it also. "Whatever has been beautifully wrought," he continues, "by whatever craftsman, and in whatever manner of working, if only he has been true to himself, to his own way of realising the things he sees, that, to you as to me, is a work of art; and its recognition, its presentment to other people, who may not immediately have seen it to be what it is, becomes the delightful business of the critic." In short, the critic stands in relation to works of art in the same position as the artist in relation to the works of Nature. Each translates beauty into plainer, more obvious terms than those in which he found it. Criticism is therefore a branch of art.

From this there flows a very important consequence. Being an art, the essence of criticism cannot be taught or learnt. It depends upon an inherent predisposition. There is no progress except in the mere mechanics of art. It matters nothing what our fore-runners have thought; their agreement cannot confirm, nor their disagreement invalidate our position, because either opinion is based on pure sensation, which admits of no reasoning. We cannot get any farther. So we find Mr. Symons writing: "I have tried to give my own report of whatever I have chosen to consider; I have not even troubled to find out whether it tallies with the reports of other people who have considered the same things."

There being no progress, only change, Mr. Symons naturally disapproves of the use of the term *decadence* as applied to art. "As a matter

of fact," he says in his volume *THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE*, "the term is in its place only when applied to style, that ingenious deformation of the language, in Mallarmé, for instance, which can be compared with what we are accustomed to call the Greek and Latin of the Decadence." But it is difficult to be perfectly consistent. Pure scepticism, as Pascal said, is impossible, for otherwise the sceptic would doubt, and therefore be unable to affirm, his doubt; and so, although Mr. Symons can look on no argument as finally settled, yet Symbolism, he says, is that "in which art *returns* to the one pathway, leading through beautiful things to the eternal beauty." It is perhaps a little unreasonable to wish to apply the term *symbolist* exclusively to that movement in literature which we are accustomed to connect with the name of Paul Verlaine. All art necessarily has had a basis of symbolism, and works of art have ever been valued, not for themselves but for their capacity of suggesting something not themselves. Even the offending leader of the Parnassians, Leconte de Lisle himself, is profoundly symbolistic. Every figure he has drawn is a type with a multiplicity of applications. Even his animals, dogs wailing at the moon on the deserted shore, or elephants passing slowly and sadly through their primeval forest, are really nothing but representations of certain phases of human thought. Otherwise they would be incomprehensible, meaningless, to every human mind. What differentiates Verlaine from Leconte de Lisle is not that the one seeks symbols and that the other neglects them; but that the chosen symbols of the former are vague, and as it were, universal; of the latter restricted and concrete. "*Pas la couleur, rien que la nuance*," Verlaine writes; and his poems, where we often

find shade merging into shade with no definite transitions, reflect this modern type of mind with its vague ideals and universal longings. "There are poems of Verlaine," Mr. Symons says, "which go as far as verse can go to become *pure music*." We might say that no doubt it was great progress to have verse divested of sense, were it not so common a phenomenon; but perhaps it is juster to say that, as we have had poets who aimed at imitating the effects of a statue or a painting, so now we have those who would reproduce the effects of Wagner's orchestral music.

As I have said, the sceptical critic does not dare to blame; he is not sufficiently sure of himself to be able to condemn. Mr. Symons does so rarely. He keeps his hardest words for Zola, and indeed it is scarcely surprising. Heap horror on horror, and in the end you will either dull or disgust the mind. "We are shown too much wretchedness," says a French critic of this variety of literature, "too many crimes; passions grown over-great, and dashed violently together, flaunt their ravages too insufferably." But he even thus speaks of Leconte de Lisle: "The self which he expresses through so many immobile masks is almost never a realisable human being, who has lived and loved. Thus it is not merely that all this splendid writing, so fine as literature in the abstract, can never touch the multitude, but that for the critic of literature also there is a sense of something lacking." But, he has told us, "we can see or receive, in people or things, only our part of them." On his own principles, the fault should lie, not in the poet, but in the critic and the multitude, and, no doubt, in them who are to come after. Their eyes are dulled and they cannot see.

And this is the end of judicial

criticism. The literary ideal, which was once definite and limited, has tended to become indefinite and universal, so that it affords no basis for judgment and comparison of merits. Its only function now is that of journalistic selection for the benefit of a contemporary public. All it tells us is certain details of the critic's autobiography; he has delighted in this, he has grown irritated over that,—details whose importance depends solely on the critic's personality. But if the expansion of the literary ideal has destroyed judicial criticism, it has rendered scientific criticism possible. Beauty lying in everything if only we had eyes to see, it will matter little whether we have eyes to see it or not; it must be there equally in either case. Consequently one need not trouble about it, or play the part, with Mr. Symons, of door-keeper in her house. We shall not admit this one and deny that, because all have an equal right to entrance, an equal right to such altars as their admirers choose to raise. The Temple of Beauty is, as it were, full of countless altars; before some of them there are eager throngs of worshippers, while on others the fire has died for lack of ministrants; but none, even though covered with dead ashes, may be broken down, for who can tell when a new worshipper may come with fresh incense and unfaded garlands?

The scientific critic is not then a judge of beauty. His aims, whether higher or lower, are different. He would form an inductive science to explain, not what the ideal literature should be, but why literature is what it is. He desires neither to praise or blame, he wishes only to *understand*. He may proceed in two ways. He may regard the work itself or its psychological significance.

The one method, then, is to regard the work itself exclusively. This has

at least many excellent claims to validity, which are all set forth at length in Professor Moulton's *SHAKESPEARE AS A DRAMATIC ARTIST*, a well-known and remarkable book. According to his theory also the critical search for beauty is vain. But since literature, —for Mr. Moulton narrows the issue down to the question of literary criticism, while theories, such as Mr. Symons's, apply to all the imitative arts,—offers us a definite series of facts which are observable and susceptible of analysis, these facts must be capable of affording us the basis of a science, the science of inductive criticism. "If there is an inductive science of economy, men's voluntary actions in pursuit of wealth, why," he very pertinently asks, "should there not be an inductive science of art, men's voluntary actions in pursuit of the beautiful?" We are, then, to take these facts, the works of literary art, and subject them to a searching analysis. We shall not enquire whether this or that page be beautiful; but we shall examine its contents and their relations with what precedes and what follows. We shall conduct our analysis on two main lines, examining the work as regards its matter and its structure. We shall classify works as they vary from one or the other of these two aspects. We shall be particularly interested in watching their modifications, and tracing the subtle changes by which one species is merged in another. Finally we shall aim at writing the physiology of literature; and our work will be so securely founded that, once the survey is complete, posthumous criticism will only have to deal with the new forms that may appear.

And Mr. Moulton not only intimates this in the introduction to his book, but he practises his doctrines in a manner that is highly interesting. Perhaps sometimes he is a little incon-

sistent with himself, in his treatment of Shakespeare's "reduction of difficulties," for example. A reduced difficulty can hardly be other than a beauty, an unreduced difficulty than a fault; and as he himself says with perfect truth, the inductive critic has nothing to do with faults and beauties. But these are trifles. He seems indeed to have succeeded almost entirely in separating, as he says, interest and perception of beauty, and by beauty he means nothing more than the qualities of a literary work. He thus analyses the structure of the Psalms, regarding them as so much literature; or he examines in detail examples of the Shakespearean drama; or he traces the development of the ancient classical stage: but he always treats only questions of fact, such as any one of no matter what degree of culture may verify for himself. Here, you observe, there is no question of neglecting one's predecessors; their assertions must be tested, but once they are seen to be in accordance with the phenomena they describe, there is an end; if they are true, there is so much the less labour remaining to be accomplished.

But this criticism deals with the creature, not the creator. Shakespeare is not analysed, but *LEAR* and *OTHELLO* and *THE TEMPEST*. Their structure; the various actions which the plot contains, and their relations one with another; the motive force which carries on the drama from the beginning of its action to the end,—such are the facts which are presented and classified. The problem suggested to us is not the peculiar force and charm of Shakespeare's drama; Sophocles is not presented as the bloom of the Attic tragedy, budding in *Æschylus* and fading in *Euripides*; but Mr. Moulton applies to their works a keen analysis, rigorously classifying the varieties of action, and curiously de-

composing the passion which arises, not in the spectators, but in the characters themselves.

This is certainly science, and equally certainly it is criticism; but this method, were it single, would unduly restrict the field of criticism. It deals only with the structure, and indeed Mr. Moulton seems peculiarly interested in the structure of a work of art. It is for this reason, one supposes, that he has selected the drama for especial treatment, since its structure is so easily traceable, and it offers him such convincing instances of literary development. And perhaps this explains, too, the value which he assigns to translations from the classical languages. I think he would say that their use resembled the study of a plaster cast where the original statue was unobtainable; and of course the structure of a work is entirely reproducible in a translation, even down to the variations of metre which are so prominent in Greek drama. But the structure of a play is not the whole play; it forms, as it were, only its skeleton. A work may be perfectly articulated, and yet be dead. There are certain differences in structure between *ALL FOR LOVE*, and *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*, but it is impossible to assert that these are the only differences. Piero de' Medici set Michael Angelo to mould figures of snow. Their beauty lasted for a day, but the world still pauses before the figures of *Twilight* and *Dawn* in the *Sacristy* of San Lorenzo.

Here is a problem which Mr. Moulton does not attempt to solve, yet this too is surely susceptible of scientific treatment. It is the psychology of literature, as the other is its physiology. Its function is to determine and analyse the conditions under which the relation of beauty arises between the reader and the work. Here too we have a series of facts;

on the one side the work, on the other the reader, and uniting them, the sentiment of beauty. It is the aim of the psychological critic to discover the terms common to the one side and the other of the equation; and the result of his work will show, not literary, but psychological development. Taine, of course, has given us the great example of this in his *HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE*, but elsewhere, in his *PHILOSOPHY OF ART*, he complicates, and indeed violates, his method by an attempt to find a basis of secure judgment. Beauty, he says, is not a positive quality; men find it, some here, some there; and we cannot tell which of them are right. Beauty consists in a certain relation between the reader and the book read. But since there are many characteristics common to men of all ages, we may formulate a type to which all men will more or less approach, and from which we may conclude what qualities in a work of art will produce most widely that relation which we describe as beauty. In this manner, through a sufficiently severe analysis, we may formulate a true science of aesthetics. It was a brilliant idea; but unhappily Taine ignored the fact that the human race does not vary about any fixed type, developing now in one direction, now in another; but it moves steadily away from primitive man towards some type of which we can form no conception. His theory, then, like that of the judicial critic, may hold good for the past and the present, but not for the future.

But in spite of Taine's later effort to formulate a criterion of beauty, his earlier method was extremely valuable, if not for its positive results, at least for its suggestiveness. His knowledge of England and English literature, as a recent writer has pointed out, was not, and indeed from the nature of the case could hardly

be, sufficient for the accomplishment of a work which we might accept as definitive. But his was the earliest example of a new method of treating literature, and Mr. Courthope's *HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY* shows us how productive this new method may be. This work, too, is only a sketch of what the final psychological treatment of literature will mean. The sketch must be filled in: in many points, no doubt, it will be modified; and we must still wait awhile for those who will accomplish the work which Mr. Courthope and Mr. Moulton have begun. But we shall not wait in vain, for the history of the

mind is the history of its triumphant conquest and organisation of the brute facts which surround and are presented to it. These facts are slowly perceived. It takes time to catch the full significance of their relations one to another. And when the facts are obscure, as they are in all the moral sciences, there must be many premature attempts to classify and correlate them. But sooner or later, even these evasive facts of the moral world must surrender something of their secret; and only those who lack the self-contained strength of expectation rashly despair of the final co-ordination of the facts of art.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

BIRDS' NESTS AND THEIR ENVIRONMENT.

THE diversity and beauty of the commonest birds' eggs to be found in any half acre of country garden or woodland have long impressed themselves upon observant people as facts which invited some comment, and successive explanations have accordingly been forthcoming which reflect pretty accurately the way in which we have changed our general attitude towards the world of Nature about us. Forty or fifty years back all such questions were considered fully disposed of by replying that the architecture of birds' nests and the colours and the markings of birds' eggs were made beautiful and various in order to give gratification to man's natural taste for beauty and variety. It had not then occurred to anybody to think of "man's place in the universe" as a question which admitted of any two answers, or to consider that man's ideas of beauty might after all have been shaped according to the pattern of what he saw in the world around him. Nowadays we have given up the view that flowers are sweet-scented, or ants industrious, merely for the purpose of stimulating our own olfactory or moral sense; and every intelligent Board School child has the theory of "protective mimicry" ready upon the tip of its tongue to explain why a blackbird's eggs are speckled and green, and a plover's spotted and brown.

We are right, no doubt, in accepting this principle of protective mimicry as the main controlling power in the innumerable variations of colour and markings in birds' eggs. But it is perfectly clear and plain that there

are also dozens of cases in which the principle in its bare and positive shape does not hold good at all. Everybody who has ever tried to find a plover's nest knows very well how wonderfully the eggs are safeguarded from the eyes of their enemies by their likeness to the brown clods among which they lie. But it is equally obvious that there is no sort of imitative effect about the white egg of the kingfisher, or barn-owl, or stock-dove as it lies in its natural situation in a black nest-hole. Nor can it be said that there exists any real protective similarity between the blue, black-speckled eggs of the common thrush and the brown mud lining of its nest, or between the pale blue, purple-spotted egg of the bullfinch and the dusky fibrous cushion on which it rests. The number of cases in which the human eye finds any difficulty in distinguishing birds' eggs from their natural surroundings is in fact proportionately very small, and such cases are almost invariably those in which the eggs, like the plover's, are laid away from all cover on the bare and open ground. And if we human beings find no difficulty in distinguishing them, it is hardly to be supposed that the eyes of squirrels and weasels and jays and magpies, and other egg-eating animals and birds, will be any worse off. The likelihood, in fact, is all the other way. It is plain therefore that the principle of protective mimicry cannot be accepted in the indiscriminating fashion in which it is wont to be applied by what is known as popular science, and many of the necessary

qualifications and exceptions are particularly interesting and curious.

No surprise need be felt that the white eggs of the owl and woodpecker and stock-dove, to take three out of many instances, show no similarity in colour to their surroundings in their dark nest-hole, for the high degree of safety of such a situation makes further protection unnecessary. Not even the sea-bird on an inaccessible crag is safer from interference with its eggs and young than the woodpecker or wryneck in its nest deep in the heart of an ash or beech in a Surrey spinney. At the other end of the scale of what may be called structural security come all the different kinds of plovers, the dunlins and redshanks and the whole race of shore-birds, with the nightjar of the inland heaths and commons, and many others besides; and all these birds, which lay their eggs with not so much as a leaf or wisp of grass to shield them, lay eggs accordingly which it puzzles the keenest eye to detect as they lie on their bed of naked earth or shingle. Between these two extremes, in the scale of structural protection, come the whole army of birds, great and small, which build nests in trees and bushes and the grass and herbage of the meadows and bank-sides. Roughly speaking, all these birds, which include many of the commonest and best-known British species as well as some of the rarest, lay eggs midway between the highly protective pattern of the plovers and nightjars and the absolutely non-protective and unspotted type of the owls and woodpeckers and stock-doves. Thus it appears that British birds' eggs, which offer a very complete and representative field of study, fall, one may say, into three classes, and that the imitative principle is operative in three different degrees, according to the particular need of each class for

highly specialised protection of this sort. First come the eggs which are snugly laid away in holes, and these are white and not imitative at all; then come those which are laid in nests more or less well hidden in trees or grass or bushes, and these are spotted and speckled in a way which makes them a good deal less conspicuous in their surroundings than they would be if they were white, but which are none the less very far from indistinguishable to any ordinary eyesight; and thirdly, there are those of the very highly imitative class which are laid absolutely in the open, and are consequently wholly dependent for safety upon their likeness to their environment.

This then is the rule, and it is found to hold good in a general way of the eggs and nesting habits of every British bird. Though there are numerous exceptions, many of them can be seen to prove the rule in a very conspicuous manner by showing just why they are exceptions, and that they transgress for a perfectly good reason. Certain other cases, however, remain fascinating mysteries which we can hardly hope to solve till we can enter a good deal more closely than we can with our present knowledge into the life of birds and their natural enemies at nesting-time. The most obvious departures from the general rule are found, to begin with, in that fairly numerous class of eggs, such as the nuthatch's and those of the great, blue, cole, and marsh tits, which though laid in holes in trees or rocks or other such safe and secret situations are not pure white at all, but spotted, and so would seem to belong to the second or partially imitative class. But the violation of the rule, though obvious, is as a matter of fact more apparent than real. A great tit's or nuthatch's egg

is perfectly white in its ground-colour, instead of being tinted green or red or brown, like the great majority of the eggs which are laid in nests built in trees or bushes, such as the larks' and finches' and buntings'; and the reddish spots are so light and small that they only modify to a very slight extent the general tone of whiteness. These reddish freckles represent the earliest step in protective development from pure white, and the same type is presented by the eggs of the tree-creeper, which builds its wisp of a nest in cunningly concealed cracks and crevices, but not, as a rule, in a positive tunnel, like the woodpecker and sandmartin, and also in the case of the wren and the willow-warbler and long-tailed tit, which nest among bushes and herbage, but build elaborate roofed-in dwellings which hide the eggs so effectually from view that imitative protection is hardly required at all. Very often, too, there will be as many pure white eggs in a wren's or long-tailed tit's nest as spotted ones, which also goes to show that this speckled pattern is the earliest departure from the pure white type, and represents a stage in which the necessity of protective modification is not yet fixed and definite. Much more difficult to account for satisfactorily are the blue eggs, of which the hedge-sparrow's is the commonest, and perhaps the most beautiful, example. Blue eggs are found in almost every sort of situation, and in each case they offer a different puzzle. Some of them, such as the starling's and the wheatear's, are safely hidden away in the snuggest and darkest of nest-holes, and there seems no reason at all why they should not be white like the kingfisher's or sandmartin's. Others, like the hedge-sparrow's and whinchat's, are built in bush-nests, without seeming to conform in the

slightest degree to the requirements of the situation. There is hardly the remotest degree of protective imitation to be observed, for instance, in the case of the hedge-sparrow's eggs, or in that of the common thrush's, which for practical purposes are also blue, their spots being rarely numerous enough to tone down the ground-colour. Then, too, there are the heron's, which are laid on great masses of sticks and roots exposed in the tree-tops even weeks before the leaves come. It has sometimes been supposed that our own sense of colour may be different in certain respects from that possessed by many animals, just as it has been actually proved by experiments that whole tribes of savages are extensively colour-blind, when tried by familiar tests. If it were one day to be discovered that magpies and squirrels were similarly blind to blue, we should then have an explanation of how it comes to be possible for the hedge-sparrow to go on laying those conspicuous-looking eggs of hers with perfect impunity. But even so, we should be as far as ever from understanding how it is worth while for wheatears and starlings to lay blue eggs, when other hole-building birds get along perfectly well with white ones.

The most striking exception of all to the main rule, perhaps, is seen in the case of the common woodpigeon or ringdove, and its smaller congener the turtledove, which visits our country only for the nesting-season. These two birds lay perfectly white eggs, which seem to need all the protection of the woodpecker's hewn tunnel or the sandmartin's burrowed gallery, and yet they are deposited upon the flat platforms of singularly open and conspicuous nests roughly thrown together in a bush or tree. Nothing could be easier to detect than the woodpigeon's large white eggs on

their bed of black dry twigs; they seem equally conspicuous either in deep shadow or the chequered sunlight that often falls upon them through the foliage, and one wonders how the birds can have come to nest in places apparently so unsuitable, or why, if this is the nesting-place which is natural to them, their eggs are not spotted like those of the rooks and blackbirds and chaffinches and all other birds that build among leaves and branches. The explanation seems to be this, and it illustrates the rule in a very remarkable way. The woodpigeon and the turtledove have in all probability only taken quite lately, as time goes in science, to building their nests in trees and bushes, and they retain the type of egg which was accommodated to their earlier practice of nesting in holes and crannies, as the rest of their family do at the present day. The rock-pigeon, for instance, the species which was domesticated at a very early date indeed and from which all our varieties of house-pigeon are derived, still nests, as is indicated by its name, in holes in cliffs and the sides of caves, while the fourth British species, the stock-dove, lays its eggs in the clefts and hollows of trees. Even now the woodpigeon often betrays a lingering affection for the old habit of hole-building, for it is fond of nesting in the hollow of a thick ivy-bush, which is almost as dark and well concealed a situation as any hole in a rock-face or ancient elm. But a much clearer indication of recent change of habit is given by the extraordinary roughness and alightness of the nests of both the woodpigeon and the turtledove. These haphazard platforms, through which the eggs can often be seen from below, would be a perfectly sufficient and satisfactory style of architecture for nests built on the solid floor of a hole in

a rock or tree, and are, in fact, almost exactly the sort of nest which birds in such situations do build. The woodpigeon and turtledove have changed their choice of a nesting-site, but in the infinite slowness of Nature's processes their racial capacity for nest-building, and their eggs of the common racial type, have as yet not changed to correspond.

The principle of protective mimicry displays itself not only in the likeness of the eggs to their surroundings, but in the plumage of the incubating bird, and sometimes in the design of the nest itself. Many nests, of course, resemble their surroundings very closely indeed, and it is likely to remain for long a question of dispute among naturalists how far the birds that build such nests deliberately and consciously make them blend with their surroundings by use of the same or similar coloured material, and how far the habit is merely one transmitted hereditarily, and formed originally by the same principle of the survival of the fittest as developed the imitative colouring in the case of the eggs which most needed such a safeguard. Most people know the nest of the chaffinch, and the beautiful way in which its smooth outer walls are usually roughcast, so to speak, with shining lichens pulled from the trunk and branches of trees. When a chaffinch's nest is built, as it very often is, in the boughs of an apple or other lichen-covered tree, the coat of lichen naturally makes it hard to distinguish from its surroundings, and the protective effect is consequently very considerable. But when the nest is placed among ivy, or in a holly-bush, or, as is sometimes the case, in a tall and straggling gorse-stem, the coating of lichen is still, as a rule, retained, though it then makes the nest much more conspicuous than if it was dropped. In

a small percentage of cases the chaffinch does do without this coating of lichens, and the nest is then, to outward view, a cup of green moss. If this type were always adopted when the nest was built in gorse or ivy, and the lichens added when there were also lichens on the adjacent branches, the protective scheme would be completely and properly carried out; but as a matter of fact, when these unlichened nests occur, they are just as likely as not to be found resting against the trunk of an oak or elm which is thickly covered with the grey parasitic growth. Here, again, as we saw in the case of the eggs, the principle of protective imitation is not carried out fully and completely; it remains no more than a strong general tendency. It is far less general, too, in the case of nests than of eggs; most birds rely for the safety of their nests on concealing them altogether among the foliage, or on the defence of their own beaks and wings and claws, rather than on protective assimilation of this kind.

Such are the imitative provisions, somewhat partial and incomplete in their incidence, which safeguard the nesting arrangements of birds which build in the cover of trees, bushes and herbage of every sort and kind. It is the birds in this class which are the nest-builders *par excellence*, and produce the many beautiful structures which for diversity and ingenuity are hardly surpassed in the whole range of animal life.

Passing to the third group, those which lay their eggs on the bare and open soil with hardly anything in the nature of a nest at all, we find a strikingly different set of provisions for the safe hatching and rearing of the young. It is obvious, to begin with, that in this case it is not sufficient that the eggs, as we have already noticed, should be almost

invisible from their likeness to their surroundings; the sitting bird must be made equally hard to detect, or else they will only be safe during the few days before incubation begins, or in the short intervals afterwards when she is absent from the nest during her hasty meal-times. Something also must be done to protect the young ones, hatched on the bare and naked ground, during the early stages of their growth. The invisibility of many of these ground-nesting birds when sitting on their eggs is even more remarkable than the way in which the surroundings are imitated in the colour and markings of the eggs themselves. Protective imitation in Nature is effected, broadly speaking, in two different ways. The first is when one organism definitely assumes the appearance of another, as in the well-known case of the "stick" and "leaf" insects, or of the numerous other insects which, though unarmed or good for food themselves, escape the attacks of enemies owing to their close external resemblance to distinct species which are provided with stings, or are otherwise indigestible or unsavoury. By the second method what is aimed at is not definiteness of appearance but indefiniteness, and the imitator escapes observation by merging and blurring its own individual shape and outline into the general scheme of its surroundings. It is well known how difficult it is to detect a hen pheasant on her nest, and how readily the eye will pass her over as part of the mottled leaf-carpet of the covert; and a very large number of other birds owe their safety and that of their eggs at nesting-time to the same protective device. The play of light and shadow is as useful as actual contrasts of colour and outline in producing a broken mottled effect which the plumage of the bird can simulate;

and this principle is of course a great safeguard to many birds at other times besides the breeding-season. Even birds of the most bold and conspicuous markings, such as the oystercatcher or sheldrake, will often become invisible at a very little distance, when resting on the shore, or swimming on the tide; the light patches in their plumage drop out of sight, their whole outline seems to fall to pieces, and the dark markings become stones, wisps of seaweed, shadows of ripples on the water, or a dozen things more. The only point that betrays a sitting bird at close quarters is her small, bright, beady eye, and this is very easily overlooked even by anyone who is actually on the search for it. Very perfect is the imitative protection in the case of such a bird as the nightjar, when it lays its eggs in its characteristic haunts in a stony wood or common. While the bird is sitting, there is to all appearance nothing but the mottled expanse of dry earth and short heather and general litter of dry sticks and leaves and gorse-needles; put her up, and while she flits round in perfect silence or sits lengthways in her own fashion on some rail or bough, one sees how one might have passed by the pair of marked eggs a hundred times, and never noticed anything but the stained, rounded flint-pebbles that are scattered all about. The imitation is complete in either case.

The safety of the young of these ground-building birds during the early days of their existence is secured by a special provision which exempts them altogether from the callow and helpless stage which is passed by most young birds in the nest. It would obviously not be sufficient any longer to make the young ones invisible in their surroundings, as was enough for the eggs and the sitting hen, for no

amount of protective imitation could conceal the young family if the parents were constantly coming and going with food. The young birds of this class, which includes, of course, our farmyard ducks and chickens, and in fact all our domestic birds except pigeons, are very different in general development and appearance at the age of a few days from the helpless nestlings of doves or finches or swallows; and speaking generally they are as attractive-looking as the others are the reverse. They go through a stage of youthful high spirits something like the period of puppy or kittenhood, whereas other young birds, though sometimes quaint and interesting little objects in their way, pass straight from infantile apathy to adult sobriety and shrewdness. But despite all their parents' care and their own activity and resourcefulness, the mortality among them during the first two or three weeks of their existence is very great, much greater than among those birds which pass a sheltered infancy in the nest; and this is probably the reason why many of these ground-nesting birds lay more eggs than the average number.

In all these relations of bird-life it is possible to detect protective principles of the greatest importance and interest, though they are visibly operative in different degrees, and over a varying extent of the whole field which offers itself to our view. But owing to the vast number of interacting influences which are involved, and the infinite slowness with which Nature adjusts her balance, there still remains much that we cannot as yet pretend to account for, or to fit into any connected system of explanation in the light of the knowledge that we have so far gained.

JAN.

I MADE Jan's acquaintance in Amsterdam. He lived in a very small street with a very long name, somewhere between the Kalverstraat and the Singel. He was not a handsome man. He was short, and his arms were very long; his lank hair was the colour of unripe corn, in his eyes was the passionless blue of skimmed milk, and his complexion was pale brown; his nose, in profile, was almost an equilateral triangle. It was impossible to guess his age; he might have been at any year between seventeen and seventy.

I forget how we first met. Jan's figure in his blue blouse, much-patched trousers, high black cap and wooden shoes, is as closely woven into the background of my Dutch experiences as are the windmills and canals in the scenery.

Jan's profession, or professions, perplexed me. He was never a week out of work, but he was rarely at the same work for a week. Sometimes he was a gardener and worked in the Vondel Park; at other times I saw him on the dam much occupied with the tram-lamps; now he would get a job on a barge, either unloading or punting; and then he would play ferryman on the Amstel; occasionally, during the vegetable season, he would repair to the home of his grandmother at Zaandam, and hawk new potatoes with a barrow drawn by his grandmother's dogs.

I had drifted to Amsterdam on a tour round some of the European picture-galleries. I meant to stay three days and see the Night Watch and the Ryks Museum. I stayed

three months, and saw, under Jan's guidance, a good deal of the national life,—the peasant life, that is to say, for in these days wealth eclipses race-traditions and has a nationality of its own, levelling its subjects to a cosmopolitan routine of hotels, where German waiters, French cooking, and English upholstery generate an atmosphere that defies latitude and longitude, and relegates the colour and flavour of locality to the working classes. Jan showed me the picturesque side of Dutch life; if it were the under-side, it was not his fault that civilisation sweeps what is picturesque from the surface. He also imparted to me a fairly useful smattering of his somewhat intricate mother-tongue, and incidentally all the bad language thereof.

I was introduced to the household of Jan's grandmother, who lived in a little green wooden house in sight of a forest of windmills, and whose wrinkled face in its frame of a crisp white cap suggested a Rembrandt canvas. I was introduced to Jan's great chum, a villainously dirty diamond cutter in the Ghetto, and to the drunken skipper of a clumsy peat barge from the north,—but they do not belong to this story.

I always meant to return to Holland; but I had to work hard, and money was scarce. The months melted into years and I remained in London.

About five years after my idle holiday in the byways of Amsterdam, my work took me daily to the Reading Room of the British Museum, and my income necessitated my making

my home in a dingy room over a small baker's shop in the Tottenham Court Road. It was a very small shop. Two shelves round it held the loaves of bread, bags of flour, and tins of biscuits that were the whole stock-in-trade. In the window were displayed trays of sticky buns and unappetising slabs of cake. A red label on the door advertised the fact that afternoon tea was served at the round, marble-topped, rickety table at the back of the shop in front of the counter.

When I returned from my work at six every afternoon, I had tea at the rickety marble-topped table, and watched Mrs. Garford, the mistress of the establishment, presiding over the counter; Mr. Garford lived downstairs with the ovens. Her treatment of customers was peculiar, though dignified. She spent her time knitting severe grey under-garments, and when the jerky door-bell announced the entrance of a patron, she raised her head with an expression of displeasure on her countenance marked enough to reduce the intruder to a state of abject apology. But at the hour when my observations were taken the customers were mostly tiny children, wizened wisps of humanity, with huge bags, making timid enquiries concerning the disposal of stale bread and broken biscuits. When times were good, or when editors paid up, I could put buns into the cold, dirty little fingers, though Mrs. Garford frowned, and complained that such proceedings encouraged a business she could very well dispense with.

One evening, as I sat over my heavy cup of tea, a little man shuffled up to the counter and demanded a halfpennyworth of stale bread. Despite the English clothes he wore I recognised his familiar gait and bearing.

"By Jove! Jan, by all that's won-

derful! Have you forgotten me, Jan?" I exclaimed.

"Hé! Mynheer Peter!" returned Jan without the slightest astonishment; but he shook hands and I think his queer face brightened a little: we had been good friends.

A pause ensued. Jan was not communicative and sought neither confidences nor interest.

"How is your grandmother, Jan?" was what occurred to me as the politest question to begin with.

"Dead," said Jan.

"Dead!" My accents were meant to convey regret and sympathy.

"Buried," added Jan firmly.

There was nothing for it but more questions.

"What made you come to London?" Jan grunted.

"What do you think of it now you're here?"

"Dirty," said Jan cheerfully, putting down his halfpenny and beginning to envelope his bread in the folds of a red handkerchief. "Damned dirty."

Further examination elicited the information that he had found employment in the work-room of a neighbouring furniture shop, and that he was living in an unsavoury slum near Windmill Street. As he passed out of the door he turned round and asked: "How goes it with you, Mynheer Peter?"

"Pretty well, thanks."

Jan grunted again, and disappeared in the human stream on the pavement, leaving me to enjoy a lecture from Mrs. Garford on the probably deplorable consequences of my association with what she, with the disarming snobbishness of a motherly woman, denounced as low acquaintances.

I saw Jan two or three times a week after that night. Our meetings were cordial, if brief; and our mutual esteem was not diminished by our mutual reserve. He always came into

the shop at the same hour, and always made the same purchase, a halfpenny-worth of bread; but one day I was surprised to hear him asking the price of every cake on view. Mrs. Garford showing herself supremely bored at this catechism, as he betrayed not the slightest intention of buying more than his one loaf, he turned to me and enquired if I were going out. From past experience of Jan's methods I interpreted the hint as an invitation and took up my hat. "I will walk a little way with you, Jan," I said. His silent acquiescence told me that I had taken my cue rightly, and we went out together.

After a little hesitation Jan crossed the road and made for the comparative seclusion of Bedford Square. We walked round it while Jan seemed to be making up his mind about something. Presently he began, in Dutch, as though he found it easier: "You will not take it amiss, Mynheer Peter, that I confide in you?"

"Rather not! What's up?" said I cheerily.

When we reached the third side of the square he blurted out: "I am married."

I was surprised to an uncomplimentary degree; but my amazement seemed to please him. He nodded with great satisfaction, and repeated, "*Ja, Ja*, I am a married man."

"Many congratulations, Jan! How long ago was the wedding?"

After some deliberation Jan replied that he had been married for three years, adding with immense pride that his wife's name was Wilhelmina.

"Then she is Dutch?"

"No, Mynheer, she is English. She has your English brown hair. She is tall,—but tall! And her eyes are large—enormous!"

Jan's gesticulations seemed to imply that his wife was as tall as the lamp-post we had just passed, and that her

eyes were the size of the square round which we were still wandering.

"You must introduce me to her, Jan," I suggested.

Murmuring something about being much honoured, he seemed to shuffle back to his usual reticence, and we parted.

The next time we met I politely enquired after Wilhelmina's health. I was informed that she was very well, and delicately led to understand that Jan expected another addition to his little family.

"Another one, Jan! Have you a child, then?"

"Two, Mynheer; a boy and a little maid, splendid children. They take after their mother; they are handsome,—damned handsome." I believe Jan was under the impression that the expletive with which he usually qualified his adjectives was the correct superlative; it was the only one I ever heard him use.

The new arrival was a girl. Jan explained that he preferred girls, and seemed to be pleased that his tastes had been consulted; though he added immediately that he was glad his eldest was a son. I asked Jan to let me see his offspring, and occasionally I sent them a few sweets or oranges; but each time that I was to be taken to Jan's home something intervened. Once I was hurriedly sent off to review a new play produced down at Brighton; once the children developed measles. Another time I was told that Wilhelmina was ill. Jan's queer little face was screwed into an anxious frown; he looked quite ill himself, and I did not see him for a fortnight. Then I met him in Charing Cross Road, looking pinched and wan, but he cheered up when I spoke to him. From the depths of a spacious pocket he produced a screw of paper, and unfurled about a yard of cheap yellow ribbon.

"I have been buying ribbon for

Wilhelmina," he said. "Wilhelmina is better and is having a new bonnet. It is to be a fine bonnet."

While he carefully folded up his treasure again I was wondering whether Wilhelmina was not a little extravagant. She had been ill; illness meant expense, and Jan looked decidedly shabby and in low water. It seemed an odd moment to buy fine new bonnets. But he seemed pleased, and it was certainly not my business, so I enquired after the babies and went on my way.

That winter was a very severe one. Each time I met Jan he looked thinner and more shrivelled. I began to suspect that he was hard up, and once I offered to lend him a little money. The sum I offered was not a large one because I happened to be exceedingly hard up myself; but Jan haughtily refused it. He had plenty of money, he said; and he added that he had a great many friends who could afford to lend him money better than I could. Jan's manners were never particularly gracious.

Two days afterwards he crossed the street to show me a toy he had purchased for his baby. It was a gaudy little ball on a piece of elastic. He had probably given a penny for it, and he showed it to me with child-like glee. My mind was a little easier about him; he looked cold, and ill, and half-starved, but I reasoned that if he could afford to buy toys for his children he could not be so poor as he appeared to be.

For some weeks after that I did not see him. Then one evening the post brought me an almost illegible scrawl on a post-card. "To Mynheer Peter—I am ill, Mynheer, very ill. Jan."

It was a raw foggy evening as I groped my way to the address at the top of the card; the street-lights shone

as faintly luminous round clouds, and the staircase up which I stumbled at the end of my journey was as dark as the street outside was dirty. Eventually I found my way into a small room at the top of the house. A woman, the parish nurse, was attending to the spark of fire in the tiny grate, and Jan lay motionless on a narrow bed.

"If you want to see him, you're only just in time," said the woman. "He's sinking fast. He has been talking, but I can't understand a word he says."

"Poor old Jan!" I exclaimed. I went across to the bed, and he opened his eyes.

"Hé, mynheer," he said very feebly. He panted for breath, and then he murmured, "About Wilhelmina."

"All right, old fellow," I said soothingly. "I'll look after Wilhelmina and the kiddies."

But he looked unsatisfied.

"Where's his wife?" I asked. "Couldn't she be here, and the children? He wants them."

"He is delirious," answered the nurse. "He hasn't got any wife or children."

Before I could contradict the woman, Jan's hand touched my sleeve.

"I was so lonely, mynheer Peter," he said apologetically, "so damned lonely."

Those were his last words.

I found the piece of yellow ribbon and the little toy carefully wrapped up and stowed away in an old wooden box. I put them into Jan's hands, and his little romance, his make-believe happiness, was buried with him.

I suppose he found comfort in impressing me with tales of his invented wife and children. Perhaps he invented his game of happiness to impress himself, and found that a spectator made it more real.

SHAKESPEARE'S BOORS.

THERE exists an enchanting theory to the effect that the true critic must be capable of emotional transfusion. It is held that analytical power consists in divination, that the accurate understanding of another is the fruit of psychical sympathy, that every great writer gains sooner or later, in one of kindred passions and tastes, his appreciative critic. It is possible that the most erudite Shakespearean expositors may have been born subsequent to their destined hours, being originally intended by the gods for toastmasters or minstrels at the Mermaid.

I lay no claim to such mysterious endowment. I am a plain man, and here expound a plain man's views. I believe our great Midlander to have been one of simple tastes and habits, yet convivial and witty, one who retained something of his shire's dialect, and revelled in recollections of his youth. At the risk of literary damnation, I confess to liking him best as a delineator of low life. I acknowledge the regal state of Hamlet and Lear, of Othello, Macbeth, and Prospero. Falstaff's tapestried chamber is above my favourite raftered room with the sanded floor and deal benches. The mere kings and queens and maids of honour, with Cassio, Petruchio, Ferdinand, Benedick and Beatrice, Orlando and Rosalind, and the rest of the glorious intriguers and lovers, I go not often amongst them. I prefer the carousals of the TWELFTH NIGHT blades, the surly devilries of the Kentish rioters, the tactics of the trio on the enchanted island, the

quips and cranks of that unmatchable army of jesters and losels. Shakespeare knew his boor, body and soul, and pictured him accordingly, blunt, eager of immediate realisation, intolerably emphatic, sensual as Silenus. The lout that Shakespeare drew I have met years ago, here and there in certain rustic localities, where God's green still lingered on the land, where sometimes a brave lad went coursing of the warrenred game by moonlight, ere all the dregs of the grand old peasantry had become shambling dolts and bilious Methodists. I have but to take up my Shakespeare to find myself back in a quaint corner of the Shires, with two or three stolid, shrewd, brave, unlettered originals who will steer the plough and walk the woods no more.

It follows that the modern Shakespearean representation, with its incessant appeal to the spectatorial instinct, its frequent exaltation of mere lordly characters, and consequent compression of the autochthonous and original, does not delight me. I chanced to hear two young people discussing a performance of *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*. "Of course," said one, "I went simply to see Mr. — as Falstaff." "Why, certainly," said the other; "it's the only thing in the play." They seemed to be under the impression that Shakespeare discovered Falstaff, but that the fat knight was quite a common, disreputable character until Mr. — took him in hand and brought him out. "The only thing in the play!" Who represented Caius,

Quickly, Evans, the evergreen Shallow, the idiotic Slender! Who personated mine Host of the Garter, a character, line for line, as good as Falstaff himself! Someone knows, no doubt, but no one seems to care. For my part, I stay away, having no wish to view my friend William's sublime etceteras thus kicked into a corner.

Are Shakespeare's boors drawn from actual life? I believe they are; I seem to *know* they are. He may have been indebted to the ancients for much of his history, to Italian and English contemporaries for some of his plots, to tarry Jacks and nimble-tongued travellers for much of his geographical lore. For Lumpkin he had but to consult his memory. Any ordinarily observant and intelligent person acquainted with the rustic Midlands some forty years or so ago will be at home with Cade's merry men, even with the clown that carries the worm to Cleopatra. The bitter old Shireland blood inspires almost every rustic utterance in the plays. Even the jesters are Midland boors in motley; they vent according to lesson the punning sophistries demanded by the Cockney groundlings, but their native spirit breaks through, unmistakable as daylight.

The Shepherd and Clown in *THE WINTER'S TALE* are undeniable Midlanders. Strike out a few archaic rusticities, and their talk might have come straight from the mouths of old people once known to me. Says the Shepherd, when he first lights on the poor deserted little Perdita: "Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne! A boy, or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one; sure some 'scape." Then, as his son, the Clown, enters, he turns to him: "If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. . . . Here's

a sight for thee; look thee. . . . Look thee here. . . . It was told me I should be rich by the fairies." Elsewhere the son says to the father, when there is like to be trouble over Perdita: "See, see; what a man you are now! . . . Show those things you found about her . . . this being done, let the law go whistle." And, again, he says to Autolycus, when that merry rogue is playing on him with a tale of highway robbery, "If you had but looked big, and spit at him, he'd have run."

Here follow a few literal Midlandisms. *Bottom*: "Say what the play treats on." *Adam*: "I have lost my teeth in your service." *Sly*: "Sit by me, and let the world slip; we shall ne'er be younger." *Pandarus*: "She fetches her breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow." *Kent*: "I have years on my back forty-eight." *Quickly*: "Have a nayword, that you may know one another's mind." *Slender*: "If I did not think it had been Anne Page, would I might never stir!" Here is old Gobbo with: "Lord worshipped might he be! what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail." Here is Touchstone, throwing aside his sententiousness, and telling of kisses showered upon Jane Smile's batlet, and the cow's dugs her pretty chopped hands had milked. Here is Davy, enquiring if anything is to be stopped from William's wages to pay for the sack he lost at Hinckley fair. Here is Enobarbus, shouting, when the trumpets blare, "Ho, says a'! There's my cap!" Here is the Nurse in *ROMEO AND JULIET* protesting, just as Granny Tyrrell used, that she is so vexed, every part about her quivers. Here are two fishermen of Pentapolis spouting Midland proverbs, and talking of whales and misers, church, steeple, and bells. Nearly all

the above is in good Midland, and only needs the clipping of the final g's, the doubling of certain vowels, and the deep, full-chested enunciation, to bring back certain bugbears and charmers of my childhood. As to characters drawn from contemporaries of the poet's youth, I fall across them everywhere. The Athenian amateurs are the village masquers rehearsing, the Roman soldiers Charnwood yeomen transmogrified, the Italian lackeys the Squire's boisterous serving-men armed with cudgel instead of sword and buckler; Charles the wrestler is the champion of the Cotswolds, Maria of Illyria my Lady's tire-woman, the porter of Inverness Castle "nae Scot at a'," but just drunken Gilbert of Tossopot Hall in Warwickshire.

The boor issues from Shakespeare's hands lumpish of aspect and in greasy jerkin clad, yet prolific of cramp sayings and luminous proverbs, and with an enduring equipment of common sense. Of ideality and veneration the lout is destitute; in his direct outlook comes nothing worthy of worship, nothing worthy of fear except the stocks, the scourge, and hunger, nothing worth much effort except ale, a stout wench, and the means of bare existence. The spirit of blunt mischief is rampant within him; he resembles nothing in Nature except the raven. He has a mighty store of defensive wisdom, which he displays only in extremity. His jests, uttered apparently in innocence, are stinging and potent as old Stilton stewed in Burton ale. His humour pierces the panoply of the knight, the elegant veneer of the fine gentleman, the cumbrous array of the bookman, fastens unerringly on the concealed weakness, and ruthlessly drags it to light. The poet seems to revel in pitting his most stately worthies against the brutal quipster; and the

result is ever disastrous to the lordly one. Orson always gets the last word,—the last word worth uttering. The First Gravedigger gets the better of Hamlet.

The convivial boors, Stephano, Sly, and Sir Toby, seem above hostile criticism. One beholds, almost smells, the drunken butler. "Come on your ways," says the oaf, tendering his bottle; "open your mouth; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you . . . open your chaps again. . . . Come. Amen! I will pour some in thy other mouth." "Prythee," when Trinculo embraces him, "do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant." When the jester boasts of his swimming powers, Stephano presents the all-deciding bottle: "Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose." Humour stares through his drunkenness like flesh through rags. When he recovers from his fright at the invisible taboring, he says, with a fat chuckle: "This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my music for nothing."

The brutal and lascivious Sly is admirably done. His defiance of the absent third-borough is the exact thing; so is his drouthy ejaculation on awaking, "For God's sake, a pot of small ale." His stolid temperament carries him securely through an ordeal intended to produce utter discomposure. He reels once into, "What, would you make me mad?" but recovers himself instantly; and it may be concluded that the supple lackeys, the mischievous page, and the frolicsome nobles, will have little the better of him in the end. He dozes during the play, and, admonished, utters the plaint that common sense, in these days of bad acting, has but too often suppressed.

Enter the great Sir Toby,—no gentleman of Illyria, but a roaring

High-Leicestershire squire of Shakespeare's day. "These clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps." "Welcome, ass," says he to the Clown, "let's have a song . . . a love-song, a love-song. . . . Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?" Then that tremendous outburst of rage and disgust at Malvolio's interference, — "Out, scab!" His objurgations punctuate the letter-scene like thunderbolts. It is intolerable that this magnificent roisterer should be so frequently presented on the modern stage as a mere tipsy lout. Shakespeare's Toby is a bluffrantipole, wide-shouldered, red-faced, thunderous of speech, valiant as a game-cock. "Back you shall not," says he. . . . "Strip your sword stark naked." "What, what?" to the incensed Sebastian. "Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you." When wounded he dismisses the matter with: "That's all one; he has hurt me, and there's the end on 't." A sturdy gamester; no wonder Maria adores him.

The fat tapster in *MEASURE FOR MEASURE* is a different kind of losel, an incorrigible trafficker in obscenity, a rogue mercantile, adaptable, utterly corrupt. On one point only is he fortitudinous; he refuses to be "whipt out of his trade." The rigid social regulations of the city impress him not; he holds fast to his faith in the supremacy of the baser instincts. He is the most humorous of boors. Questioned as to his vocation, he answers, "Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live." The majesty of the law, as embodied in the peremptory Escalus, has no terrors for him. Coarse humour, under the grip of judicial examination, oozes from him at every pore. "Is it a lawful trade?"

asks the magistrate. "If the law would allow it, sir," the rogue replies. . . . "If this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay; if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so." Advised to reform and thus escape whipping, he answers, "I thank your worship for your good counsel," and then adds aside, "but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine." The dialogue between him and Barnardine is probably the best sample extant of unconscious self-characterisation. *Pompey*: "You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death." *Barnardine*: "Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy." *Pompey*: "Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards." Heartless, unctuous humour on the one side, brute hardihood on the other. No more can be made of either quality, even if ten volumes be filled. And I think it may reasonably be assumed that the original of this fat rogue had stood in the dock at Warwick, and with ready tongue saved his guilty hide from scourging.

Shakespeare makes his urban mobs despicable. His only rustic mob is formidable in the extreme, and is not even deluded till the end. The churls who follow Cade applaud his lies *en masse*, yet their asides show that they see through him. They merely extend grinning acquiescence to his impudent assertions; in reality they care as little about the claims of Mortimer as about those of Mahomet, but they are sick of taxes, hunger, and the thievery of lawyers. They are at bottom not disinclined to measure their prowess against that of the knights and men-at-arms, and entranced, despite their shrewdness, by the specious promise that, when Cade is king, it shall be felony to drink small beer.

The Shakespearean boors are nearly all brave men; even little Slender has taken Sackerson by the chain, and fought with a warrenner. They are brave with the peculiar courage of the boor, a courage that explodes into fight only when there is no direct method of escape or compromise. Then they are ready with fist, foot, and cudgel, and, in the last extremity, with cold steel. The Kentish rising forms the most heroic episode of its kind in print. One cannot suspect Bevis, Holland, Smith, the tanner of Wingham, and Dick the butcher, of the faintest speck of white in plumage or liver. One perceives that they will not fight till sorely put to it, and then it will be hard to get them to leave off. The redoubtable Cade is as fully panoplied in rugged valour as Falconbridge himself. Daring rings in every word he utters; he is the very nonpareil of unscrupulous desperadoes.

The whole scene of the rebellion teems with the brutal jocosity of the ancient English rustic, blooded, and maddened by drink, combat, and vengeance. It is principally in that terse and vivid prose that Shakespeare was such a master of. It is the old idea of a thunderbolt. A distant muttering, a darkening of the sky, debate of opposing winds, and pandemonium is let loose. Through the storm break peals of brutal, titanic laughter; the lightnings dance, striking good and bad indiscriminately; there is a pause,—afresh the winds howl and contend, the storm dies away in confused rumblings, sun and blue sky look upon the desolation below, and in an obscure nook lies the meteoric fragment, cooling fast into a mere grisly memento. No living writer could in three times the space illustrate as much as Shakespeare has done in these five short scenes; yet there is not the slightest awkwardness or appearance of compression.

The grim pleasantries of the rebel chieftain chill the reader's blood. The wretched Say pleads that his cheeks are pale with watching for the public good. "Give him a box o' the ear," says Cade, "and that will make 'em red again. . . . Ye shall have a hempen candle, then, and the help of hatchet. . . . Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, 'I'll be even with you': I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole." When the bleeding heads of Say and Cromer are brought before him, he exclaims: "Let them kiss one another. . . . Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France."

The scene of the combat in Iden's garden may have been built up from the capture of some Warwickshire deerstealer, a marauder whose exploits would be strung into a rude ballad, and chanted in the kitchens of Stratford inns. "Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me *for a stray*," is a literal Midlandism. Says the desperado with his dying breath: "Famine and no other hath slain me; let ten thousand devils come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all. Wither, garden . . . the unconquered soul of Cade is fled." With just such an adjuration as this would such a ballad end.

The soldiers' talk before Agincourt is marvellously illustrative of the old English spirit. They grumble bitterly, yet have no thought of surrender; they openly doubt the King's courage, yet are prepared to wade in blood for him. Says Williams, after striking Fluellen: "My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promised to wear it in his cap: I promised to strike him if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my

word." This speech is of the Shires in idiom and construction, and is a fine expression of the old yeomanly way of "seeing a quarrel through." It is full of simple dignity, self-reliance, and valour. It sums up the matter in the fewest words possible, and nearly all of them are monosyllabic. Compare it with the bombastic avowal made by Troilus:

Were it a casque composed by Vulcan's
skill,
My sword should bite it: not the
dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricane call,
Constringed in mass by the almighty
sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Nep-
tune's ear
In his descent than shall my prompted
sword
Falling on Diomed.

In which is Shakespeare at his best and safest, in the reproduction of the curt disputes of the village green, or imitation, sincere or otherwise, of the antique declaimers? In Williams's speech, methinks, something rings

that may lock the teeth and bring blue lightning to the eye, as when, but a few hours before, he drew his bow-string to the ear, took one stride forward, and sent the grey-goose shaft singing through the air. In the other are mighty fine rhetoric and a deal of wind. One is in doubt whether Diomed will be hurt much, after all. One perceives that if gallant King Hal does not step in between the blunt archer and the choleric Welshman, there may ring another box o' the ear, another, and another, swords may be stripped, toes planted—a few swift passes, and at least one of the disputants may lie gasping out his life on the green turf. Such was the mettle of our rustic forefathers, the "good yeomen, whose limbs were made in England." Let us take care we have some such grim backing behind our modern rhodomontade, or Posterity may accuse us of promising the pure gold of valour, and paying but with yellow paper.

GEORGE BARTRAM.

A COURT OF CRIMINAL APPEAL.

THE Beck Commission has not recommended the creation of a Court of Criminal Appeal. Much editorial tribulation has ensued, and the newspapers have not hesitated to deplore the sterile conservatism which has led the Master of the Rolls and his colleagues away from the paths of progress,—as revealed to the newspapers. It is only one more illustration of the little acquaintance which the Briton possesses with British law. Not one in a thousand of those who glibly descant on the anomaly of allowing a double appeal in "two-penny trespass" cases on the civil side, and refusing all revision in the gravest criminal process, is aware that an appeal on matters of fact is a rare proceeding, and one which is still more rarely successful. The great business of the Appeal Court is to decide questions of law.

Questions of law in criminal cases can be perfectly well determined by the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved. It is a great tribunal, formed of five judges at least, among whom the Lord Chief Justice must be included. Its decisions have sometimes been criticised as tinctured with the summary spirit of Saturday; and, possibly, if it were less heavily staffed, it might be able to enter more closely into the elaborate niceties of our chaotic law of crimes. Judges would reserve cases for it more freely, again, if it were not for the fact that they are conscious that by reserving a bad point they are wasting many hours of invaluable judicial time. A court representing the King's Bench Division sits regularly to dispose

finally of minor civil appeals. It is at present formed of the Chief Justice and two puisnes, and it might prove beneficial to allow judges the option of reserving Crown cases for the consideration of such a Divisional Court.

But it is not questions of law which trouble the public. A judge or a jury has decided the wrong way on the facts. And the public wants some way of putting them right. Now it is well to consider exactly what it is that the proposed Court of Criminal Appeal is supposed to do. Is it to say what it would have done at the trial? Or is it to hear the case over again?

Nobody ever tells us. Yet the answer to the questions is all-important. If what is wanted is a court analogous to the Civil Court of Appeal, all that will happen will be that a barrister will read over the shorthand notes of the evidence, the judge's note, and a note of his own objections; and the Court will say that they cannot disagree with the verdict of the jury who tried the case and saw the witnesses. In Chancery suits the old tradition of deciding issues on written statements and disregarding the demeanour of the witnesses has still some influence, and invests the Appeal Court with a certain latitude in dealing with the conclusions of fact to which the inferior judge has come. But in Common-law matters it is very difficult indeed to persuade three lawyers, by reading notes to them, that they are better judges of the facts as related by witnesses whom they have not heard nor seen, than twelve competent men

who have heard them tell their story first hand. It may confidently be predicted that it would require an absolutely and obviously overwhelming case in order to induce the Court of Appeal to reverse a verdict in a criminal case as contrary to the weight of the evidence. Such a court would not have acquitted in the Maybrick case. It would have acquitted Mr. Adolf Beck. But so would the Court for Crown Cases, if it had had the chance; and each court alike would have acquitted him, not on the ground that the verdict was against the evidence, but because important evidence was excluded and the proceedings thereby vitiated.

Is this what reformers desire? Do they wish for the establishment of a Court of Appeal which shall deal only in the most tentative fashion, and with the worst possible materials, with the case as it was originally tried? If so, their reform is more illusory than real, unless they can contrive to man their new Court with persons of their own way of thinking. Mr. Sala used to give "the High Court of Chancery, under John, Earl of Eldon," a high place in the competition for the post of the eighth wonder of the world; it is permissible to think that the Court of Criminal Appeal, under such curious conditions, would be unanimously elected to that eminence.

Or do they want a re-trial of the whole business by the Appellate Court? That, in the first place, is what the present Court of Appeal never enters upon. It is in the very rarest circumstances, and under the greatest reserve, that it will even listen to a little fresh evidence. The idea would be an entirely novel one; and in the second place it would revolutionise the administration of English justice, for this reason, that English criminal justice proceeds on the theory of one trial once for all. Let each party pro-

duce his best case, and stand or fall by that. It will easily be seen that this theory is incompatible with a vista of appeals, each involving a re-hearing of the witnesses. An accused person, victorious in the Lower Court, has merely laid open his case for the opposite side to pick holes in. Or the most righteous prosecution is defeated on appeal by the manufacture of evidence by a prisoner who knows the worst that can be said against him. His dishonest witnesses are more perfect in their parts; and they have learnt what are the pitfalls of the cross-examiner. Or both parties enter upon a deplorable game of bluff, saving their trump cards for plausible production in the Courts above.

The Continental system lends itself readily to re-hearings in criminal cases. For in that system the hearing in court is not the real trial; that has been gone through, long before, in the office of the *juge d'instruction*. The court proceedings and consequent appeals, are little more than the presentation of his conclusions before more and more highly skilled tribunals. The Continental view is that the national justice ought not to sit blind-fold and let private or public prosecutors present their case, but that she should inform herself by any and every means of the real facts. This system may be called inquisitorial. It is, in the words of a great English criminal lawyer, beyond question more efficient than ours. Are the reformers prepared to introduce it? If they are, they have taken up a herculean task,—nothing less than the fundamental alteration of our Constitution, compared with which no Franchise Extension, Redistribution of Seats, Colonial Federation, or similar political change appears more than a pin-prick. And they will have a difficulty, not perhaps insuperable, in avoiding the fundamental vice of the inquisi-

torial method, namely, anxiety on the part of the examining magistrate to secure a conviction.

Successive trials may be all very well when the evidence is sifted beforehand. Fresh facts produced by either party will under such a system be subject to the relentless scrutiny of the *juge d'instruction*, before they will be admitted to credit in court. The danger, of course, is that of an alliance between the State examiners and the State police. Impartiality is difficult to secure. There is no reason in point of law why the police themselves should not be impartial. Yet a police officer who failed to obtain convictions would find some difficulty in justifying his existence. It is undeniable that when a crime is committed the police feel it incumbent on them to produce the probable criminal. It is the unfortunate tendency of the *juge d'instruction* to associate himself with them in this aim, rather than to embark on a strictly impartial endeavour to estimate the probabilities of his guilt. A *prima facie* case of strong suspicion is rightly enough for the police; they cannot be blamed if they work it up, so as to present it with force and effect to an impartial tribunal. But if the tribunal has every motive for not being absolutely impartial,—if professional advancement, official favour, place, power, and salary depend on the success of the *juge d'instruction* in securing convictions,—it is easy to see that the bias against a suspected person is likely to become serious. The striking drama *LA ROBE ROUGE* (recently performed in London as *THE ARM OF THE LAW*) exhibits the examining magistrate as the mere detective. Convinced that the accused is the most likely person to have committed the crime which it is his duty to investigate, and being anxious to save his credit (impaired by indiscretions) by a brilliant *coup*, he devotes himself to

the establishment of a crushing case against the unfortunate Etohepare, with such success that it is only the unexpected revolt of the Public Prosecutor that enables justice to be done.

Do the reformers think that this kind of system would have saved Mr. Beck?

After all, it is the same in procedure as in politics—"Whate'er is best administered is best." Machinery, in the shape of Courts of Appeal, Home Office lawyers, cases stated, and the like, is all very well. What is really wanted to prevent the possibility of miscarriages of justice is simply greater sympathy with prisoners. The anti-sentimentalist need not wince; I did not say "greater sympathy with guilty prisoners." But the attitude of most of us to the man in the dock is very much that of the juryman who once observed: "I says to myself, 'That chap is'n't put in there for nothing'; and I brings them all in guilty." Before conviction we allow him to be undressed and paraded before minor officials; after conviction we put his petitions in pigeon-holes. The "twopenny trespass" gibe has something in it, after all. It is patent to any one who takes the trouble to look into a criminal court that there is no greater solemnity, no more anxious deliberation, devoted to the proceedings there, than there is in a civil trial of ordinary importance.

Most prisoners are guilty; most are guilty of crimes which run in a very common groove. Judges and lawyers, unless saved by sympathy, or stirred by very unusual circumstances, regard a criminal case as a matter of business, which they will treat with patience, care, and fairness, but over which they cannot be expected to consume more than a certain amount of time and energy. Yet the consequences of a criminal proceeding are so grave that even the commonest Crown cases

should be approached with infinitely more anxiety and awe than attends the decision of questions of property. In point of fact, it is in Civil Courts that the administration of law is seen to the best advantage.

This is not an essay on the defects of the criminal law. But if reform could be directed to the humanising of its spirit, instead of to the dubious improvement of its procedure, we should hear less of Courts of Criminal Appeal and more of better methods of trial. English rules of evidence, for one thing, are somewhat absurd. According to Lord Russell of Killowen, they exclude testimony which is often of great cogency and probative force. The all-important foundation of the whole charge against a prisoner—what kind of a man he is!—is pedantically excluded from the case. The jury cannot but guess something of the accused's character, if only from his appearance; but any real insight into it is denied them, beyond such as is afforded by those weak testimonials

to general good character which are deservedly regarded as valueless. And there are many other technical absurdities which require overhauling, if not abolition.

A small practical reform would be to eliminate the personal equation by reverting to the old practice of trying criminal cases with two judges. It would be expensive; but if we want safety, we must be prepared to pay for it. We have only a few more judges now than we had two hundred years ago, when the wealth and population of England were comparatively small. But the last word and the first in efficiency is sympathy. It may seem odd to talk about a sympathetic police, and a sympathetic Secretary of State for the Home Department. If we wish to avoid the chance of incurring Mr. Beck's fate, we shall have to produce them somehow. And they need not be maudlin sympathisers with crime and immorality.

T. BATT.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

LA FONTAINE tells a fable of a bear who, observing that a bee was about to sting his master's nose, took up a stone and hurled it at the insect with such vigour as to kill the man. Disraeli's reputation has been subjected to a like risk at the hands of his admirers. They have written appreciative biographies and personal reminiscences in which their praise has amounted to adoration. They have laboured to defend him from charges of inconsistency with a vehemence which would scarcely have been required to repel an accusation of forgery. They would have us see him as a kindly and open-hearted English squire, regretting, as all should be privileged to regret, his youthful follies, and regarding all mankind through the rose-coloured spectacles of philanthropy.

On the other hand Disraeli has provoked at least two malicious biographies and a number of hostile squibs, caricatures, and slanders. His novels have been tortured into accounts and prophecies of escapades of his own, merely because he drew for his materials as a novelist on the life and characters he knew. It has been disputed whether he was, or was not, a member of the Westminster Reform Club, and whether he did, or did not, deny the fact. It has been argued whether he lied when he asserted that he had never asked for office, when he had actually said that he was disappointed at not being offered it.

Although a century has now passed since Benjamin Disraeli was born in Theobalds Road to Isaac and Maria d'Israeli, until quite recently his bio-

ographies have for the most part been marred by one or other of the aforesaid defects. The anecdotal volumes of Mr. Meynell and the objective study of Mr. Walter Sichel were comparatively free from these taints, and have perhaps carried us as far along the road to a perfect biography as is possible without the additional information which is shortly to appear. But even in these two biographies there is present a characteristic which marks all previous attempts. If we read one after another of the lives, we cannot fail to be struck by the atmosphere of discussion and of special pleading in which their story is told. Each writer seems to be holding a brief and to be defending or attacking the object of his study. Disraeli's name has not yet passed away from the political arena, it is true, and this fact may account for much of the defence and attack. But, when Tenniel represented Disraeli as the Sphinx, he indicated the real reason why Englishmen argue about him. To us he was always strange and often incomprehensible. If we are ever to understand him, it will not be by additional information as to his private or public life alone. His is not a personality the secrets of which will be revealed by a knowledge of his relations with Englishmen only.

As a preliminary to any real comprehension of his character and history must be grasped the fact, with all its implications, that he was a Jew. He was never ashamed of his race; he regarded it rather as his chief credential to the confidence and support

of the English people. His baptism was not viewed by him as a renunciation of his race, but rather as a completion of his religion. In his speeches in the House of Commons, in his novels, and in his literary work of other kinds he lost no opportunity of insisting on the genius and inspiration of Jews. The character of Sidonia in *CONINGSBY*, *SYBIL* and *TANCRED* is his ideal; the defence of the Jewish race is maintained historically and dogmatically in the twenty-fourth chapter of *THE LIFE OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK*. The words he uttered and wrote, the arms of his ancestors he assumed on attaining to an English earldom, the name he bore, all sufficiently testify that it was always his wish to proclaim with pride his Jewish blood. Obvious as this fact certainly is, so long as Disraeli is found incomprehensible, and so long as he provokes malicious attacks and fulsome defences, so long is this the first point in his career which requires elaboration. For to Englishman his personality, his ideals, and his character were foreign. He was an Oriental whose lines were cast in the very heart of Occidental civilisation. Among the Gentiles of the West he was a stranger. Joseph probably seemed a mysterious prime minister to the Egyptians; Disraeli naturally seemed mysterious to Englishmen of the nineteenth century.

There are three special qualities which the Jew at his best seems to possess. He is determined, he is religious, and he is magnificent. These qualities are the clue to the personality of Disraeli. "You and I," he said to a Jewish lad, "belong to a race which can do everything but fail." His determination was to make his political life a success. If the force of this determination be used for unworthy ideals, we get the Jew at his worst. In Disraeli's case the

ideals were religious. The second quality was perhaps as strong as the first and saved him from a career of merely personal ambition. The third quality appeared in his dress, manner, and literary style, and perhaps in his social and imperial ideals.

His life, like the lives of most men who have risen, divides into three main periods. For the first forty years of it he was looking forward with confidence to the goal, but he did not see clearly the path which was to lead him to it. There followed upwards of twenty years during which he was on the path, grappling with its difficulties and throwing aside those who stood in his way. For the rest of his life he was triumphant; he had reached the highest position possible for him to attain, and was recognised as one of the leaders of England and of Europe. Those who wish to attack him lay special stress upon the first of these periods; those who are his defenders study chiefly the last. It is now time to try to take a comprehensive survey of all three.

The records of his boyhood are meagre and unsatisfactory. Glimpses of his school-life and of the years immediately succeeding boyhood may be caught in *VIVIAN GREY* and *CON-TARINI FLEMING*, but the evidence is untrustworthy. He went to private schools and, while there, was not distinguished for anything save his personal appearance and the brilliance of his conversation. It is not improbable that he was withdrawn from Dr. Cogan's for being the ringleader in a barring-out. One of the few anecdotes of his boyhood which has any claim to authenticity is the incident of his reply to Lord Melbourne. Being asked what he was going to be, Disraeli, when a boy of twelve, is said to have replied, "I want to be Prime Minister." Such stories, like the omens of the classics, wear a strong

semblance of having arisen after the event; but this particular one seems to have more truth in it than most.

On leaving school he probably spent some time reading under the lax authority of his father, doubtless in the way he describes in *VIVIAN GREY* and *CONTARINI FLEMING*. When the time came for the choice of a profession, he was articled to the firm of Swain and Stevenson, solicitors, and seems for awhile to have made some effort to discover whether either branch of the legal profession would suit his tastes and his abilities. But the effort was unsuccessful and, like Vivian Grey, he doubtless said to himself: "The Bar! Pooh! Law and bad jokes till we are forty, and then, with the most brilliant success, the chance of gout and a coronet. Besides to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer; and to be a great lawyer, I must give up my chance of being a great man." And thus, like many young lawyers, he turned his thoughts and devoted his abundant leisure to literature. There are extant a few short stories and articles which are asserted, with more or less probability, to have emanated from his pen from the age of seventeen onwards. But his first serious and recognised work was the astonishing novel *VIVIAN GREY*.

Most critics have appreciated the brilliance and wit of this book. Written when its author was just of age, it bears the stamp of his youthfulness as clearly as it bears that of his genius. Torture the plot as you will, you cannot make it an account of its author's past career or a prophecy of his future. Such as it is, the plot was created by the brain of Disraeli. Nor can originality be denied to the characters by putting them down as mere portraits of living originals. *VIVIAN GREY* was a new type of novel, the novel of contemporary

politics; and for this the personalities and the atmosphere of contemporary political and social life had to be recalled. No key has ever been produced which fits the characters; no account has ever paralleled the incidents with those of Disraeli's life. Was there then anything besides the itch of writing and the possible wish to make money which prompted Disraeli to compose this strange tale? Is there any clue to the ramifications of its disjointed plot? Is its cynicism mere boyishness, and are phrases like "The Disappointment of Manhood succeeds to the Delusion of Youth" mere lapses into Byronic melancholy?

Fretted with the narrowness of his horizon, confident in his own abilities, determined to achieve distinction and success, and despondent of his chances of entering on that life of politics which was his aim, Disraeli the Younger would doubtless hold long conversations with his father as to how he might realise his ambitions. So talk Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming with their fathers. Doubtless also in one of these conversations, or as a result of it, would arise the idea of the youth who sought to live in politics by his wits, and to ally his brains with the power of some senile grandee. It followed that the grandee must be soured and disappointed, or why should he need the youth's assistance? But here perhaps would come in Isaac d'Israeli's common sense and sober judgment, and he would show how the youth must inevitably fail in a career based on such foundations. And out of this would arise the story of Vivian Grey. Read by the world, which did not know its author, as a brilliant and cynical *tour de force*, read by its author's enemies as a document of damning evidence against the honesty of his early career, it was in fact neither of these. In the form of a political novel it was an allegory of

the fall of presumptuous youth and his regeneration by the awakening of his emotions and by his experience of the world. Thus should we read the riddle of the book. Thus do we find its second part not a mere appendix to the first, but a true completion of the theme. Thus crudely does Disraeli for the first time hint that politics without principles, and parties without ideas and creeds, are, like individuals of similar characteristics, justly doomed to failure.

And now with more settled aims and with better prospects than in the days of Lincoln's Inn Disraeli began to study and to write and to plan for the future. Travel and society completed his unsystematic and defective education. Introduced by his father he became a *habitué* of the clever circle which surrounded Lady Blessington at Gore House. He became a well-known figure in London and, being made much of and lionised by London hostesses, he seems to have lost his sense of proportion in the matters of dress and behaviour. The days of the Dandies were not yet gone by. If Brummell was languishing in Calais, d'Orsay was still flaunting in London, and Disraeli was probably attracted by his personality and led to emulate his extravagances. But, not content with emulating them, he even outdid them and added to the foppery of a d'Orsay the eccentricities of a Byron. And even so his dress and behaviour might have been tolerable had they not been complicated by his Oriental love of magnificence. Travelers from America and elsewhere hastened to see and describe the dress, mien, and conversation of Disraeli the Younger, as he loved to be called. His hair was oiled and curled, his waistcoats were gorgeous, his jewels brilliant. He had a morning cane and an afternoon cane. His coats and trousers were the astonishment

of all. His conversation, to complete the picture, was as remarkable as it was clever. He preserved a living silence till the spirit moved him, when his dark eyes flashed, his pale and impassive features became alive with emotions, and he poured out epigram, paradox, daring generalisation, and witty nonsense in a manner almost worthy of Vivian Grey himself. Such were the affectations of this strange young man who was to be Prime Minister of England.

POPANILLA, THE YOUNG DUKE, and CONTARINI FLEMING, besides slighter works, were written during these years of foppery. The first is a light satire on the times written in his best vein of wit; the second a somewhat unsuccessful story of aristocratic life; the third a psychological study in which the evolution of a poet in an atmosphere of politics is traced with a power which won for it the praise of Goethe and which caused it to be read only by the few.

By this time he was twenty-eight years old and he had had no opportunity of entering political life. A vacant constituency in the neighbourhood of his father's residence in Buckinghamshire gave him the opportunity of standing for Parliament, and he became a candidate in the year of the Reform Bill for the borough of High Wycombe. From this time onward most of his foppery and affectation disappeared. He had laughed at himself for them in his letters to his sister, and they represented a pose which his sense of humour enabled him to see was absurd and which he was able to abandon when the occasion arose. He did not dress for years after this with much less extravagance, and his conversational habits were to the end of his life peculiar. But he seems to have discarded the extremes as soon as he saw his way to the mode of life he had throughout intended should be his.

He contested High Wycombe three times and Taunton once before he became, in 1837, member for Maidstone in conjunction with Wyndham Lewis. It is round his election addresses and political pamphlets during these years that the storm of contention about his consistency or inconsistency has raged. **WHAT IS HE? THE VINDICATION OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, and THE LETTERS OF RUNNYMEDE** are the pamphlets; the election addresses may be read in Mr. Keibel's selection of his speeches. His first address alone has been lost, but there is no question that it was of strong Radical tendencies. In his speech at his second candidature in 1832 he was still enough of a Radical to uphold Triennial Parliaments and Vote by Ballot. The former he held to have been a Tory doctrine since the days of Queen Anne, to have been upheld by Bolingbroke and Wyndham, and only done away with by the Whig Septennial Act; the latter he thought essential in order to remove the Whigs from the position they had attained by the Reform Bill. It is impossible to deny that Disraeli in his earliest political speeches was in sympathy with the Radical group in the House of Commons, and was supported by Hume, O'Connell, Lytton, and others of its members; it is also impossible to deny that these two measures disappeared from his programme in his succeeding contests. But a review of all these speeches and pamphlets demonstrates clearly that he never meant to throw in his lot with the Radicals and that in essentials his consistency of principle was indubitable. The whole was summarised in his Young England novels **CONINGSBY, SYBIL, and TANCRED**, and by these are the first stages of his political life linked to the second.

The Constitution of England he conceived to be based on the feudal principle that the tenure of property

was dependent on the performance of duties. The Monarch, the Aristocracy, and the People were the three constituent parts of a feudal Constitution. The first attack upon it had occurred in the reign of Charles the First; from that time onward the consistent aim of the Whig party had been to change the feudal Constitution into an oligarchy, and the Tories had imbibed many of their teachings. The predominance of a few families was doubtless advantageous for the members of those families and their friends, but how could it give the best government to the people? From the accession of the House of Hanover till the end of the eighteenth century he held that the Whigs had established the oligarchic system in England. The Tories had by this time learnt the Whig methods and were yearning to emulate their success. Thus the nineteenth century found two parties struggling for the privilege of governing England, neither of which possessed any guiding principles of government. They were two groups of families, two cliques, two factions, rather than two parties embodying and representing different principles of government. The Whigs were ousted by the Tories and at once set about discovering a means of regaining power. Reviewing their forces they found to their surprise among them a small body of men who really did possess principles. These principles were likely to be popular with a great number of the new voters whom the growth of the manufacturing industries had called into being. These principles, then, they could use to get themselves back into power. And so the Whig families began to advocate the reform of Parliament which the Radicals were already advocating as a preliminary to social reform. They were

successful and, though, while adopting the principle of democracy, they dealt out but a half democratic measure in the Reform Bill, it availed to restore them in 1832 to power with a majority that looked invulnerable. Vote by Ballot and Triennial Parliaments Disraeli thought in 1832 were the only measures possible to break down this majority; but by 1834 he had reason to think that the Whig position was after all not so impregnable, and he relinquished these measures.

The Whigs then were democratic aristocrats; their attitude was a paradox, their creed a sham. Among them it is true were men who had principles. The Radicals were a party with a creed and consequently a party to be respected and fought, but unfortunately the battle was not yet with them. The Tories were in an even worse case. The historic principles of their party, the principles of Bolingbroke and Wyndham, they had deserted or forgotten. And when the younger men revolted against Lord Liverpool and his mediocrities, they availed to produce no more striking creed than the negative, cautious, and non-committal phrases of the Tamworth Manifesto which accepted everything and proposed nothing, and which was the charter of Peel's Conservative party.

Such in brief outline was Disraeli's view of the recent history of parties in England, and of their position up to 1845 when Peel proposed the Repeal of the Corn Laws. The Whigs and the Conservatives he would have removed: the Radicals he would have opposed; and the Tories he would have regenerated.

The principles which he wished the Tory party to readopt, and which he interwove with the views of the Young England group, were reactionary. He took his system and

his inspiration from the constitution "which Omnipotence had deigned to trace," the constitution of Palestine. Irresponsible class interests were to be opposed; the prerogative of the Sovereign was to be maintained and increased; the position of the landed aristocracy was to be strengthened; the needs of the people were to be considered and satisfied. The accession of a young queen was an opportune moment for the increase of the power of the Sovereign: the landed aristocracy must set their houses in order and appreciate their responsibilities; and the merchants and manufacturers must join their ranks, live among and know the men and women they employed, in a word learn to accept the responsibilities of their position.

But there was another power in England besides the Monarch and the Aristocracy which Disraeli and his Young England friends would gladly see strengthened and confirmed. The Church, like the Sovereign, had come in these later years under the influence of Parliament. Such a position, he maintained, was both wrong and ridiculous. If Christianity was the true religion, and if the Church was its recognised minister, it was absurd to subject the Church to the control of Parliament. The connection between Church and State he held to be an alliance; and unless the parties to this alliance were recognised to be free and independent, the Church could not perform her function of watching, regulating, controlling, and inspiring the policies and measures of statesmen. The spiritual inspiration of the Church was strong and true; her tenets emanated from Arabia and her founders were Arabians. In that country and to that race alone has God appeared and revealed his wishes. Such was the Asian Mystery which forms the

main theme of TANGRED, and which has provoked so much dispute and doubt.

To cure the social evils of their country Englishmen must, he thought, study the true basis of their Constitution. They must adapt their monarchic, feudal, and aristocratic polity to the new conditions, and not make confusion worse confounded by subverting now one and now another of their constitutional principles. The terms of the alliance between Church and State must be noted and observed, and the State and the individual alike must seek their inspiration from the divine doctrines of Arabia.

In essence Disraeli's position, like Carlyle's, was one of the strongest opposition to the doctrine of *laissez-faire*. Ancient families, no less than ancient races, he believed best qualified to govern, if they accepted the inspiration of the ancient religion. Government by newly made classes he thought only likely to conduce to the interests of those classes. But, where an aristocracy was concerned, association, affection, and the sense of inherited responsibility ensured wise and considerate government. Man is gregarious, but he cannot be rendered happy in masses. The influence of individual upon individual, and the ties between individuals alone can give peace, order, and stability to government. The predominance of manufacturers, the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, and the assertion of civil and religious equality could not conduce to individual influence; the monarchic and aristocratic system could.

Such were Disraeli's views at the time when he conceived himself able to make a political party out of Young England. He was opposed to Radical, Whig, and Conservative; he was daily rebuking the old Tories for their lack of principle and for their shortcomings. Save for his few friends among whom

Lord John Manners, George Smythe, Baillie Cochrane, Peter Borthwick, and Monckton Milnes were prominent, he had opponents, if not enemies, on every bench in the House of Commons.

But the very enthusiasm of Young England tended to make it ridiculous, and to cause dismay among its members. It was over the Maynooth vote that they actually divided, but they were never of sufficient mettle to survive for long as a political party. And there may have been a moment when Disraeli felt himself once again, as he had been in 1837, a political Ishmaelite.

It is this moment which marks the conclusion of the first period of his life, the period of strong convictions, of affectations, and of inexperience. "The history of Heroes is the history of Youth," he had said, and that political youth of his, which was now at an end, had been in some ways heroic. His sword had always been ready for Radical, Whig, or Conservative. Even the unapproachable and aristocratic Tory had not been free from his blows. If he was seeking his own advancement, he did not seek to attain it by complacent surrender to the powerful, or by avoiding combat with any man.

But the moment of the disruption of Young England was also the moment when the three groups he had fought separately wheeled into line, and stood firm for the Repeal of the Corn Laws. This was his opportunity, and from this moment perhaps Disraeli, the alien, the quondam fop, the novelist, the Ishmaelite, fixed his eyes on a definite goal, the leadership of the Gentlemen of England, and through them of the British Empire. With a bound he threw himself into the struggle. Perhaps he ceased rather suddenly to rebuke the Tory aristocrat for his shortcomings, or perhaps, as Froude seems to think, he accepted him as he was and contented himself

with laughing quietly at the men who could swallow such satirical flattery as he bestowed upon them in *LOTHAIR*. Probably he thought that he had played the pedagogue to the aristocracy long enough, and that his words would bear fruit when they were backed by influence and power. However that may be, he deserted no principle when he joined the aristocracy heart and soul in their opposition to a measure which they thought meant the weakening, if not the destruction, of their power collectively and individually.

Letters have been exhumed which are held to prove that Disraeli was led into opposition to Sir Robert Peel through not being offered office in 1841. There can be little doubt that he was piqued by this not unnatural course of action on Peel's part towards an erratic and, as he doubtless thought, untrustworthy supporter. His pique may have increased the virulence of his invective against Peel himself, but this course of action in joining the old Tories and in opposing Free Trade is too directly the outcome of the principles of government which he had always upheld, to admit the imputation of any petty and personal motive.

There have been many mighty contests on the floor of the House of Commons; but never perhaps was there one more notable than that between Peel and Disraeli. On the one side was a tried and experienced Parliamentarian, an Englishman to the backbone, a statesman whose fame is due rather to his reserves of intellectual and moral strength and courage, than to a particular brilliance or any magnetism of personality. His following, it is true, was heterogenous; Radicals, Whigs and Conservatives, surprised at the alliance they found themselves in, followed the only man who could lead them in this course,

because besides being a statesman of pre-eminent abilities he was also a typical product of an English public-school, an English university, and English society. On the other side stood a Jew whom most members of Parliament regarded as a political and social mountebank; a strange figure strangely attired; his dark eyes flashing with every burst of invective; his pale face impassive, save for a certain twitching nervous movement when he was worked up to passion by his oratory, and behind him sat, distrustful of their champion, in half-offended, half-amused astonishment, the sturdy English landowners. The great guns of statistics were met with the rapier of wit and invective; hard fact and logic were encountered with brilliantly expressed principles and enthusiasms. Strange must this picture have seemed to those who looked upon it, and small wonder that they took the alien for an opportunist who was only working for his personal ends. But though his mind was set on a future for himself, we can now see by a broad view of his career that he was also firm, for good or for evil, in his adherence to his fundamental principles, and that circumstances, at least as much as design, brought him and the Tory party together.

It was hardly to be expected that the Tories, leaderless though they were, would at once bow the knee to their strange protagonist. Nor probably did Disraeli expect them to do so. At all events he rendered loyal service to the leader in the House of Commons whom they chose. Lord George Bentinck was not an ideal statesman, but he was a very good leader for the Tories at that time. Perhaps Disraeli was not altogether displeased that a man of comparatively moderate abilities should be the captain, since he himself could only be the lieutenant. But in a very few

years Lord George Bentinck died, and Disraeli, partly no doubt, as he himself thought, in consequence of the masterly attack he made on the Government in his speech of August 30th, 1848, on the labours of the Session, was in that year chosen leader of the Tory party in the House of Commons.

It was only three years since the Young England party had fallen to pieces and Disraeli had been left practically alone. And now he was second in command of a party, which was, it is true, weak in numbers, but which was ultimately bound to be called on to form a Cabinet.

For the next four years Disraeli endured those trials of a leader of the Opposition which he so feelingly described in his biography of Lord George Bentinck.

There are few positions less inspiring than that of the leader of a discomfited party. The labours and anxieties of a minister, or of his rival on the contested threshold of office, may be alleviated by exercise or sustained by the anticipation of power; both are surrounded by eager, anxious, excited, perhaps enthusiastic, adherents. There is sympathy, appreciation, prompt counsel, profuse assistance. But he who in the parliamentary field watches over the fortunes of routed troops, must be prepared to sit often alone. Few care to share the labour which is doomed to be fruitless, and none are eager to diminish the responsibility of him whose course, however adroit, must necessarily be ineffectual.

Alone Disraeli must often have sat, but he was ever ready, ever watchful, ever upholding the cause of his adherents. And at last the change came.

The Whig Government which had succeeded the Conservatives fell through Palmerston's famous "tit-for-tat with John Russell," and Lord Derby, the official Tory leader, was sent for by the King and formed an administration. Disraeli became Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Prime Minister had

not even heard of some of the men his lieutenant made him put into the Cabinet. The administration could not possibly have been long-lived, for Protection, the nexus of the party, was by now gone past recall. The results of Free Trade had so far justified its adoption that it would have been idle for the Tories to attempt to subvert it. As Disraeli had accepted the inevitable in the case of the Reform Bill, so now he accepted the inevitable in the case of Free Trade. But the Ministry which owed its power to the quarrels of its opponents had none of the elements of stability. The public and the press regarded the appointment of Disraeli himself as a dangerous experiment and over his budget the first Derby Cabinet fell. He endeavoured to relieve the farmers by various remissions of direct taxation, but after four nights of stormy debate, in which Gladstone was his chief opponent, the votes went against him. But he had been a Minister: he had "felt," as he said, "just like a young girl going to her first ball"; and the experience had been good for him. With renewed spirits he returned to the weary task of opposition. The Ministry of All the Talents remained in power for three years. In 1855 it fell owing to its mismanagement of the Crimean War, and Lord Derby might again have formed an administration with the aid of Disraeli. This, however, he refused to do without the co-operation of some other party, since he conceived that the Tories alone were unable to carry on the Government. Lord Palmerston succeeded Lord Aberdeen and the years of opposition continued, with this difference, that Lord Derby had lost and Disraeli had gained influence within the Tory party.

In 1858 Lord Derby was again called to power and Disraeli again became Chancellor of the Exchequer,

and this time their position had more stability. But again their period of office was short and they fell indirectly over Disraeli's Reform Bill of 1859, on which Lord Derby went to the country, though directly over the matter of Lord Malmesbury's despatches. For seven years Disraeli now was doomed to opposition. But at length Gladstone's Government was defeated and Lord Derby assumed the reins of office, to be succeeded after a year by Disraeli.

For twenty years had Disraeli been fighting his way along the path which was to lead to his goal. The old enthusiasm for a feudal and aristocratic system was not now so marked in his utterances. But the advocacy of that system had always been only the expression of a wider principle. The ultimate object had always been to conduct Government in the manner best calculated to strengthen the bonds between individual and individual; to possess a system by which the rights of labour and the duties of property could be ensured; and above all to insist on the necessity of accommodating reforms to the ancient institutions and the natural proclivities of the nation. In 1867 Disraeli proposed a most democratic measure of Reform, amounting very nearly to Household Suffrage. He had in earlier days opposed and abused the Reform Bill of 1832. There is doubtless inconsistency here; but there is nevertheless this to be said. The principle of democratic legislation had been conceded in 1832, and there was no going back upon it. In 1867 it was clear that one party or the other was going to pass a Reform Bill, and to reduce the anomalies of the suffrage and confirm their own position at the same time. Better let this be the Tories than the Radicals, thought Disraeli. "What we wish," he said, "is that the electoral power should be

deposited with the best men of all classes, and that is the principle upon which, if called upon, we shall propose to legislate." In 1832 he had thought it possible to revert to the best form of Government; by 1867 he was convinced that he must make the best of the form which was now established. Had he but confessed to what there was of inconsistency in his acceptance of Free Trade and democracy, we should have been able to admire his moral courage. As it is we can trace the lines of his mental change, and must regret his refusal to admit that change.

The chronology of the rest of his life need not occupy much space. Defeated by the Liberals in 1869 over the question of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, he spent five years in opposition while Gladstone was Prime Minister. The General Election of 1874 returned him to power with a majority destined to last for six years, during which the mass of that for which the world now remembers him was accomplished. In 1876 his health compelled him to depart to "the cemetery of wit and the grave of intellectual ambition," and he took his seat in the House of Lords. The election of 1880 returned Gladstone to power, and next year Lord Beaconsfield died.

When we come to assess what England owes to its alien statesman we find that, so far as definite measures and reforms go, his activity was confined to the period lasting from 1874 to 1876. The Young England movement was one which insisted on the necessity of political faith and principle and it is impossible to estimate how far-reaching were its results. We are not bound to praise Disraeli for his opposition to Free Trade, nor for the Reform Bill which he proposed in 1867. The former was perhaps idle; the latter merely anticipated what

Gladstone carried out more fully in later years. Up to 1874 he was fighting for his position, explaining his views, and atoning for his youthful indiscretions. By the time all this was accomplished, changed conditions compelled him to relinquish many of his earlier dreams. To strengthen the royal prerogative was no longer possible; the feudal Constitution was transformed; the submission of the Church to Parliamentary control was becoming an accomplished fact. Yet the essential objects of his former creed, as has been shown, remained feasible. How then did he set about attaining them?

Lists have been compiled by his biographers of the measures passed during his six years' tenure of office to ameliorate the social conditions of the people. The Artisans' Dwellings Act, the Building Act, and various Education Acts were examples of the general desire to improve the status of the labouring population which was so marked in the days of SYBIL. But his old insistence on the responsibilities of property was more noticeable in such measures as the Agricultural Holdings Act and the Merchant Shipping Act. For himself he proposed but few of these; but they are only two or three out of many dozens of measures which were passed under his auspices, and the chief object of which was the improvement of the position of the labourers, and the enforcing of the responsibilities of class to class.

It was doubtless for the passing of such measures as these that he had toiled and waited so long, but he was fated to find his duties lie elsewhere during most of his period of power. If we are disappointed at the smallness of these social reforms as compared with the great promises of earlier days, we must remember two things. In the first place Disraeli had had so hard and so long a fight to win his power that by the time

he had attained it the opportunity was gone by for carrying out many of his schemes. In the second place he had not long been in the position of Prime Minister before he was faced with a conjuncture in foreign affairs which demanded all his time and all his energies.

By the end of 1875 he foresaw trouble in the East. In that year he made England buy the Suez Canal Shares which have proved so great an aid in the establishment of her Eastern empire. The measure was one of defensive imperialism, as also was that by which the Queen of England was made Empress of India. Perhaps no other statesman but Disraeli could have understood the importance of this last measure for the control of India. Being himself an Oriental, he could appreciate the Oriental view of symbols and titles. The history of the Eastern complications and of the arrangements of the Berlin Conference have been told too often to need repetition here. Generally it may be said that in the struggle between Russia and Turkey Lord Beaconsfield succeeded in keeping England out of harm and in checking the advance of Russia. Whether that policy will in the end prove the wisest is still a matter of discussion and cannot here be discussed. At all events the complications were concluded by a Conference, and not by the defeat of armies and the destruction of nationalities. England gained the island of Cyprus, and the power of Turkey in Europe was diminished. And this was due to Lord Beaconsfield alone. He brought back Peace with Honour, and for the moment he was Dictator.

If we look back over Disraeli's career, we must admit that its definite results are disappointing. They may be summarised as a number of small social reforms, a pacific gain of terri-

tory, and a doubtful settlement of the Eastern question. After such promises, such struggles, and such success, these results seem but meagre. And it is not for these things that to day his career interests us and remains a possession of value for England. It is the nature of English statesmanship to be unimaginative and material. It is in part at least due to Disraeli that ideals and romance were admitted into the sphere of politics in England during the nineteenth century. For thirty-four years there were prominent in our political life two men to whose lips such words as principle, faith, ideal, and religion mounted without an apology, and the value has been great. Disraeli and Gladstone, so different in almost every other respect, were alike in this; and it is this which made them great leaders of men.

The interest of his political career makes that of his literary and private life sink into insignificance, but a word must be said of his later novels and of his home life. After the stories of *VENETIA* and *HENRIETTA TEMPLE*, and the famous trilogy of *CONINGSBY*, *SYBIL* and *TANCRED*, written in 1844, 1845 and 1847, he produced but three works of note: the *LIFE OF LORD GEORGE BENTINCK*, *LOTHAIR*, and *ENDYMION*. The first is rather a political study than a biography, and is to day chiefly read for its magnificent apology for the Jewish race. *LOTHAIR* was not one of the best of his novels; his

pen seemed to revert to the tawdry and turgid magnificence of the days of *THE YOUNG DUKE*, and his theme, the attempted capture of a young English nobleman by the Roman Catholic Church, was unfortunate. In *ENDYMION* these defects of style are still more marked, but there is a pathos and an interest in his return to the story of a young man's entrance into political life, when his own career was run, which lends to it both force and vitality. The picture of his domestic life is well known. A most affectionate son and brother, his marriage at the age of thirty-five to a lady fifteen years his senior was in its outcome ideal.

And with the word *ideal* it were perhaps best to conclude. Opinions may differ as to whether Disraeli's achievement justified his promise. That he was a consummate politician is undoubted, but it remains a question whether he was a great statesman. The results of his career were not perhaps those which he himself would have desired. He was an upholder, perhaps the last upholder, of aristocratic feudalism; but he lived far on into the days of democracy and the results of his domestic policy were therefore few. It may, however, be asserted with confidence that his name will live among Englishmen for three things at least, for his wit, for his personality, and for the fact that his policies, both social and imperial, were the outcome of idealism.

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THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER XI.

LENA went soberly into the house. The youngest child, who had not yet passed the stage when an oatmeal bag would cover the greater portion of him, was howling himself into an apoplexy in one corner. Lena picked him up, and in his astonishment at her gentleness he stopped crying on the instant. Mrs. Andersen looked round suddenly at the abrupt cessation of the noise.

"Father's gone," Lena said cheerfully.

"Good riddance to him," said her mother.

"He was very sorry, mother, and he is going to be good; and there were tears in his eyes."

"Yes, he's the sort that cries easily. Was there any money in his pocket?"

"He's going to work and bring us money. Oh, mother, I wish you could forgive him!"

"Let me forget him then."

Lena looked wistfully round the wretched room, seeking for an inspiration that might thaw the frozen heart.

"It seems so hard," she said, "that all his trying should come to nothing; it seems so cruel. He means so well in his heart now, and he is so gentle and kind, and then the drink masters him and he becomes hateful. Why doesn't God help him? It would be so easy for God. Oh, I wish there

were no more drink in all the world!"

Her mother laughed savagely. "I've been wishing it for fifteen years," she said, "and there's been more and more all the time."

"Poor mother!"

The woman caught her breath and sitting down on a stool with her face to the wall, began rocking herself to and fro.

Lena set the child on his feet and went and knelt down beside her. Her face was pale, but there was an absence of demonstration from her manner which seemed to speak of a sensibility unusual in one of her years. "Poor mother!" she said softly, possessing herself of one of her mother's hands.

"Don't," said Mrs. Andersen, peevishly; but the child persisted, and presently both hands were in her possession. "Oh, Lena, Lena!" said her mother. "I was not many months older than you when I married him, and I am only a young woman yet, and I have wished myself dead any day for more than a dozen years."

"Yes, yes,—I know."

"How can you know, you child? If you had been a boy you could have helped me, but the boys came last."

"I can help you mother, and I will."

"But it is too late. You must let me go my own way. If it had not

been for you last night, everything would have been settled now. Why did I listen to you?"

"Oh, mother, could you ever be happy again?"

"There!" said Mrs. Andersen, pushing her away. "You are only a child; you don't understand."

"But I do, mother. I know what you're going to Mr. Beckwith meant. I know *all* that it meant."

Mrs. Andersen looked at her uneasily, a faint colour showing in her careworn cheek. "What did it mean then?" she asked huskily.

"It meant that father would not be your husband any more."

"It meant clothes for you and the children, and comfort and peace for us all," Mrs. Andersen said slowly. "It meant protection from what we had to endure last night and what we shall have to endure again."

"Never again."

"Yes, again. Well, we shall see."

"But you have given father another chance?"

"One more."

"And then? Oh, I wish—I wonder if we do right when we let him go away. Perhaps if we clung fast to him it would be easier for him to resist. We ought to let him go only by little and little till at last we could trust him altogether."

"I've tried it all," said Mrs. Andersen wearily, "and I broke my heart over it; but now I don't care what happens. Bah! a man should not need a parcel of women to keep him straight. It's not natural."

"Was he always like that, mother?" Lena asked musingly,—"even when you first knew him?"

"He drank a little, but I had never seen him more than merry. It was afterwards that I found he had no will of his own. Never you marry a man who can't say 'No' and stick to it."

Lena started and the colour deepened in her cheeks; then she caught her mother's hand and her eyes sparkled. "Did you love father very dearly?" she asked.

"I suppose I loved him or I should not have married him, but I hadn't the sense to see him as he was. But what do you know about love? Love is all very well, but it won't feed you or clothe you or keep the wind out of the house. How are we going to live now?"

"I suppose we can manage somehow. We have managed hitherto."

"Yes—on Mr. Beckwith's money."

"Oh, mother!"

"Yes—and oh, Lena! The world's none of my making. Would you have me sit by and see the kids starve while there is a way to prevent it? I suppose he has a right to be charitable if he likes, even though he does—love me, as you say. Come, are you thinking of anyone but yourself? You wouldn't like it because people would talk, but what about the children? It's his idea, not mine. He says *all* and for good, and he never changes, and he is a just man and a good man, and your father isn't worthy to black his boots. There!"

"And is there no other way?" Lena asked restlessly. "I do feel the truth of what you say, and I do want us all to be happy—us who have never known what it is—but is that the way to happiness, through—yes, I must say it—shame, and over father's misery?"

"I would take any road to happiness now," Mrs. Andersen said recklessly. "The wonder is I have refrained so long. But I am a fool to argue with a child. Wait till you have been through what I have, and then see how much morality is left in you."

But even as she uttered the wicked words the miserable woman burst into

tears and caught her daughter in her arms.

"No, no," she sobbed, "don't listen to me; don't believe me. Oh, my little one, it's that or madness! Once you might have persuaded me; but it's too late. I love him."

"Poor, poor mother!"

"And if he were to walk in now and say to me, 'Come,' then I must follow him to the end of the world, and that is the way with a woman."

Lena looked out despairingly through her tears. Was it for her to deny the supremacy of love?

"Oh, mother," she said, "perhaps you are right and I am too young to understand; and maybe I only repeat like a parrot what I have heard, because I am incapable of forming a judgment myself. I will believe that you are right, if Mrs. Gird will say so too. May I go to her and tell her everything? She is not like other women; she will never repeat a word of it. Then, if she is against you doing as you wish, she may think of some way to help us. Say yes, mother."

"Very well, then," said her mother, worn out by the struggle, and glad to throw the burden of a decision on another. "She knows nearly all about it as it is. Yes, anything to bring it to an end."

In the afternoon Lena set out to consult the oracle whose shrine was in the dark bush, where the trees came down one by one, and the tui's lustrous talk was always in the air so long as the daylight lasted. There was little to disturb him here, for the track ended at the Gird's doorstep, and beyond the forest stretched away to the south for forty miles without a break. And it needed little to disturb the tui, who for all his loquacity and gaiety has the reserve and pride of the aristocrat, shunning

the places frequented by that sturdy foreigner the thrush, and turning his glossy back contemptuously on that vulgar little blackguard the European sparrow.

Mrs. Gird was not visible in the clearing, and Lena, who had the distaste of the young for the sight of incurable sickness, went hesitatingly up to the open door of the house.

"The very lass," said Mrs. Gird's voice from the dark interior. "Come right in and take off your frock. Now, who says I haven't the power of summoning those I want? Yes, you may smile, father, but here's the maid in the flesh, and what's brought her here if it wasn't my summons? Well, Lena! You see father's been a bit poorly—oh, nothing to speak of—and so I'm stopping at home to cheer him up. And I've cut up my black velvet for you, because an old woman has no need of dresses in the bush; and it's been packed away ever since—well, never mind when, for it's good yet, and the very thing to show off the whitest skin and the bluest eyes in the settlement."

"You are very good, Mrs. Gird," Lena said awkwardly.

"Good! Good's no word for me. I am simply a wonder of generosity when I like. Take off your frock; I'm dying to see what kind of a dress-maker I am. No, I didn't cut it out with the axe."

"Oh, Mrs. Gird!"

"Well, then, that bit of thought-reading missed fire. Now, let me see. My! what lovely arms! Oh, if I only dared make it without sleeves! Mind the pins! Gracious! I believe it's going to fit. Gently! And the waist is like a dream—and the throat! Did you ever? Ain't I an artist? Ain't I just the most extraordinary clever woman in spite of my grammar?"

"You are very kind," Lena said, her eyes beaming.

"I'm all kinds," said Mrs. Gird. "Now, let me see. We mustn't hide those pretty legs altogether. I should like it quite short; but you, of course—oh, you needn't tell me—"

"I should like it longer than that other one," Lena confessed.

"I knew it, and it's so stupid. Just when, for His Own reasons, God has made a girl most attractive she begins to curl up her hair and her toes and get out of sight. It's just an invention of the poor miserables to whom clothes are necessary for survival. The wonder is that the handsome people allow themselves to be imposed upon, and led by the nose or the clothes into all sorts of ridiculous disguises. It's indecent. Well, if you must; but not an inch longer. Now turn round. Ah, well, I suppose after all it's the girl and not the clothes." And Mrs. Gird sat down and regarded her handiwork with thoughtful eyes, in which a gleam of anxiety played amid a deal of tenderness.

"So your father has come back," she said presently, busying herself with the more perfect adjustment of the dress.

"Yes, last night; and he went away again this morning. He was terrible, but he was sorry afterwards."

"The same old tale,—and what next?"

"He has promised never to touch drink again, and he means to try,—he means to try so hard."

"Yes, a weak man's resolution and a rope of sand."

"Oh, Mrs. Gird, is there no hope for him?"

"Hope, child?" said Mrs. Gird softly, her eye travelling to the still figure in the invalid's chair. "We can no more help hoping than we can stop the beating of our hearts; but the order of things is not changed in deference to human desire. In the

end we have to make up our minds to the inevitable. Hope? No, not a shadow."

Lena stood silent and miserable while the frock was removed. The futility of hope is a tragic prospect to the young, to whom, indeed, it is little less essential than the air that fills their lungs.

"Come and sit down by me," said Mrs. Gird kindly, "and let us see if the world is really as black as it pretends to be. Does it seem so dark? Is there no gleam of sunshine anywhere?"

The colour rose in Lena's cheeks and she dropped her eyes. "I was thinking of mother and the children," she murmured.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gird, watching the downcast face, "and what of mother?"

"She has given father another chance—the last—after that—"

"The deluge," interposed the other, as Lena hesitated. "Well, I did not expect she would give him another chance; and that is something gained, I suppose, even if it's only time."

"Oh, Mrs. Gird, mother seemed to say that you knew all about us, and she said I might come and talk with you,—not on her account, you understand, but my own; because I want to know what is right and what is best for us all."

"Ah, if there were any one who could really tell us that, Lena!"

"Mother has given him another chance, and if he fails she will leave him and go—to—Mr. Beckwith." Lena wrung her hands passionately.

"And that seems terrible to you?" Mrs. Gird asked gently. "But of course and so it is—and yet, perhaps—probably—it will come to pass."

"Oh, Mrs. Gird, could it ever be right?"

"No, it could never be right, that seems certain. But can we ever do

what is perfectly right? Do we even know it? The best of human righteousness is only parti-coloured. Now and then, Lena, we all come to the place where the roads divide, and sometimes we know or think we know which is wrong and which is right; but we have to make our choice, and when we have made it there is no turning back."

"But ought mother to do this?" Lena urged. "I know that Mr. Beckwith is everything that is kind, and that the children would be well fed and clothed and taught, and when I think of them my heart says *yes*, but would that excuse it? Would anything excuse it? It seems that the price is more than we should be asked to pay."

Mrs. Gird shook her head. "It is for your mother to decide. I would help her if I could; but, child, this question is not for you or me. When a rat finds itself shut in a hole with just one gleam of daylight, it works and gnaws at that point until it gets through, and though there may be worse awaiting it on the other side, still it made for the daylight, and that's just human nature. You, of course, look at the question from a moral point of view, and that is only right and natural in a young girl; but I'm not a moral person to the extent that I would drive a principle like a juggernaut, and so, frankly, I have no answer for you. There are some questions that fairly bristle with *ifs*, and this is one of them. But the hour for deciding is not quite yet, and it may never come. Meanwhile, let us eat and drink and be merry."

And that was all Lena learned from the oracle that day.

Mrs. Andersen asked her daughter a few leading questions, which elicited the unfruitfulness of the errand, and then there was silence between them. It seemed to Lena that there was

only one subject for discussion with her mother, and that for the present was exhausted. A meal had to be patched up for the children, and this, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Gird, proved less difficult than on some other occasions. By the time it was over the sun's beams gilded only the trees on the higher ground. Lena tidied herself and put on her hat, her heart beginning to resume the elation of the morning. Usually her mother watched her departure in silence, as though her trust or her indifference were too deep rooted to provoke a care, but this evening she opened her lips to ask—"What do you two do with yourselves every evening?"

"We read," said Lena.

"What?"

"History, and myth-ology, and things."

Mrs. Andersen said no more. It was about this time of the day that Mr. Beckwith frequently dropped in for an hour. Geoffrey had described him as a silent man; but though he did not say a great deal, there was frequently a great deal in what he did say.

It was probably better for Lena to read history with Robert Hernshaw.

CHAPTER XII.

It had all come about through the unpacking of the box of books and Robert's offer to Lena to lend her any volume she cared to read. But one day Robert discovered that history became more intelligible when it was read aloud, because the movement of words was then sufficiently rapid to create pictures, an effect which was not produced in the course of the slow finger-following perusal which his want of practice necessitated. Accordingly Lena became the reader. She had a musical voice, full of delicate shades of feeling, and it flowed trip-

pingly over proper nouns in a way that took Robert's breath away until he became used to it. Then in that alien country the old-world scenes, as depicted by the genius of the historian, took fresh being, and they saw the wild English and Saxon hordes, the men who were not to be denied, swoop down on the sacred land where was yet the dying clasp of the Roman. Other parts of the book they merely skimmed, picking out the battles for special attention, as children pick plums from a cake. But the history of the English till the Conquest, the stirring story of the dominant race through the stormy five hundred years of its childhood, that was a thing of which Robert never grew tired. "What beggars they were!" he would say, rapt in admiration. "No wonder their children conquered the world."

"But," Lena suggested with misgivings, "they were always being subdued and ruled over by foreign kings,—Norsemen and Danes."

Robert puzzled over this, and at their next meeting he had an answer ready. "It was because they were so headstrong that none of their own race could rule them," he said. "They were always quarrelling, and their jealousy of one another was so fierce that they could put up with any king so long as he was not one of themselves. I can understand that quite easily. But the people themselves never paid much attention to the kings, and they went straight on as they liked. And if foreigners landed anywhere the English just swallowed them, and remained as much English as they were before. Even after William the Conqueror it only took a few generations to chew the foreigners out of existence, and England was more English than ever. But now just look, and here's the difference,—when the English came they found the country full of people,

like it might be the Maoris, and they went clean over them and wiped them out, every man jack, barring a few that got among the mountains and managed to hang on till the English forgot all about them. But did any race ever do that with the English? No; peace or war, they were the better men. And they kept right on, and there they are still; and it's only just exactly what you would expect from the way they began."

The reading of the pair was somewhat erratic. The library contained a considerable number of books of reference, and they treated these as seriously as anything else, having but a dim idea of their proper use. The Classical Dictionary had an alphabetical arrangement, which made it somewhat disconnected reading, but it opened glimpses of a remote and surprising world, and they followed its devious path eclectically as far as E. Robert learned and remembered a great deal from this work. Among other things he acquired the knowledge that there was once a poet called Ury Pides (a monosyllable) who wrote plays, and had the misfortune to be devoured by dogs; and he heard also of a gentleman of the name of Archie Medes. Mr. Medes, it appeared, was a mathematician of some eminence in his day who was still supposed to be remembered on account of his invention of the water-screw. But Lena vetoed the Classical Dictionary after awhile, because its contents were occasionally such that she had to stop reading and refer hurriedly to Z, or even, which was safer, to the back cover. There was no system in their examination of the shelves. Robert would select a book, chiefly by its external appearance, and say, "Try this fellow," as though it were a special variety of potato. And Lena would take it and begin respectfully at the first word on

the first page,—unless, indeed, it happened to be in a foreign language, when they would both stare at the mysterious characters, so clear to the eye, so opaque to the understanding. Lena had the devouring curiosity of a high intelligence, and she made an attempt to embark on these strange seas with the aid of a dictionary; but there was considerable contempt mingled with Robert's awe of the unfamiliar characters, and in the end, that they might not lose sight of one another, Lena had to put back to the shore. Their preference, they told one another, was for works of an educational character, but occasionally they were seduced into the enthralling arms of fiction, and stayed there night after night, forgetful of the world. It may be that their understanding grew more rapidly in those hours than when their fare was of a plainer description, for there they found, as nowhere else, life spread before them in its completeness. Danger lurked there, perhaps, but it remained unobserved. Their feet passed lightly and unconsciously over the delicate ground, and the trail of the serpent, if existent, was unmarked by the young readers.

Occasionally the volume proved to be poetry, and at first the unfortunate poets were returned incontinently to the shelves, as being on a par with the foreign books from the point of clearness, and but little in advance of the Classical Dictionary as regards rational sequence of ideas. But there proved to be a great many of them, and Lena at last decided that it was impossible to disregard the poets entirely.

"If there were nothing in them," she said, "would your brother have them?"—an *argumentum ad hominem* which appealed forcibly to Robert, and led to a plunge into the IDYLLS OF THE KING. Lena was enraptured,

a fair proportion of her delight being due to the discovery of her ability to understand; and even Robert was pleased with the fighting and colour of that legendary world.

"How grand it would be if it were all written out plain like Green's *Short*," he observed; and Lena laughed till the tears stood in her eyes. Green's *Short* was Robert's first love, and it became in time the literary standard against which he measured all works, prose and poetry indifferently.

One evening Lena came to a word in her reading which arrested her attention like the sound of a bell. "Oh, Robert," she exclaimed, "Shakespeare! Fancy, we have never thought of him once till now. It's like the name of a great country that everyone hears of, and to think that we can go there any moment we please!"

"I did look at him," said Robert. "He's very close print and a bit long-winded; but there's grit in him in places. He's the man that invented 'Very like a whale.'"

"He never did," Lena replied indignantly. "He wouldn't be so vulgar."

"Well, I'll bet you twopence. I saw it with my own eyes. It's in a piece called HAMLET, and it made me think that he might be worth looking into."

"You thought that because he wrote, 'Very like a whale'?"

"Yes," Robert alleged stoutly.

"Why?"

"Well, it seemed to me that a man who could invent a bit of slang that would keep fresh for three hundred years might have something in him."

It was just this ability of Robert's to find at all times a reason, whether founded on a misapprehension or not, for the belief that was in him that held Lena's respect, even when she

found him totally unable to share her literary enthusiasms. Robert's critical judgment appeared to be an instrument of two strings, awed admiration and cheerful contempt; and where the author failed to arouse one he got the other with distressing certainty. What Robert, in fact, asked of his authors was that they should create pictures of greater or less distinctness, and where he found, after due trial, that no such effect was produced, he would have nothing of them. Thus, much of their first distaste for poetry arose from the failure of an attempt to read a poem called *FINE AT THE FAIR*. Robert thought the title sounded promising, and he got ready for more or less vivid experiences.

After a page or two Lena looked up sily, but Robert was all attention. "Any sign of Fine yet?" he asked.

Lena hesitated, and scanned the immensity ahead.

"Or of the fair?" Robert asked further.

Lena shook her head.

They missed a good many pearls from the difficulty they encountered in opening the oysters.

But Shakespeare draws with a great net, and the most unlikely fish yield to that universality of cast. Lena submitted unreservedly at the first tear, and thereafter she was but a slave to the caprices of the giant. Robert held out doubtfully for awhile. The great wind that blew across the ocean deafened and blinded him. But one night Uncle Toby remarked "A plague o' these pickle herrings" in such a surprisingly natural manner that Robert became entangled and was drawn kicking to the shore.

As time went on Lena developed a surprising power of dramatic utterance, only a degree less wonderful than the insight that inspired it. The untutored girl, by sheer sensitiveness of nature, caught the pulsations

of that mighty heart till her own blood vibrated in unison. She was the two wicked sisters; she was Cordelia; she was Lear.

"O, reason not the need:—

Oh, Robert, doesn't it make your heart stand still?

Our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not Nature more than Nature
needs,
Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou
art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, Nature needs not what thou
gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But,
for true need,—

How right that is now and always!
And to think that this was written
three hundred years ago!

Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

And so I am, I am.

Be your tears wet? yes, 'faith—"

"And so are yours," Robert interjected softly.

"— I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will
drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your
sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me
wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

No cause, no cause."

And so to the conclusion:—

"Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!
he hates him much
That would upon the rack of this
tough world
Stretch him out longer."

Lena looked up, the tears trembling

on her lashes, her eyes shining with a strange passion. "Isn't it lovely, lovely? Isn't it the most beautiful thing in the world?"

Robert looked at her and was silent. In those moments it seemed that his practical common-sense could not call her back to the earth of their lives.

CHAPTER XIII.

At last the sun was going down. Never before in Robert's experience had there been a day of such duration. More usually the daylight was inadequate to the duties of a settler, whose heart was in the performance of his work. But to-day the sun had displayed an unheard of reluctance to complete his portion of the universal contract.

The last of the kumaras had been duly set out in the row. There had been time to do some more or less necessary weeding in the vegetable garden, to earth up the melons afresh, even to strew rushes on the strawberry patch, and to nip off the sly runners whose ambition it is to establish themselves before they are discovered; but still the sun delayed high up, as though he also would commemorate this day of days. But the instinct of the lover turns with longing eyes to the night, and when love's promises point also in the same direction, then the day becomes a stumbling-block and time itself a rack.

But the sun was going at last. In a languorous glory of reluctant adieus he dipped below the horizon and whirled his last beams across the bush-clad hills. The tuis were making a light supper amid a wild mockery of cat-calls and resplendent jests, and flocks of parrots rose high into the sky, and flew screaming away towards the advancing shadows.

"Good evening, Mr. Hernshaw," said a demure voice among the quince bushes, and the blood rose duskily in Robert's tanned cheeks.

Lena looked at him steadily, with shy, sparkling eyes, her face catching the tell-tale reflection.

"Oh, what gooses!" she said, laughing softly. "What has come over us?"

"I suppose it's because we love one another," Robert explained soberly.

Lena sat down on the log a little distance away and continued her scrutiny of his face. "I feel afraid of you," she said presently.

"Afraid?"

"And—I think—I like it. But why should I begin to be afraid now?"

"Do you think it is because you love me?" Robert asked.

"I don't know," said Lena; then she added, "I am all a mystery to myself now."

"Has the day seemed long?" Robert asked presently. "I have done millions of things, and some of them hardly wanted doing yet, just to kill time; and it seems as though there were no more work left for to-morrow."

"Let us go and see," Lena said, jumping up; and together they went and inspected the kumara plants and the strawberry patch and the vegetable garden, — even extending their examination to the potatoes on the other side of the hill, until it became almost too dark to see.

"How nice everything is, Robert, and how hard you do work! Should you be glad if there were no more work after to-day?"

"I should not be glad,—no."

Lena's eyes flashed suddenly in the darkness. "You would not be?"

"No," said Robert decidedly.

"I like to hear you say *no*; say it again."

"I will if you will say *yes*."

Lena's lips parted in tribute to this little bit of artfulness. "Now," she said, shrinking a little, "do you like me?"

"No, I will not say *no* to that."

"You have, twice. What was that?"

"Only a morepork. Lena, do you love me?"

"Yes, I suppose it was, but it startled me."

"Come closer to me. And,—did you answer my question?"

"Yes. There are two *yesses* for your *noes*."

"But we were talking about a morepork, and I want to be sure. I will put the question again."

"No, not yet. How sweet the bush smells! There's the jasmine scent I never could trace."

"It grows close to the ground and has a red berry."

"Robert, I think I will go home."

"Home! So soon? Very well."

"Now you are angry. Perhaps I should not have come, either to-day or yesterday."

Robert said nothing.

"Now you are going to be cruel."

"I am saying nothing at all."

"Ah; that is how."

Robert paused at the door of the house. "So there's to be no reading to-night?" he asked.

"Do you want it very much," she asked—"to-night?"

There was a subtle undercurrent of meaning in the girl's words which appeased Robert's disappointment. Here was the sweetest romance in action, and he stopped to prate about books!

"Come, then," he said, and led the way to the slip-rail.

The sky was crowded with stars in whose light they were visible to one another so long as the road lasted, but the bush track was like the jaws

of darkness itself. There were bright jewels winking among the branches, now obscured, now suddenly reappearing, but the blackness below remained unsolved. Only the sense of touch formed a key to the enigma, the sole of the foot, the tips of the fingers. Robert felt a warm flutter against the back of his hand and caught at it. Then they went on, their fingers interlocked in a thrilling speech. Now and then one stumbled and caught at the other with a low laugh. When their feet brushed against vegetation they turned aside; to lose the track might be serious. The distance to the next clearing was not great, but touch is the slowest and most cautious of the senses, and provides an immensity of detail. They spoke little and that in whispers, but their hands interchanged messages, warning, restraining, guiding, passionate.

Thoughts they had none, the senses dominated the situation; each was engrossed in the other; each was as much the other as if their spirits had changed dwelling.

When Lena came out into the starlight on the hilltop she drew a deep breath and turned to look back. The bush stood black and insoluble; it seemed impossible that the entrance to it could ever be found again.

"I wish you had not to go back," she said.

"I might wish it as much."

"Shall you be able to find the track?"

"Quite easily. I have found it before."

They went across the chalky summit till the light of the hut below was visible. There was a sound of talking,—a woman's voice in monosyllables, a man's low, urgent. The words were not audible. Lena's hand tightened sharply on that of her companion; Robert placed his other hand over it and held it till the

pressure relaxed. He had heard the voices on other occasions. A warm, languorous breath rose out of the hollow where the sun had slept all day, but the night air breathed sweet and pure across the hill summit.

"Do you love me, Lena?"

Lena drew impulsively half a step nearer. "Listen," she said, "and you shall judge. There have been things to make me miserable to-day. I should have been wretched, ashamed, in tears; but all day long my heart has been stumbling and bounding, and I have been happy, happy, happy! This is the most glorious and beautiful day that God ever made. If I lived for a hundred years I should remember it when I died,—every instant of it. That is because you love me. That is because I love you. No; don't say anything, because I am going to make you sad. Oh, Robert! It began at twelve o'clock; it ends now,—it ends now."

"Why are you crying, Lena?"

"Because of the voices. For me there is poverty and the shadow of shame. Oh, I understand it all! There was that in the darkness which told me its strength; and I would bring you everything that is dear and precious, and have only my rags and the shadow of a disgrace that is certain."

"Bring me your dear self," said Robert, "and I shall have the most precious thing in the world."

"Would you not sometime reproach me when people should point and say, 'Her father was a drunkard; her—'"

Robert put his hand quickly to her lips. "Lena," he said, grieved, "do you think no better of me than that?"

"Never with your lips—no, no; but with your heart. Would it be enough that I loved you?"

"Enough!"

"Oh, how you say that! But it is

because you cannot now think for yourself that I think for you."

"Very well; but you must not prevent me doing the same by you. And if we think for each other, the result is the same as if we each thought for ourselves. That is love. We do not want anything but one another. That is the whole world. At least it is so with me. You have told me you love me; you cannot be so cruel as to let anything prevent me making you my wife."

"Your wife? Oh, Robert, what would Geoffrey say?"

"When he knows you, he will certainly be as amazed at my good luck as I am, and he will probably say so."

"That is just sweet of you to say that, but—"

"How old are you?" Robert interrupted.

"I shall be seventeen in two weeks."

"We are both rather young, I suppose," Robert considered in his practical way.

"Seventeen is not very young," Lena said.

"Not *very* young. What I said was, it's *rather* young. But after all Juliet was a good deal younger; she was not fourteen, and Romeo—how old was Romeo?"

"It doesn't say; but he loved another girl before he loved Juliet, and so—"

"Probably forty," was Robert's rapid diagnosis.

"Will you love another girl when you are forty?"

"I always go on as I begin," Robert replied confidently; and Lena, beneath her amusement, was conscious of some justification for the egotism.

"I wish we were just a little older," she said presently.

"Let us both wish," said Robert.

Beckwith, as he climbed the track on the other side of the hill, heard a

subdued laugh like a peal of fairy bells; the sound was not repeated, and he went on his solitary way.

"Geoffrey will be here in a day or two, and I will tell him all about it. Then I will see your mother—and your father, if I can, and after that—" The rest was conveyed through the twining fingers. "Will you be ready for me when I say come?"

The twining fingers made their own reply.

"And you will not try to think for me any more,—as if I could not tell quite well for myself what is good for me?"

"You shall do as you please."

"But will you do as I please?"

"Hark!" said Lena.

From the hollow beneath came the sound of a closing door, followed by a profound silence.

"I must go," she said. "Yes, I will do as you please. Only I will not come any more in the evenings. That would not be right,—would it?"

"Right?" Robert echoed doubtfully.

"Well, not wise. It mattered little what the waif Lena Andersen did, but Mrs. Robert Hernshaw is different." Her voice lingered shyly and tenderly on the words.

"Say it again," said Robert delighted. "Well, where then shall I meet you?"

"Here, so that if I am wanted I can hear mother's voice. Now go, and I will wait until you find the track."

"Let me watch here until you are safely home."

"I should be more content to know that you were on the track."

"Well, then, good-night, dear."

"Good-night, Robert."

It was easy to bid good-night, but their hands clung together and were not so easily parted. The eternity of the past meets the eternity of the

future in that passionate clasp of lovers. In their inter-locking fingers is the bond that holds creation. And these two were dumb.

Suddenly an owl screamed harshly on the edge of the bush; there was the footfall of some agitated creature—animal or human!—going by a few yards down the hill.

Lena drew back sharply. It seemed that spirits had been whispering at her heart, but she could not catch the words. Robert had moved away, and unconsciously she whispered his name. He was at her side in a moment. Had she called him, she wondered, and why? Then a memory came to her, and she laughed softly.

"I do forget why I did call you back."

"Was it because you had forgotten to kiss me?" Robert asked at once.

"That is not right. You should say, 'Let me stay here until you do remember it.'"

"Yes, of course, but if he had been as near to you as I am, he would have said as I did."

"She was up on the balcony," Lena said wistfully after awhile.

"And he was down in the garden."

"I will give you one—kiss—if you like."

They leaned together in the dim starlight, and for an instant their lips touched; then tremblingly and with burning cheeks they parted.

Mrs. Andersen was sitting idly at the table. She looked up as the girl entered, and so searching was her glance, or so dazzling was the lamp-light after the darkness, that Lena shut her eyes.

"Do you love him, Lena?" her mother asked suddenly.

"Yes, and he loves me; and he is coming to see you and father. And, mother, mother, I am the happiest and the luckiest girl in the world!"

CHAPTER XIV.

GEOFFREY'S discovery in the private ledger caused him considerable perplexity. Without evil intention, in a fit of absent-mindedness indeed, he had come into possession of a fact which had been deliberately concealed from him. How was he to act? To seal up the pages again was to preclude the possibility of discharging the obligation under which his family laboured. While he retained the consciousness of the debt he must lose the power to allude to it. To leave the pages open, on the other hand, meant that the Major must be taxed with his generosity and the money returned. This, to Geoffrey, seemed a hard and ungrateful act, and one which, however delicately performed, would be certain to hurt Major Milward's feelings. That the Major would prefer the memory of his good action to the return of the cash disbursed was a foregone conclusion: the note that closed the account meant that or nothing; and though, doubtless, the good deed remained even after its pecuniary aspect was discharged, yet Geoffrey could feel no enthusiasm in this view. Where was the money to come from? It meant that the obligation was transferred, not discharged. Why his uncle rather than Major Milward? And yet, he dared not be so beholden to the man whose daughter he sought to marry. At all costs the credit and good name of his family must be rehabilitated, and since the sons of the dead man were incapable of the task, the obligation devolved on the brother.

This decision was not arrived at immediately, because in the interim Geoffrey was in constant intercourse with the unconscious Major, and it seemed then so much pleasanter to let things be, to preserve a complete unconsciousness of what he had

learned, or to accept the obligation frankly and generously and there make an end. Indeed, it was only after consultation with Robert that the course to be pursued became fixed and irrevocable.

Geoffrey had not lived for three years in his brother's society without discovering that there was good holding-ground for vessels inclined to drift, and on one or two occasions he had let down an anchor with excellent effect. The recollection of this occurred to him one morning as he was returning up the beach with Sandy from their customary swim, and he at once expressed the necessity for making a trip up the river.

"You will take the sailing-boat, I suppose?" Sandy said.

"Not if you want it. Anything will do,—or I could ride."

"Eve has been wanting to pay a few calls inland for some time past, and I don't know when I can make it convenient to go with her. I was wondering whether you would mind acting escort."

"I shall be delighted if Miss Milward will condescend to accept my services," Geoffrey replied, with his will on the curb.

It was not often that the store-keeper showed such care in his choice of language, and Sandy glanced at him out of the corner of his eye as he said: "Let us go round to the kitchen, then, and make enquiries."

Eve was not in the kitchen, where a couple of bright-eyed Maori girls were busy in the preparation of breakfast, but they found her gathering the scarlet hibiscus blooms in the garden, her long, fair hair, alive with sunlight, falling below her waist.

"This is one of the seven wonders of the world," said Sandy, possessing himself of a handful of the golden tresses; "but it is not often that our weak eyes are suffered to behold it."

And indeed Geoffrey stood by like a man dazzled with excess of sunlight.

Eve drew herself laughing away, the colour deepening in her cheeks. "Tell me at once," she said, "that you have come for me because breakfast is late."

"I shall never marry," said Sandy gloomily, "to be thus continually misjudged."

"Look, Mr. Hernshaw," said Eve, suddenly extending a double handful of the gorgeous blossoms; "can you match these in the gardens of England?"

Geoffrey shook his head. "Neither the flowers nor the gardener."

"Aha! said Sandy. "An extra plate of fish."

Eve let the flowers fall to her side and looked with twinkling eyes from one to the other. "What is it then?" she asked.

Sandy explained. "The only condition Mr. Hernshaw makes is that you won't talk religion. Farming, sheep-shearing, anything like that, but religion he bars."

"Rubbish," said Geoffrey, half annoyed.

"I shall take Prince," said Eve, her eyes sparkling. "May I take Prince, Sandy?"

"Ye-es. You won't be able to talk religion on Prince. He believes in the other thing. I rode him to the gum-store one day last week, and I don't believe we exchanged a single heavenly word going or returning. Better take the mare, Eve."

"That is because you don't understand him," Eve said gaily. "Tell the boys to get Prince in, Sandy. And now you do really deserve to have breakfast."

They galloped together along the hard sandy beach, thence at a tangent through thick groves of tea-tree on to the steeper grades of the bush

road. Prince's solitary misdemeanour so far had been to shy at a bullock emerging heavily from the growths by the roadside; but he plainly watched every inch of the way with the profoundest suspicion, and, at any other pace than a gallop, when he was not sidling away in one direction, he was edging across the road diagonally in the other.

"What is it he is always expecting?" Eve asked laughing. "Do you think horses believe in ghosts?"

"Horse-ghosts or human?"

"Suppose intelligence takes us further away from the perception of such things. What if a spiritual universe stands revealed at the bottom of the scale, and perhaps again at the top, and we, being out of sight of either, have only a vague legacy of dread coming to us out of the past?"

"Is this the thin edge of a religious argument?"

"I will give you a race to the big tree."

"Done."

"You see when he gallops he forgets or becomes indifferent. That would seem to show that it is not anything he expects which absorbs him, but the things he actually sees. I wonder that spiritualists have never thought of using animals for their mediums."

"Asses," Geoffrey suggested.

"You are the most sceptical person of my acquaintance, Mr. Hernshaw. What do you believe in?"

"I believe that the sun is shining, the woods are green; that a bell-bird is singing somewhere in the ranges; that we are together."

"You have good ears. Listen."

Faint, yet clear, came the silvery peal like the ringing of a bell in fairy-land. They reined in their horses and remained motionless till the sound ceased.

"They are very rare," Eve said. "I have not heard one for years. Yet father remembers when the bushes were thronging with them. Then the tuis are not so plentiful as they were. Soon the forests will be as silent as a graveyard."

"Soon they themselves will be gone."

"I hope I shall not live to see it."

"Yes, civilisation is a ruthless thing. One is sometimes tempted to ask if it is worth the cost, but we are bound to think so. That is a thing we dare not disbelieve."

"What wonder if it be true, as the bushmen believe, that the forest demands its toll of the destroyers. It needs no stretching of the imagination to believe that in this great silent outburst of life there is a soul that can offer resistance. Stephen, our bushman, is a firm believer in—what should one call it?"

"Vegetable vengeance," Geoffrey suggested.

Eve laughed and pouted together. "Uto¹ is the word," she said,—"*payment in expiation*—and he supports his belief by many gruesome instances. Do believe in something! Have you heard him tell of the night he spent in the bush with Jim Biglow?"

"No; I have not heard that one. Only about Mark Gird."

"Do you believe that?"

"About Gird? I may believe it and attach no importance to it. The really miraculous thing would be if a coincidence of the kind never occurred. What did it amount to? A certain man dreamed that a tree had fallen and struck Gird. He says he dreamed it twice. That may be so, though the pathology of dreams allows of a vision appearing to the waking mind in duplicate. Any way, it was a natural

enough dream for a bushman, even in its association with Gird, who had worked with him frequently. Thousands of bushmen must have dreamed similar dreams, possibly the bushman's nightmare usually takes the form of a falling tree. But in this case it happened that the coincidence established itself. There is no more in it than that."

"I do not envy you your religion of science which reduces everything to the same dead level of the commonplace."

"Let me give you a more pleasing idea of science. It is not a religion. It may be more aptly likened to the making of a road into the unknown. This road is being built stone by stone, backward into the past and onward into the future, and both ends have the same destination. Now and then the road crosses the old, worn track of a belief or a religion, and the crowds using that track are annoyed and endeavour to break it to pieces, to turn its course, to undermine it; but all the while the labourers come on, bringing their stones, and setting them, and pushing yet farther forward. Every stone in that road fits into the stones next to it, and locks and binds them together; when it fails to do so it is rejected and another takes its place, and so the work goes on. The formed road men call Knowledge, and on it rests the foundation of the civilised world to-day. The extremities of the road are where the labourers in science are for ever probing the abyss and securing fresh foothold for the great journey; but its destination is that to which all religions alike turn their gaze—the origin of things, the fountain of Truth, the Absolute."

"That is very striking," Eve said, after a pause. "But does not science itself deny the possibility of man ever reaching finality by its means?"

¹ The word *utu*, meaning price, is also frequently used in the same sense.

"Science recognises that at some remote date she may reach a point where her tests will no longer meet with response, where the abyss will not yield to the plummet, and all the accumulated knowledge of the ages cannot carry her forward one single step."

"Yes,—and then?"

"Then," replied Geoffrey smiling, "it may be justifiable for man to give a guess as to his Maker. He will at least have exhausted every avenue accessible to reason."

Eve looked around her with musing eyes. The yellow road, blotted here and there with shadow, wound gradually downwards through the unbroken forest. On its margin fern-tree and palm and springing sapling formed a continuous curtain of greenery at the feet of the lofty trees. A sweet earthy odour mingled with the honeyed breath of a myriad flowers. High in the flaming rata trees the wild bees hummed. Now and again a pigeon flew with a silky whisper of wings from one bough to another. The tui's note sounded briefly, a scatter of pearls. No jarring sound broke the serene peace of this temple of life.

"Is there nothing," she said dreamily, "that comes to you through the leaves out of the great Unknown?"

"Yes," he said steadily. "Law, unchanging, adequate, unconfused."

"And to me—Love."

They rode on for awhile in silence. "I do not deny your love," he said at last. "That may well be the reverse of the coin. But love that is bound by law, and law that is inspired by love,—is it possible we are on mutual ground at last?"

She looked at him eagerly.

"Teach me your love," he said, "and learn my law in exchange."

Not until the words were spoken did the light of another meaning leap

into his gaze and cause her eyes to swerve aside from his.

"That, I suppose, is Sven Andersen," she said quietly. "Who is the other man?"

Geoffrey, following the direction of her gaze, looked down the road, which had here taken a sudden turn. Three or four acres in the angle had been cleared and burnt, save for a few kahikatea and ratas, rising scorched and leafless from the black soil.

In front of the clearing was a low weatherboard building with a narrow verandah, and beneath its shelter, seated on a rough form, were two men. Sven Andersen had a pannikin on the seat beside him, and in this he was engaged in stirring up a decoction of vinegar and sugar. The other man sat with his hands in his pockets, his legs stretched out, and his eyes gazing straight before him.

As the riders approached Andersen appeared to make some remark to his companion, who turned his face in their direction. For awhile the two groups looked indifferently at one another. Then a singular thing happened.

Eve, becoming conscious of some change in her companion, turned quickly towards him. He was regarding the man on the verandah intently, with eyes full of expectation. The man for his part had risen to his feet and was looking with equal intentness at the passing horseman. There was a strange glittering in his eyes and a mocking smile on his lips.

It seemed to Eve that the recognition of the two men was mutual, that the exchange of electric glances must result in speech,—speech of a startling nature. But no,—the horseman rode steadily by, the man on the verandah stood smiling in silence. In a moment the curve of the road brought the scene to an end.

Eve was unconscious of the tension to which she had been subjected till she surprised herself by a long breath of relief.

"Who is that dreadful man?" she asked.

Geoffrey was gazing thoughtfully, moodily, straight in front of him, and for a moment made no reply. "He was a friend of mine in the old country," he said carefully at last. "His name is Wickener. I believe he is mad; but pardon me if, for the present, I say no more."

The girl felt a strange stirring at her heart. "Forgive me," she said; "I had no right to ask you. I had no idea that it mattered."

Then Geoffrey turned and looked at her. There were compassion and a shadow of fear in her eyes. There were anger and revolt and love in his. "If that man were to represent my past?" he said on the impulse, watching her.

"Then I should be sorry for you."

"Sorry?"

"Yes, because of the man."

Suddenly he reined his horse close to hers. "Eve," he cried passionately, "could you ever give me more than the compassion you might extend to any hunted creature? Is that the best you have for me now and always?"

"Why do you ask me now?" she enquired, regarding him thoughtfully.

"I suppose because it is the most inopportune moment I could select," he replied with bitter reflection.

"I have not noticed that anything

of the kind was characteristic of you," Eve said after a pause.

"You have never before seen me stake my life on the hazard."

Eve was silent, but her eyes still continued to scan his face with the same frank seriousness, not unmingled with something like reproach. "I wish I could feel that I understood what was in your mind," she said at length.

"There is nothing there but love and devotion. There has been nothing else there from the moment I first beheld you."

"Why do you feel ashamed to tell me so? Is it against your will that you—love me?"

"No, no. How can you even imagine such a thing? The whole of me consents. Consents! The whole of me is one impulse towards you."

"Then why are you ashamed?" Eve repeated steadily.

"It is true," Geoffrey admitted. "Even now I cannot forget that I am your father's servant."

A light glowed in the girl's eyes and a smile flickered for a moment about the corners of her lips. "You are not ashamed because—because the moment is inopportune?" she asked.

Geoffrey looked puzzled awhile. Then he understood, and shrank from the understanding. "It is impossible," he said, "that I should tell you the story now."

The girl's face trembled as she turned away and set her horse in motion. "Then ask me nothing," she said huskily.

(To be continued.)

FROM TANGIER TO MOROCCO.

ONE evening in the beginning of September two small tents, rather the worse for wear, might have been seen standing in the old Jewish cemetery which lies outside the walls of the town of Laraiche in Morocco. At a short distance off a threshing-mill, turned by a half-naked woman, was grinding noisily, while round about a score of camels, just relieved of their loads of grain, were browsing leisurely. At the door of the larger tent sat a Syrian dressed in European clothes, watching dreamily his three mules which were tethered in a row before him. In the smaller tent two Moors were talking sleepily at intervals. After a longer silence than usual one of them yawned audibly and, unable to find anything more original to say, bawled out four lines of doggerel which were at once his creed and his philosophy of life.

*Il li ma yakra brétu
Wa yidhbaach shétu
Wa issdbin ekasttu
La kheira fil mra il li wildétu.¹*

"Salim!" cried the Syrian from the other tent. The Moor rose lazily and came out into the open. He was a short, thick-set man, nearly black from exposure to the sun, and as hard as iron. He had been engaged in Tangier as muleteer, but had been both a disappointment and disappointed. Having once travelled with some wealthy Americans, he thought he was about to repeat that experience, and had looked forward

to days of ease and nights of feasting. When the true state of affairs dawned upon him, his breast became straitened and his face blacker than before.

"Salim," said the Syrian, "we passed through your district to-day. You are not enjoying the journey; you had better go back. Here are four piastres, one piastre a day since we left Tangier and one more besides."

The Moor went to his tent and, gathering together his few belongings, started off. As he re-passed the Syrian, he asked: "How can you send me back alone through this dangerous part of the country?"

"Why," exclaimed the Syrian, "it is your own home!"

The Moor replied, "I am followed by four men," and with that he walked away.

The second Moor, whose name was Kasim, rose and, loosing the three mules, drove them off to the well just below for their evening drink. The sun had long passed from view behind the hill and, just as the mules returned, it must have dipped into the sea; for the muezzin's voice rang out from the minaret of the great mosque, chanting the call to sunset prayer. The muezzin of Laraiche has the most wonderful voice in all Morocco. He prolonged the notes for an incredible time, his voice rising and falling like the waves of that ocean which never ceases to beat upon the cliffs below.

Kasim quickly hobbled the mules and, cutting a small trench in the ground and filling it with charcoal, busied himself preparing the evening meal. It was now quite dark when a tall figure dressed in long white

¹ "He who does not read his book, and kill his sheep, and soap his clothes,—there is no good in the woman that bore him."

jellaba and snowy turban presented itself at the tent-door.

"Welcome," cried the Syrian; "come in and sit down."

The newcomer entered and sat on the ground. He was a Moor of some fifty years of age and, to judge by his dress, a person of rank, if not of wealth. As he sipped the scalding tea from his tiny cup, he enquired for the health of several Europeans in Tangier, so individually and so often about each individual that the Syrian became impatient and declared curtly, "Everything is well."

One of the unpleasant features of travel in Morocco consists in the number of apprentices with whom one meets, who have run away from the cruelty of their masters and wander about the country, seeking only to avoid detection. Our Moor had in his early days run away from school, in consequence of the ill-treatment to which he had been subjected; for the schoolmasters of Morocco are the scum of society. Indeed the evil influences to which the young are subjected in that unhappy country can be compared only to the condition of society which obtained in Sydney and Tasmania in the old days of transportation. Wandering up and down, our friend fell in with certain Christian missionaries and others, and it became the dream of his life to throw in his lot with them. His co-religionists soon observed his penchant for this type of society and, declaring him to be no true Moslem, turned him out of the mosques and saints' shrines. His leaning towards Christianity was not due to considerations of doctrine, for the creed of Islam is much simpler than that formulated by the Church. What repelled him from the religion of his own people was not the theology but the morals of its devotees, and what attracted him to Chris-

tianity was not any of its doctrines, but the good-living of the better class of Christians in Morocco. On the occasion of his visit to the Syrian's tents, he produced an ode written in honour of "the three gods" of the Christians. The Syrian tried to put him right, but the Moor did not appear to understand, and shortly after taking his leave, he did not visit the tents again.

Shortly afterwards the Syrian left Lاراiche, journeying down the coast, accompanied by Kasim and his mules. To the west of Lاراiche two lagoons run for many miles parallel to the coast, and much of the land is below sea-level. Consequently it remains green even in summer, when the rest of the country is entirely burnt up, cheering the traveller's heart and cooling his eye.

Sunset overtook the Syrian as he approached a small village of huts belonging to a tribe called Sweia, of almost pure Arab blood, tall and white-skinned. After pitching the tent the first business of the evening consisted in the purchase of a fowl. The village elders, led by curiosity, came round about the tent.

"Do you want a chicken or a hen?" enquired the headman, who spoke with an American accent.

"Why, what difference is there between a chicken and a hen?" demanded the Syrian in bewilderment.

"The difference between a chicken and a hen," replied the Arab in his most pompous manner, "is this, that a chicken costs sixpence, and a hen costs a shilling."

There are few experiences so delightful as that of a night in the open country in Morocco, after some days spent in a close and insanitary town. It is not so pleasant for the villagers; for two or three of them must needs sleep upon the bare ground in front of the traveller's

tent, in order to make sure that nothing is stolen. The Arabs in this hamlet not merely spent the night at the tent door, but did their best to spend it awake. In order to accomplish this the more readily, one of them related to his fellows the following tale.

In days gone by in the country of Morocco there lived a man who was a very sea of knowledge and a mine of information. This man maintained a college for the instruction of schoolmasters, and the training of clergymen and lawyers. Having a proper sense of his duties and a true conception of his business, he not only fed the minds of his disciples from his stores of learning, and watered them from the wells of science, but sustained them with corn and flesh, and clothed them with cloaks of wool. And though they were over fifty souls, and more in number than the weeks in the year, yet was there ever grain in his store-room, and his larder was always full. Now, one day the sheikh's faith waxed dim, and the flower of his trust drooped. He began to number his sacks of corn and to count his head of cattle and sheep; and he found that the grain would last but three months, and the beasts for the quarter of a year. He therefore filled his purse with coins, and setting out for the nearest town made his way to the market, in order to increase his stores, and to multiply his flocks and herds. Now as he drove his ass along the beaten track, and threaded his way amidst the camels and mules, he was overtaken by a foot-passenger. After they had exchanged salutations, and each had asked the other as to the condition of his household, and the welfare of his parents and descendants, the stranger said: "Because thou didst not confide in Providence, nor believe that the future would be as the past, I

have been commanded to give thee warning, that thine appointed time is come, and thou shalt live but one hundred days. Therefore return home and set thine house in order, and prepare for thine end." Then the sheikh's eye became hot and his breast strait, and the world became narrow to him whereas aforetime it had been wide, and he returned to his school and went as he had come. On the way he was accosted by one that asked for bread. The sheikh besought his acceptance of money, but the beggar refused aught save bread enough for the day, and declined the money which would provide for to-morrow. Then a woman begged for the means to appease a creditor, to save her cow from being seized, and her livelihood taken away. The sheikh offered her all he had, and emptied his purse into her hands, but she picked out the value of the cow, and would not receive more than the amount of the debt. On arriving at his house, the sheikh broke up the college, and dismissed his disciples. When ninety-seven days had passed, and he had but three days more to live, he counted up his remaining money, and found himself owner of one hundred dollars. Owner of one hundred dollars, and with but three days to live, how should he pass those three days, and how expend those hundred dollars? He wedded a maiden, and paid her dowry. He rented a lofty house, and a garden thick with trees, as though his future lay before him, and his days were all to come.

The moral of this apparently meaningless tale is that man should take no thought for the future. Satan, who whispers evil thoughts into the breasts of men, put into the sheikh's mind the fear of his stores failing. For this want of trust in Providence his life was cut off. He should have

been like the beggar who refused his money, receiving only bread, or like the poor woman who wished no more than enough to pay the debts of the day. It is not stated whether his return of faith at the last was rewarded with a new lease of life.

At each of the Syrian's camping-places the routine was the same. First the mules were unloaded and tethered in a row facing the spot selected for the tent, that they might never be out of sight. Next, the tent was quickly struck, as the Arabs say for *pitched*. Then tea was made, and the villagers who had assisted with the loads and the tent, were invited to join in it. By this time the mules had cooled sufficiently to have their pack-saddles removed, and to be taken to water. This was followed by the purchase of the inevitable chicken, to be consumed during next day's march. While it was cooking the Syrian would sit in the tent-door and talk with the village elders, who sat in a semi-circle outside. These séances, conducted by lantern light, afforded an extremely picturesque spectacle. The bronzed animated faces of the men contrasted with their white-hooded garments, and these again with the darkness outside, which was only broken by the white-robed figures which would flit every now and then across the view. The talk of the villagers was mostly made up of complaints against the Sultan, whom they blamed for the state of destitution to which the country had been brought, while the Syrian for his part expatiated on the comparative liberty and prosperity of Christian communities.

The late Sultan of Morocco and his successor on the throne are the precise counterpart of David and Solomon in ancient Israel. Al Hasan was a man of war; he was almost always in the field, and his death in

1894 was the result of his first and last expedition to the home of his ancestors, south of the Atlas Mountains. His son, the present Sultan, is, like Solomon, a man of peace, distinguishable for little save a love of European ideas and ways. One can imagine the elders of Israel lying round their camp-fires by night and shaking their heads over Solomon's liking for horses and Egyptian fashions, and contrasting his luxurious court with the simple native life of David his father, much as the villagers of Sedee el Hashimi el Bachráwi did over Abd el Aziz' leanings towards European society, and photography and motor-cars. But the Oriental is in the last resort always a religious person, and these night talks generally ended by the Syrian producing a copy of the Psalms or the Gospels, and telling his guests that he would read to them some of the words of our lord David or of Seedna Eesa. The Moors were all attention at once. Generally the Syrian chose a Mesianic psalm, and he always led up to the same point, namely, that Jesus, according to the teaching of the Koran and the universal belief of the Moslem world, did not die, whereas Mahomed died and was buried like an ordinary mortal. The Syrian would repeat these two statements several times over, and the Moors would smile assent; but the Oriental mind is not constructed for logic, and they probably did not see the inevitable conclusion, or, if they did, they gave no indication of it. The Moors listened to the Syrian on these occasions with undisguised delight, for was not he one of the sons of the Arabs like themselves, and his language *the Language*?

The Syrian generally retired to bed some three hours after sundown, and Kasim curled himself up at the tent-door, the villagers, whose duty

such as Tyre and Sidon had been in his own native Syria. With its natural advantages it would soon eclipse its rivals with their open roadsteads, in which a ship sometimes dare not anchor. He placed it even before Tangier, which, as every schoolboy knows, is British property, having been last occupied by Kirke's Lambs, and never formally given up. The Syrian was a man given to dreams and visions, which were not always realised.

In Casablanca, as in Mehdeeya, the Syrian had many friends, for he had once made his home there. He sought out one of these, a Jew, a short, thick-set man, dressed in shabby European clothes, and altogether of unprepossessing appearance. If Abou 'l Hasan, of Mehdeeya, could have taken the place of Robin Hood in our pantomime, our friend might have played the part of the wicked uncle in the *BABES IN THE WOOD*. He bade the Syrian pitch the tents in a garden which he owned, and which, although lying outside the town, had a very high wall on one side, the other three sides being open, and so was comparatively secure. The mules he sent to a stable which he owned in partnership with a friend, and carried the Syrian off to join his family at their Sabbath dinner. When the Syrian left Casablanca some days later his friend refused to receive even the price of the mules' feed.

There is one other remarkable personage who has his home in Casablanca, Seedee Zeeween, a Moslem saint. On the occasion of a previous visit to the town, when passing along the shore, the Syrian had observed a fishing-boat come in. The fishermen jumped out into the water, and set to work to land their haul and their tackle. Then, shivering with cold, they sat down on the shore and warmed themselves in the sunshine.

As the people coming and going passed the group they went up to one of the fishermen and reverently kissed his hand. The Syrian then approached and entering into conversation with the men discovered in one of them a Moslem saint, whose name is known as far as the city of Morocco, more than one hundred miles inland. Seedee Zeeween is a man of genuine piety, leading a life apostolic in its simplicity. In instructing his disciples he would use the Christian Gospels for a text-book as readily as the Koran. His charity embraced all men. In the presence of such a life of self-denial and independence, the Christian missionary, apart from his medical knowledge, has scarcely a chance.

The Syrian's objective was the city of Morocco, and there is a route there from Casablanca; but he preferred to go still farther down the coast, in order to visit two more towns before striking up country. Before leaving Casablanca, however, he picked up an old friend. This was a former servant named Haj Alec. As his name implies he had made the pilgrimage to Mecca, and visited the tomb of the Prophet in Medina. This pilgrimage, unfortunately, had been too much for his faith, and he returned home a confirmed agnostic. Indeed his scepticism reached a pitch of positive contempt, and he would even rob the shrines of the alms of the faithful which they contained, whenever he had a chance of doing so without detection, defending his conduct by declaring that he would put them to a better use than those for whom they were originally intended. Yet for anyone he served Haj Alec would have carried a purse of gold from one end of Morocco to the other, and delivered it safely. Naturally Haj Alec preferred to take service with the Christian merchants, instead of

with the Mahomedans; and among the Christians the saints' houses have a bad name, as the following story current among them will show.

Once upon a time a boy was travelling through the country, and as night came on, he found himself near a whitewashed tomb. Knocking at the door of the shrine, he asked for a meal and a bed. When the next day dawned, he was about to continue his journey; but the keeper of the shrine besought him to remain, in order to help him keep the shrine and collect the offerings of the faithful.

"I must consult my parents," answered the youth, "and ask leave of those to whom obedience is due."

"Upon the head and upon the eye," returned the elder man. "Take my ass, and go as thou hast said. Seek advice of thy parents, and return to me again."

The boy took the ass and rode away, but he had not accomplished half the journey before the ass fell sick and died. Then the boy knew not what to do nor where to turn, and his wits departed from him. But when he had considered the circumstances of his case, a brilliant idea flashed into his mind. Having dug a pit and cast the ass therein, he piled great stones over it, whitening them with lime, and set a white flag above, saying to all who passed by, "This is the tomb of Saint So-and-so." Then worshippers came from every side, alms were poured in, and offerings showered upon him.

Now the keeper of the former shrine saw that his customers had departed, and that his coffers were empty, because that which was new had drawn the minds of men away from the old. He therefore joined himself to the throng, and hastened to visit this new saint. When the crowd had left, he drew the young shrine-keeper aside, and questioned him privily.

"I ask thee by Allah," said the old man, "who is this saint of thine, and what manner of thing is buried here?"

"I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth," returned the youth. "My saint who is buried here is none other than thy beast, even the carcase of thine own ass. And now, pray, who is thy saint, and who in truth is buried in the shrine thou keepest?"

"I will not deceive thee, but will tell thee the truth," replied the old man; "my saint is the father of thy saint."

As a servant Haj Aleo was what is called in domestic circles a treasure. He was butcher, cook, washerman, groom, and general major-domo all in one. Poor Kasim at once retired into the background. Whatever there was to be done, Haj Aleo did it, and Kasim came up just in time to offer his services when it was too late.

After one more delightful night spent in the open country, the caravan arrived at the town of Azemmoor which sits at the mouth of the Um er Rabee, as Leraiche, Mehdeeya, and Rabat sit upon their rivers. Like Mehdeeya it has ceased to be a place of call for ships, though under a more modern government it would rival Mehdeeya in importance. The people here were by no means so friendly as those of the latter town, and the Syrian had no one to welcome him. He pitched his tent in a garden of pomegranates. The owner of the garden was unfortunately in prison, —a not unusual incident in the life of even the most respectable Moors— but the gardener was in attendance. At night the Caid of the town sent a sergeant and four soldiers to watch the tents. The poor gardener did not know what to do. If there are three hundred ripe pomegranates in a garden and five policemen spend a

night in it, how many pomegranates will there be in the garden next morning? The gardener's answer to this sum was "none." Neither had the Syrian any desire for the presence of his self-constituted protectors. It was only the Caid who wished to save himself the wages of five men for one night; and the men also probably knew that they would obtain from the Christian some supper and a few pence, whereas they would have to wait a very long time before they received anything from the Caid.

A curious weakness of even grown-up Moors is the love of eating newly baked bread. The Caid of Azemmoor discovered that old bread was thrown away as waste. To waste food is, and rightly, a serious offence in the eyes of a Moslem. The Caid of Azemmoor therefore issued a by-law prohibiting the baking of bread upon one day in each week. The citizens, he declared, must eat up the bread already baked, and he fixed Wednesday as the *bitlah* or holiday. When Kasim, therefore, went into the town next morning, to purchase bread, he returned with the direful news that there was none to be had. Starvation stared the expedition in the face. The Syrian, however, was not so easily satisfied. He also set off for town, and was not long in discovering that every tenth citizen of Azemmoor was walking about the streets and market with loaves of bread concealed up his sleeves and about his person. He made one or two disgorge, and returned to the tents in triumph.

After spending a few days in camp upon the sea-shore close to the beautiful little town of Mazagan, the Syrian struck up country, making for the city of Morocco, and September 22nd found him encamped by a spring under a grove of fig-trees, one day's journey from the capital. Here he

gave the weary mules a good day's rest. It was difficult to obtain food, for the day before he had been passed by one of the late Sultan's wives going down from the city of Morocco to the coast, with a retinue of more than a hundred women. First came the tents for this great party; then the chambermaids whose duty it was to put the tents in order at the next halt, and the cooks to prepare supper; then a squadron of camels loaded with jewel-cases and furniture. These were followed by a troop of soldiers headed by a banner,—the signal for everyone to quit the track and retire to a respectful distance, as everyone did most obediently except one misguided Syrian who well-nigh stopped the procession. After the flag came the women riding on mules and donkeys, and surrounded by mounted servants. No wonder that after such a royal progress eggs were not to be found next day in Smeera.

One of the delights of travelling in Morocco comes when it is possible to do so by night. The sun had scarcely set when the Syrian sallied forth from the clump of fig-trees, mounted on a beautiful young black horse which he had bought in Mazagan. Riding Moorish fashion with his feet wide apart, he might have passed for a Don Quixote. The country here belongs to the Rahamna, a very quiet tribe, having been severely handled by the late Sultan and not having yet recovered their spirits. Shortly after the Syrian had started the night became hazy and now and then a solitary horseman, or a party of two or three, would come out of the mist and passing by disappear into it again like ghosts. They were making for the spring which the Syrian had just left. After a little the mist cleared away and showed the dark outline of the hills in front, against which a star would twinkle for a moment

and then disappear. It soon became apparent that two tribes were at that moment engaged in what the Moors call beating one another. At least, when it was suggested that perhaps some villagers were celebrating a wedding in Moorish fashion by a wild expenditure of powder and shot, the Syrian laughed at the idea, saying that they did not celebrate weddings after midnight. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and there was scarcely a sound to be heard except an occasional shot, the jingling of the ill-packed baggage, and the quick patter of the wise mules, who knew that they were nearing their journey's end. Eventually the noise proved to be only a wedding after all.

Morocco was reached the next morning, and the tents pitched in a palm grove some twenty minutes' ride from the walls. The dates were ripening, and the younger and more active passers-by would try to bring down a berry or two by throwing stones at the glowing bunches. The dark green olives made a fine back-ground to the crumbling red clay walls, and the charm of the whole was made complete by the sight and sound of flowing water.

Not far from the walls stood three small black tents. Some months before, while the Sultan was in Fez, the city of Morocco had been held for him against insurrection by Ibn Dawood, who was then the second man in the country. Now Ibn

Dawood's sway extended over three palm-fibre tents, and he had been ordered to proceed to Laraiche, which probably meant that he was to be assassinated on the road, though, if so, the purpose was fortunately not executed. The vicissitudes of fortune in Morocco have no limits; a man is literally taken from prison and set to govern a town.

Travellers, as a rule, return to the coast at Mogador. On the way down the Syrian spent September 29th beside a beautiful spring of clear water, alive with turtle and trout, which he caught in the most unsportsmanlike manner by means of his shirt made into a bag by tying up the sleeves. As he approached the spring the sky had become heavy with black clouds, which seemed so solid and so near that it was difficult to refrain from putting up one's hand to touch them. Scarcely had the tent been pitched when the storm burst. It was grand. Lightning played round three-quarters of the horizon, while the thunder pealed overhead; rain fell in large drops, and the wind nearly blew the tent away. It was over in twenty minutes, and the village elders came out of their snug huts, and gathered round. "A warning to the naked," was the only comment which they made upon the incident.

After a day or two at Mogador, the Syrian returned to Tangier along the coast, as he had come.

MORE JUDGES!

MORE Judges! Such is the remedy suggested by the Lord Chief Justice for the irritating delay of business in the King's Bench Division of the High Courts of Justice. Twice in little more than a year he has publicly advanced this proposition: Mr. Justice Wills, the senior Judge of the Division, speaking before the Hampshire Law Society, has supported him; and quite recently the General Council of the Bar has passed an approving resolution. Lord Alverstone goes the further length of stating that if there are to be more Judges there must be more courts for their accommodation. Having passed from the realm of mere irresponsible discussion to the deliberate counsels of such high authorities, it is safe to assume that the time is not far distant when the subject will receive serious and decisive consideration. The interval will not be unprofitably spent in reviewing the facts bearing on the question, with a view to discovering whether the remedy proposed is the only one, or the best, for meeting the difficulty.

That something ought to be done no one having any acquaintance with the matter denies. The daily Cause Lists supply ample proof of the reality of the grievance. The lapse of time between the setting down of an action and the hearing is unconscionable. Six months of waiting is not an exaggerated estimate. Moreover, there is no sign of a diminution in the amount of business. On the contrary, the tendency is in the other direction; for although the number of actions begun grows smaller, the number actually coming to a hearing

increases. In 1901 there were 74,570 actions begun, and for some reason or other all but 3,313 were stopped before going to trial. In the following year 72,145 actions were begun, being a decrease of 2,425; but 3,513 were actually prosecuted, an increase of exactly 200. Thus, although it is literally true, as stated by Master John Macdonell in his Judicial Statistics for 1903, that "Speaking generally there has been since 1900 a tendency in proceedings begun to diminish," the obverse is the case with regard to proceedings continued and claiming the time of the Courts. In many quarters there is a disposition to hope that some of the pressure upon the Division will be removed now that the new County Court Act, fixing a £100 limit in cases dealt with by County Courts, has come into operation. One authority goes so far as to anticipate that the High Court will thus be relieved of one quarter of its work. But past experience hardly justifies such a rosy expectation; the effect was certainly not so drastic when the jurisdiction of the County Courts was extended to £50.

Assuming, therefore, on the substantial basis of actual figures in recent years, of the growth of population, which presupposes a proportionate increase in the number of law suits, and of the unending love of litigation which so marvellously characterises our race, that the work of the Common Law Judges will see no appreciable diminution in the future, can it be said that the only feasible plan for staying the accumulation of arrears is

the appointment of more Judges and the building of more courts? As the smaller question of the two, we will dispose of the latter first. To talk of providing additional courts strikes those whose business takes them regularly to the Law Courts as singularly strange. For how are the courts of the King's Bench occupied now? There are fifteen Judges of the Division, including the Lord Chief Justice, and ten King's Bench courts. Since the appointment of a sixth Chancery Judge one of these courts has been regularly made use of for Chancery matters, so that there are nine actually available. Yet, after allowing for the deduction, it is the rarest circumstance for all the remaining nine courts to be occupied on the same day by King's Bench Judges. It is quite true that on one particular day in May, 1892, Mr. Justice Grantham was relegated to the Old Hall in Lincoln's Inn, and Mr. Justice Swifen-Eady was perforce obliged to hear Chancery matters in an inconvenient ante-room to the Bar Library. But the circumstances were exceptional, and not likely to recur, for Mr. Justice Grantham was then engaged in the wholly unusual business of conducting an enquiry into the mental condition of a litigant. At times since then one or other of the Judges has had to sit in an apartment other than a court of the Division, but oftener than not for the reason that the court he might have occupied was in use for arbitration purposes—matters of no public moment, which might easily be disposed of in smaller rooms, of which there are many available in the Law Courts buildings and elsewhere. On the other hand, what is the usual state of things? The day hardly comes when one court is not deserted, if not several courts. On a date in July last only five Judges were sitting, three of them being in the Divisional court. Thus there

were six courts without tenants,—a state of things which induced a learned King's Counsel to publicly protest against such a "terrible" state of things. That is by no means an exceptional case. During the recent Michaelmas Sittings the whole of the nine courts were not once occupied at the same time by King's Bench Judges. In the first twenty-eight days on which business was taken, eight courts were only occupied nine times, seven courts four times, six courts twelve times, five courts eight times, four courts nine times, three courts three times, two courts twice, one court twice, and on two days (Saturdays) none at all. The demands of Circuit duties are such that the full judicial strength of the King's Bench Division is rarely, if ever, in town. Every month the Central Criminal Court calls away one Judge or more, for an average period of a week, and of those left one is always sitting in Chambers, while three are usually acting as a Divisional Court; the number is five in the case of the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved. Take the following example of what by no means seldom occurs. The numbers include the Lord Chief Justice:

1908.	On Circuit.	In London.
June 8th	5	10
" 11th	7	8
" 15th	9	6
" 22nd	9	6
" 29th	9	6
July 6th	8	7
" 18th	10	5
" 27th	8	7

With these figures to reflect upon it does not appear that a very substantial case has been made out for an addition to the number of courts, if regard be paid to the fact that some of the courts are now used for purposes for which they were never intended; for it assuredly cannot

be maintained that apartments constructed for the hearing of cases in public are legitimately used, when otherwise required, for private arbitrations. Without straining facts it may be asserted that not one day in twenty throughout the year are all the King's Bench courts occupied by King's Bench Judges, and it does not appear at all likely that with the Circuit system as at present operating any additional accommodation would be rendered necessary by the appointment of an extra Judge,—and he would be a sanguine man who dared to expect more than one. The common complaint now is, not that there are insufficient courts, but that so many are regularly empty. Only on the assumption that more courts are not considered imperative can the fact be explained that plans for additions prepared some three years ago are now lying in comfortable seclusion in some official pigeon-hole. The matter of court-room is of small moment, however, beside the greater question of the efficiency of the Division, and there would be little cavilling at expenditure in this direction if the extra courts were to be put to effective use.

How could they be put to effective use? How can the existing courts be put to more effective use? Is the provision of more courts for more Judges going to meet the difficulty? Are more Judges needed? Are their Lordships now overworked, or is much of their valuable time frittered away in wasteful channels? This apparently formidable array of questions goes to the root of the matter. If the Judicial staff is overworked there can be no question that they ought to be strengthened in number. The answer that most glibly comes is that men who enjoy one hundred days holiday (exclusive of Sundays) out of the three hundred and sixty-five cannot complain of overwork. But there is a

great deal of misconception about the quantity of work a Judge does. Sitting in a small court from half-past ten in the morning until four in the afternoon, though itself no light physical task having regard to the atmosphere and the continual mental application, does not constitute the day's work. Far into the night does his Lordship sometimes pore over the papers of cases for the next day, or prepare judgments. It would be ungenerous not to concede that on five out of the six days of a working week the Judges do an amount of exacting labour which men in any other sphere would regard as reasonable. Formerly, indeed, they enjoyed much longer periods of relaxation. At the beginning of the last century they laid aside their books for five months on end. True, there has lately been a tendency to make a holiday of Saturday, and therein, possibly, lies a partial cause of the failure to make adequate progress with the Cause Lists; but on the whole no charge of undue relaxation, at any rate when in town, can be brought against the Bench. Nor should one overlook the fact that notwithstanding the enormous increase of work in the interval there are fewer Common Law Judges now than there were over thirty years ago. In the year 1830 the number was increased from twelve to fifteen, and in 1868, when election business was placed upon the Division, three more were added, making eighteen. In 1876, however, three went to strengthen the Appellate, thus bringing the number down to fifteen, at which it has remained ever since. The traditional standard of a Judge's labours would therefore have to undergo radical alteration before it could be logically held that our present Judges are underworked. Compared with foreign countries, too, and even with other parts of the British Isles, England

exhibits a degree of economy in regard to its Judiciary which is quite startling. France, with a population of thirty-eight millions, has forty-nine members of the Court of Cassation, and whereas Ireland, with a population of five millions, has seventeen High Court Judges, England, with over six times the population, has only twenty-nine, whose aggregate salaries come to £155,000, with retiring annuities amounting to about £15,000.

Clearly, then, if the Judges are already fully occupied and can do no more, there must be an addition to the staff if the accumulation of arrears is to be checked, and litigants are to be fairly dealt with, unless, indeed, it can be demonstrated that, in any particular direction, time which might be devoted to clearing the Cause Lists is being wasted. Several ways in which this may be happening have been suggested, but there is only one sufficiently substantial to merit serious attention, and that if removed promises to effect a partial if not a complete remedy to our present difficulties. Unquestionably our Circuit system is antiquated, costly, and wasteful of judicial energy to a lamentable extent. No one calls for its abolition. It is a valuable part of the Constitution, fulfilling the Sovereign's oath sworn before the time of the Magna Charta to have justice administered among all his subjects. But it has outlived its many proven defects, and remains unchanged in spite of changing laws of administration. Judges themselves, while asserting that the Circuit system cannot be abolished, have unhesitatingly declared that as at present operating it is "an outrage and a disgrace to the country." What are its requirements? That periodically one or more of the Judges shall visit each of fifty-six assize towns in England

and Wales to hear civil actions and try criminal cases. His Lordship is accompanied by a suite, and makes his entry and exit with the full panoply and dignity of law, and for each day he is absent he receives £7 10s. for expenses. In the legal year of 1903, a sum of £11,306 was thus disbursed, in addition to the standing salary of £5,000 a year in the case of the Puisne Judges, and of £8,000 in the case of the Lord Chief Justice. Now, for what purpose have the visits sometimes been made? Mr. Justice Channell went to Taunton on one occasion to try a groom who was charged with stealing a table-knife; on another occasion Mr. Justice Darling visited Dolgelly in full state, with halberd men and trumpeters, to try an old hawker who was accused of attempting to steal a penny. In the whole of 1901 there was not a single civil action to be tried at Huntingdon, Bedford, Beaumaris, Dolgelly, Mold, Monmouth, Presteign, and Welshpool, and in three of these places not one had been tried since 1899. In the same year only one civil case was tried at each of eight other towns; at Oakham there were only two prisoners and one civil case in the twelve months. Not long ago Mr. Justice Lawrance transacted the whole of the business at Dorchester in a few hours, and, according to a local journal, was "able to spend a couple of days in pleasant rustication in and about the country town,"—at a cost to the State, be it recalled, of £7 10s. per day, and to individual waiting litigants in London of much anxiety and distress.

Turn now to the following year—1902. At Oakham and Presteign there were no civil actions at all, and only one criminal case,—a charge of stealing £2 10s. 2½d. from the person. Rutland also only produced one criminal trial, and Westmoreland,

Cardigan, and Merioneth but two each. There were nine other towns with only one civil case each, and eight with only two each. In each of nine towns less than £100 was recovered by civil process. In the whole of that year the Judges of Assize sat 926 days to dispose of 830 civil actions and try 2,607 prisoners, and there were 155 Commission days. The figures for 1903 expose a similar waste of valuable time. In January, for instance, Mr. Justice Bruce went all the way to Beaumaris to find an absolutely clean cause sheet. In such circumstances what wonder that some of the Judges themselves should from time to time make public protest against the system? Mr. Justice Walton, on being called to Breconshire, in 1902, to try one criminal and one civil case, made the statement that in Pembrokeshire, Cardiganshire, and Carmarthenshire, which he had already visited, he had only had to deal with an aggregate of eight cases, four criminal and four civil. In Radnorshire, which he had still to visit, about 100 jurors had been summoned, and the commission would have to be opened, although there was not a single prisoner to try. Altogether in order to dispose of this paltry business he would be away from London for twenty days. Again, in 1903, when charging the Grand Jury at Worcester, where only four cases were down for trial, Mr. Justice Walton made use of the following words: "I cannot help thinking that some arrangement might be made to avoid the waste of time, trouble and expense involved in bringing us all here for such a small matter. To assist in disposing of these paltry cases about fifty common jurymen are brought from their businesses, the Grand Jurymen from their homes, and myself from London, where there is more important work

to do." The late Mr. Justice Wright condemned the system as "an outrage and a disgrace to the country." Outside the Judicial ranks the same note of complaint has come from every possible quarter. Perhaps the most notable expressions have been those of the Attorney-General, who says the system ought to be "entirely remodelled," and of Sir Henry Fowler, who as far back as 1901 made use of these forcible remarks: "I am satisfied that the overwhelming majority of the profession (legal) have come to the conclusion that in the interests of efficiency as well as economy the Circuit system should be completely and thoroughly reformed. . . . Do not let me be misunderstood. I am not in favour of centralising the administration of Justice in the Metropolis. What we advocate is centralisation of business locally." Among all the highest authorities the distinction of being the only one to support the system as it now stands seems to rest with Mr. Justice Grantham, who once declared that those who opposed the system were "uneducated and ignorant." But with the above facts before us it is difficult to accept the proposition he puts forward that "there is far less waste of judicial time on Circuit than in town." That there is wilful waste of time by Judges on Circuit no reasoning person suggests, but that there is waste of time enforced by a defective system the facts seem indisputably to prove. So keenly impressed with the absurdity of the Circuit arrangements has one Judge been that in a felicitous moment he described the routine as "the common round, the trivial task," therein misquoting Keeble's apposite line, "the trivial round, the common task."

But these facts do not stand alone in condemnation of the assize system as it now obtains. There is the

powerful testimony of Mr. C. E. Trout, Compiler of the Criminal Statistics, that "both Assize and Quarter Sessions have become very much less important than they were as Criminal Courts." This is attributable to the operation of the Summary Jurisdiction Act, which increased the powers of summary courts to try indictable offences. The change effected is perhaps more apparent in the case of Assize than of Quarter Sessions. In the year prior to the passing of the Act out of 100 prisoners 7·1 were tried at Assize; now the proportion is 5·6. In the five years 1878-82 sixty per 100,000 of the population were tried at Assize; at the present time only thirty-three are so disposed of. So strong indeed have been the reasons given for re-organisation, and so frequently have they been pressed forward, that it is amazing nothing practical in the way of meeting them has been done up to now. Over thirty years ago the Judicature Commissioners published these conclusions: "The necessity for holding Assizes in every county, without regard to the business in such county, leads, in our judgment, to a great waste of judicial strength, and a great waste of time in going from one Circuit town to another, and causes much loss and inconvenience to those whose attendance is necessary, or customary, at the Assizes." Those observations, made after careful study of the circumstances by some of the best lawyers of the day, passed entirely unheeded. Again, some twelve years ago, the Council of Judges suggested a new grouping which would reduce the number of Assize towns from fifty-six to eighteen, namely, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, Birmingham, Glamorgan, Bristol, Newcastle, Durham, Chester, Exeter, York, Carlisle, Nottingham, Norwich, Winchester, Lincoln, Carnarvon, and Bodmin. Of

civil actions they reported "At forty of the fifty-six (Assize towns) the average number is so small that the sending of a Judge there is a waste of judicial time, which is injurious to the administration of the law." This holds good now as then, yet each of the fifty-six towns continues to be visited, cases or no cases, and the waste of judicial time knows no abatement.

Coming to a still more recent date, we find the General Council of the Bar in 1899, after a careful investigation of the facts, declaring that "the criminal business at the Assizes under the present Circuit system is carried on at a great waste of judicial time and energy," and asking that a Royal Commission, or a departmental Committee, should be appointed to go thoroughly into the whole matter and prepare a scheme of reform. Since then the same influential body has advocated the establishment in every county of a Criminal Court on the lines of the Central Criminal Court, where ordinary unimportant cases could be tried by County Court Judges, Recorders, or Commissioners, only the more serious charges being left to the High Court Judges. But these protests and suggestions, like all others, have, so far as there is any indication to the contrary, been cast to the winds. In fact, save for a spasmodic grouping now and then for the purposes of a particular Assize, no reform has been attempted. There has been no bold effort to make these extensive and permanent changes that alone can check the appalling waste of judicial time which is going on, a waste that if checked would discount any proposal to appoint new Judges. Surely it does not add to the dignity of a Judge to make a distant journey and enter a town in state, merely to receive a pair of white gloves; nor can he

conscientiously feel that he is giving adequate return for his salary in such circumstances. Perhaps nothing has done more to stamp the system with discredit than the notes kept by the late Lord Russell of Killowen in his diary of visits made to the barren North Wales Circuit: "Took a trip in a steam launch"—"Took some drives"—"Drove to Eaton Hall to see the stud"—"A fine day, paid visits"—"Received a pair of white gloves" are entries that speak volumes in favour of reform.

By way of summing up, proof of three facts may be claimed: first, that more work cannot be expected from members of the King's Bench Judiciary who are occupied in town, save perhaps in greater attention to the Saturday sittings; second, that the Circuit system is wasteful of judicial strength and in need of speedy and organic reform; and third, that the effecting of such reform would by making fewer Circuit visits necessary leave more Judges in town, and so render additional appointments needless, to the advantage of an already much-taxed people.

There do not appear to be any substantial objections to nor any insurmountable difficulties in the way of undertaking reform in a masterful spirit. The preservation of petty interests alone obstructs the way. For special legislation to bring about what is desired there is no necessity. By virtue of the Judicature Act of 1875 the King may by an Order in Council revise the whole system. Hitherto there has been no organised consecutive dealing with the subject. Valuable proposals have been made and allowed to drop. The matter has been approached spasmodically and lukewarmly by those who support reform, while those who oppose it have kept consistently awake. Three times a year, in some cases four, each county calls away Judges from the King's Bench Division, sometimes to perform no duty but that of opening a barren commission, and often to hear cases that a Judge of second rank could quite as efficiently dispose of. Concurrently the King's Bench courts are empty, and litigants are waiting. More Judges and more courts, forsooth!

FREDERICK PAYLER.

THE STUDY OF COLONIAL HISTORY AT OXFORD.

OXFORD, it is claimed by her sons, has gone with the times of late years, and the modern spirit is visible not only in the external aspect of the city but also in certain more subtle changes that have infected the minds of those who hold the destinies of the University in their hands. Oxford is naturally most jealous of all innovations that touch her schools and threaten, in the ever widening conflict of studies, to impair her position as the home of the classics; yet, here too there has been a change. Who would have thought, for instance, that Alma Mater would ever grant certificates and diplomas in geography, or that a Sibthorpian Professor would ever expound THE GEORGICS in a very modern sense, and teach rules of agriculture and forestry? Many years ago the erection of the Museum was viewed with some apprehension, as introducing a too new and modern spirit, and diverting Oxford students from orthodox lines. Then arose the Indian Institute at the end of Broad Street. Here was something new again! Where, it was asked, would the demand for tuition in special subjects, outside the old classical curriculum, stop? And now comes the endowment of a new Chair of Colonial History by Mr. Alfred Beit, a natural sequel certainly to the introduction of Rhodes Scholars and the Senior and Junior Colonial Students (admitted, under recent liberal concessions, to the old University from all parts of our Empire), but somewhat embarrassing in its very generosity.

Are matters really ripe for this

new departure? Some advance had already been made in this direction when, in 1882, it was provided "that the Chichele Professor of Modern History should give instruction principally on the History of Great Britain and Ireland and the British Colonies and Dependencies"; but it must be confessed that, in the examination papers for the Honour School in History, the growing importance of the subject has scarcely received the acknowledgment it deserves. Only occasionally, and in a period of General History, has it been the custom to ask a somewhat superficial question on the British Colonies. For the period dating from 1715 to 1815 such a question as "Compare the Colonial Policy of Spain and England in the eighteenth century" is asked, or in the sphere of Constitutional History such a question as "Examine the Constitutional relations to the Crown of Malta and Cyprus"; but it has evidently been better worth a candidate's while to read about Richelieu, Colbert, and Columbus than about any of our own Colonial explorers and settlers. It is clear that none of those who have hitherto presented themselves for examination in the History Schools have been questioned closely about the origin or growth of our Colonies. There seems to have been a doubt in the minds of the examiners whether the history of the subject was really so continuous and important as to supply matter for separate academical treatment.

It has been different with British India. Apart from the fascination

of the East, which has no doubt wrought its charm in Oxford as elsewhere, there was more than one college that was particularly interested in the administration of India, and its famous Civil Service has always attracted Oxford men. In India, again, the historian had at hand problems of antiquity and old precedents of rule which were valuable in an educative sense. Philologists, like Max Muller, took us back to the very fountains of speech and made one common chapter for East and West: the natives of India had creeds and immemorial civilisations of their own; and thus, by contrast, it might well have been asked how a study of the comparatively modern condition of our Colonies could compete for a moment with a study of India and the East? Could the newer problems of African and Australian administration ever compare with those of the three ancient Presidencies? It seemed premature to build a superstruction of academical learning upon exploits that savoured of modern exploration and modern adventure in veld, bush, or prairie. For the true perspective and for a true philosophy of history it was urged with some plausibility that a certain number of lustræ should elapse between the events themselves and the lessons to be learned from them; that there should exist some magic of time and distance that would lend an atmosphere of enchantment to the protagonist. Some concession, however, might be made to a popular subject, and, accordingly, in the syllabus of the Oxford Extension Lectures Colonial history and geography were treated in a popular way by Oxford lecturers speaking to provincial audiences. But could this indifference last?

Events move quickly nowadays, and since 1899 so many things have

brought our Colonies to the front that the time has surely come for waiving the old objection that their progress and evolution has been too recent to be instructive as a subject for academical research and the serious historian. To begin with, it might be urged that the comparative history of ancient and modern Colonies would furnish one of the most unusually interesting themes ever to be propounded by any university. It is part of the very essence of the philosophy of history to detect causes and assign reasons for political failures and political successes. Our own annals furnish abundant proofs that the continuous history of England, to use the language of the Statute explaining the requirements of the Honour School of Modern History, is a real living study placed before us with its most recent but not final chapters, for the last pages were more full of promise than the rest. Surely the phrase, the continuous history of England, may now be changed into the continuous history of Great Britain, and thus leading on to Greater Britain. It was certainly left to Sir John Seeley, the Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, to be the prophet of the new movement. In his *EXPANSION OF ENGLAND*, a series of lectures delivered in 1883, he proved what an interesting study our Colonies could give to a true philosopher of history; and, by including his lectures on India in the same volume, he was helping us to define the two great provinces of Indian and Colonial administration, so that the one should not be obscured or overshadowed by the other.

There is of course another aspect of the whole question as to how far an ancient teaching University should allow the trend of modern politics to be reflected in its curriculum. Possibly it may be objected that the

student who is absorbed in Aristotle's *POLITICS* and engrossed in a textual criticism of Plato's *REPUBLIC* has little time to spend on the contemplation of modern political Utopias such as the Confederation of the British Empire is conceived by some to be. To this we may reply that if we follow closely the history and example of ancient Hellas we shall find that there was a keen self-consciousness of the mission of the Hellenes in the world. The speeches with which Thucydides has embellished his history, and the plays of Aristophanes show how the current national life was reflected in the critical and intellectual world of Hellas. Oxford need never be so self-absorbed as to discourage a philosophy of history founded upon the exploits of the past and looking forward to the developments of the future. Oxford, in the past, has been abundantly alive to theological movements, as we might have expected; but she has been a little blind to swift political developments, as if the Isis was always destined to be no more than a backwater. When the Allied Sovereigns of Europe came on that notable occasion to visit Oxford in 1814, and dined in the Sheldonian, they marked an epoch in our annals, and they were suitably greeted with Oxford cheers and an Oxford congratulatory ode; and subsequently the great Duke of Wellington was made Chancellor of the University. But it does not appear that the Sheldonian pageantry so quickened the academical world as to elicit many remarks or commentaries on the extension of our Empire. The History Schools did not exist then, and as for the geography of the Empire, sufficient attention was supposed to have been given to it if the St. Lawrence was likened to the distant Tanais, or the Rocky Mountains to the chain of Rhodope.

The undergraduate continued to read his Aldrich and knew nothing about the Treaty of Paris; and thus, as Sir John Seeley has remarked, we seemed to be founding a great Empire in a fit of absence of mind.

In 1829 an Oxford Prize Essay on *THE POWER AND STABILITY OF FEDERATIVE GOVERNMENTS* was written by George Anthony Denison, then a Fellow of Oriel College, but in his treatment of the subject there is no hint that the question of Colonial Federation might ever become a practical one for England and her Colonies. The most favourable instances of a Federal Constitution were found, so the writer thought, in the union of pure Republics; and union could never be expected in a combination of monarchy with the forms either of oligarchical or popular government. The history and example of the United States were quoted, but no argument was drawn to throw light upon the second Colonial Empire then rising into existence.

It must be remembered that Roebuck, as a practical politician, had approached the subject of Colonial Federation in 1849 and had written a book on *A PLAN OF GOVERNMENT OF SOME PORTION OF OUR COLONIAL POSSESSIONS*; but that was merely a plan for a Federal Government in Canada, copied from the United States model and designed as a counterpoise to the rising power of the young Republic. He differed from the modern Federalist because he contemplated the possibility of Canada's early independence, deeming the separation desirable so long as it was effected unanimously and in an amiable spirit. It is easy to see that his glance covered only one section of our Empire, and that his theory meant really the final disruption rather than the consolidation of the whole. But did Roebuck's

writings, or indeed the opinions of Lord Durham, Charles Buller and the rest, ever really interest Oxford or infuse new ideas into her teaching of history? There is very little proof of it.

From 1858 to 1866 Mr. Goldwin Smith was Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford. He was a Hertford and Ireland Scholar, winner of the Latin Essay in 1846 and of the English Essay in 1847, and a Fellow of University College. He held also a Professorship at Cornell University, and was at home in the new world as well as in the old. Here was a scholar and a historian who might have interpreted in a wonderful and convincing fashion the last chapters of the Continuous History of England, and have anticipated Sir John Seeley. But Mr. Goldwin Smith used all the rhetoric at his command to show that, so far as Canada was concerned, the Imperial chapter was closed. The history of England had led up to certain events in the last stages of Canadian history, but now the curtain was to drop. The opinions of the still fighting, still unconvinced Professor are well known and heard, and like one of the Old Guard he disdains surrender. If we care to know his mind more exactly in the heyday of his exuberant power, we may see it revealed in a series of articles published in *THE DAILY NEWS*, 1862-63, and subsequently reprinted in a volume called *THE EMPIRE*. They show the Professor's sentiments, more especially with reference to Canada, while he held the Chair of History at Oxford, and certainly nothing more discouraging to the idealists of Imperial Federation could possibly have been written. Canada was destined to secede and set up on her own account, India had better be relinquished gracefully, and so on: in fact the whole burden of

Empire was gradually to be shaken off.

If it is objected that the tendency of these letters is only to destroy and that they build up nothing in the place of the Colonial Empire which they pull down, the commonplace answer must be given that to remove an evil is to do good. What shall we give to England in place of her useless dependencies? What shall we give to a man in place of his heavy burden, or of his dangerous disease? What but unencumbered strength and the vigour of reviving health.

So spoke and wrote the Regius Professor of History at Oxford, and no wonder that a study of our Colonies under his *regime* was discountenanced. What was the good of studying their history and geography when the pressing idea of the moment was to get rid of them?

Mr. Goldwin Smith did not stand alone in his attitude of depreciation. In 1863, about the very time when he was thundering in *THE DAILY NEWS*, Edward Freeman, destined in his turn to be Professor of History at Oxford, published *A HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT* as illustrated in four famous Commonwealths: the Achaean League (B.C. 281-146), the Swiss Cantons (1291-1862), the United Provinces (1579-1795), the United States (1778-1862), paying especial attention to the machinery and power of the Achaean League. But, in 1863, about the low water-mark of public and academic interest in our Colonies, it is evident that Freeman never could regard the question of a Federation of the British Empire as worth discussion, even if it meant no Constitutional bond, but merely a common policy on all matters of war or trade. The British Colony was a British Dependency and thus the Professor wrote: "The British Colony may have the same internal independence

as the Swiss Canton, but it differs in having no voice in the general concerns of the Empire. The relation, therefore, of the Colony to the Mother Country is not a Federal but a dependent relation."

Freeman's arguments were reinforced by the dicta of J. S. Mill, whose writings still furnish textbooks in our modern History Schools at Oxford. In his *CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT* (1861), in the chapter on the Government of Dependencies by a Free State, Mill wrote thus :

England is sufficient for her own protection without the Colonies; and would be in a much stronger, as well as more dignified position, if separated from them, than when reduced to be a single member of an American, African and Australian Confederation. Over and above the commerce which she might equally enjoy after separation, England derives little advantage, except in prestige, from her Dependencies, and the little she does derive is quite outweighed by the expense they cost her, and the dissemination they necessitate of her naval and military force, which in case of war, or any real apprehension of it, requires to be double or treble what would be needed for the defence of this country alone. . . . Countries separated by half the globe do not present the natural conditions of being under one government, or even members of one federation. If they had sufficiently the same interests, they have not, and never can have, a sufficient habit of taking council together. They are not part of the same public; they do not discuss and deliberate in the same arena, but apart, and have only a most imperfect knowledge of what passes in the minds of one another.

By the light of recent developments these statements are, of course, profoundly modified. Mill was writing before the days of quick ocean transit, submarine telegraphs, and Marconi signalling. The pages of *THE DAILY NEWS*, in which the prophet Goldwin Smith delivered himself, furnish now

the very best commentary on this school of political philosophy. Their standpoint was really that of Burke's, who saw insuperable objections to governing distant Colonies and Dependencies from a centre, when "Seas roll and months pass between the order and the execution." But nowadays the King's messengers ride improved steeds and carry swifter despatches. George Cornwall Lewes put the difficulty another way when he wrote: "Every Government must have a power of communicating rapidly with its subjects, and, consequently, a territory which lies at a considerable distance from the seat of Government, must be placed under a subordinate Government and governed as a Dependency."

No wonder then that, in the time I am writing of, the study of our Colonies and their possible developments as affecting ourselves were relegated to the shades of a cold neglect. However, we may be thankful for small mercies and be grateful to Freeman for showing that the whole question of Federation and the problems of Federal Government might really have a classical basis in a classical University. The Achaean League is a good subject to begin with, even for the sake of showing differences rather than resemblances, the members confederating being cities and not provinces or States, with influences confined to a small area, their leaders mere city magnates, their trade small compared with modern standards, their communications precarious. Any study of sea-power may be useful as introductory to the wider ocean-power we now aspire to hold.

At the same time it must be acknowledged that in London itself both patriotism and common-sense seemed to rebel against the foregone conclusions of the Oxford historian.

It was worth making an effort in a practical way to save the situation and to postpone a disastrous catastrophe. Thus it was that the Royal Colonial Institute sprang into being in 1868 as a protest against the Oxford Professor and his school of philosophy. So long ago as 1837 a society had been formed called the Colonial Society, for the purpose of affording a meeting for all those interested in the various dependencies of the Empire, and this had been succeeded by the General Association for the Australian Colonies. Of this Association the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, Sir Arthur Hodgson, and Sir Charles Nicholson were prominent members. The Royal Colonial Institute was the lineal successor of the Colonial Society and of the Australian Association.

In the presence of a distinguished company Lord Bury said that at the outset the one great object of the Society would be to collect and disseminate accurate information upon all Colonial subjects. This was all the more necessary because there had sprung up a school of politicians whose leading idea appeared to be that Colonies were merely an excrescence of our Empire rather than an important element, an encumbrance rather than a material element of strength. The speaker openly alluded to the teaching of Professor Goldwin Smith, who indeed had just gone to America and was continuing his propaganda about the future of the Anglo-Saxon communities at Cornell University. The Council of the Institute were never weary of insisting upon the absolute necessity of teaching Colonial history and geography in our public schools and universities, and in 1889, an education Committee of this Institute was able to co-operate with the Clarendon Press at Oxford in the work of pub-

lishing a series of Colonial Histories. Indeed, this great Press has shown itself singularly alive to the importance of Colonial studies.

Abroad and in the Colonies themselves, and especially in Canada, a spirit of natural loyalty was called forth. In spite of the croakers the great policy of Canadian Federation under the British flag was inaugurated and carried out by Lord Carnarvon in 1867 working with the aid of enlightened colonists. Here was a new chapter altogether in the continuous history of Greater Britain. It is needless to dwell upon the vast and beneficent results of Canadian Confederation. It was never conceded in Roebuck's spirit, nor according to Roebuck's ideas as a counterpoise to the threatening strength of the Republic on the south. It has been a perfectly natural not a provocative development; and this fact is recognised in the American Republic itself, at least by all fair and candid judges. Two great English-speaking communities are working side by side, and if they are differently constituted the variety of type should be welcomed rather than deplored.

After Canadian Confederation there seemed to be a chance of South African Confederation, and in 1875 Mr. Froude went on that famous mission to South Africa as an envoy from Lord Carnarvon to test the opinion of the colonists. The sequel is well known, and, for a time, there was a dark shadow of failure upon the growth of our Colonial Empire. Irish troubles were added, and it was said that Mr. Forster, walking through dry places seeking rest after his Irish Secretaryship, found it in his notable advocacy of Imperial Federation. Mr. Froude hardly held the History Professorship at Oxford long enough to bring his

own ideas to bear upon Oxford opinion. At Oxford, as elsewhere, the confederation of any part of our Colonies was confused with Irish questions and the difficult problem of "Home Rule all round." This was leading the public on to another scent altogether.

Somehow or other the British Empire, especially in South Africa, blundered ahead, and Rhodesia sprang into being. But was intellectual opinion at Oxford at one with the great workers in South Africa? Balliol, we remember, frowned somewhat upon Cecil Rhodes, although it has certainly been left to a Balliol man to carry out the work of Rhodes himself in South Africa. Perhaps there were misunderstandings somewhere, for the story of the Boer War was a very tangled and difficult one, and the personality of Rhodes himself was very differently estimated by different critics. But even those who protested against the degree conferred on him by Oxford may see reason now to change their minds.

There are two causes at least which may have prompted Mr. Beit's endowment of a Chair of Colonial History, and which may have influenced the Oxford authorities in their acceptance of his offer. One of these was possibly the thought that with the influx of two hundred Rhodes scholars and the senior and junior students from the Colonial Universities, the time had come to acknowledge their presence by a study of their Colonies, and thus to concede somewhat to a graceful sentiment. The other may have been that the study itself was of sufficient value from the educative point of

view, and was of great and growing importance to the young generation whom Oxford is training to become leaders of public opinion in their respective spheres of life. This is the stronger reason of the two. It may be safely said that there is hardly a question of political economy, of currency, banking, trade and finance which does not at this present moment involve a more or less accurate knowledge of the geographical conditions and historical progress of our Colonies. Schlegel says in his *PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY* that in the whole Continent of Africa there was besides Egypt, only the north coast stretching along the Mediterranean that was at all connected with the history of intellectual progress in the civilised world; Australasia and Polynesia counted as nothing, and even America occupied a very subordinate rank being, from his point of view, merely "a continuation of Europe on the other side of the Atlantic." The dicta of philosophers require revision from time to time, and it is not so long since Schlegel wrote. However, the recent history of Africa has given us some food for thought; and Africa herself, so long supposed to be the *arida nutrix leonum*, has a habit of reacting in a marvellous and unexpected way upon Europe. The breath of the veld or of the bush is a source of inspiration not only in that locality where lies the cradle of the winds. Distant regions of the globe are being quickly brought within the zone of civilisation, and the magical inter-communion of thought and idea is a thousand times more swift than when Schlegel wrote.

WILLIAM GRESWELL.

THE TWO GRISELDA.

GRISELDA plodded along the streets of the grimy manufacturing town. The women stood idling at the doors of their sordid houses and watched her. Their hair was thick with dust and cotton fluff, and bristling with curling-pins. These pins appeared to be as much a part of the women as their hair itself; they were never seen without them; at what time they blossomed forth into the full glory of a fringe no one knew. During Griselda's ten years' sojourn in this place she had never seen a woman without her fifteen or twenty curling-pins. Their dirty dresses were mostly buttonless; they had shawls on their shoulders, and their feet were inelegant in clogs. The interiors of their rooms were as uninviting as themselves. Dirt and dishevelment were everywhere; the only things that were ever clean were the doorsteps. The favourite time for working at them was after a long morning's idleness, just as the husband was coming home to dinner. Then a violent onslaught was made at the step, and, if there was no order within the house, at least the man could console himself by the reflection that the outside was swept and garnished.

There was not much that was exhilarating about a walk through this town. The little shops where rabbits dripped on cabbages, and mackerel and onions lay together; the dreary windows full of dried herbs warranted to cure every ill, and of ill, God knows, there was enough; the fried fish shops, with their all pervading odour; the electric tram-cars whirring up and down;

the drunken men outside the public-houses, — all seemed a part of some grim world in which things had gone awry. Surely it was never meant to be so black, so cheerless, so wicked.

Griselda tried to see something not unlovely in the familiar scene. She watched the great luries, loaded with cotton, pass slowly by, and thought how far these burdens had come, — from Egypt, from America. How wonderful were the interiors of these throbbing mills with their marvels of machinery! She thought how such towns as this were the most important part of England, rich, prosperous, if improvident. But nothing consoled her. She had come out for some air, unable to endure any longer among four walls; but in a while a lassitude of spirit almost overcame her. For all the profit to be won from these dirty streets she might as well be back in the house. It has been said that in the sorrows of others we find alleviation for our own, but on the whole this is a fallacy. If one could see some merriment, some happiness in the world, even though one were not to share in it, one would be more cheered than in contemplating the inexorable rule of grief, — in the country places the cruel law of Nature, all that lives preying upon each other; in the cities the greater sorrow of man. To be alone, whether in the town or under wide skies, is sad; but it is possible to have companions one would rather be without. At home there were but the servants, they who were "too much with her late and soon," a kind of entertainment which she could well dispense with. Why

should these things be, this cumbersome form of living, this incessant grappling with petty, but by no means easy, difficulties? What was achieved at the end of it all? When one came to die, what did one look back on? How had one's best days been spent? Pointing out dust to the housemaid and ordering the sweep, spring-cleanings and plumbers, registry-offices and an unending succession of servants. Say that this resulted in the safe rearing of a child, or children; that was a great thing doubtless, but could not they be reared with less trouble, at less cost, reared perhaps without the fretful nurse and the childish illnesses? Griselda's fancy called up the pale face of her little boy, her only child. Why must a child always be ill? Was it this town, so full of epidemics? Perhaps it was. Griselda's husband had long since tired of it. He was almost always away shooting in distant parts, here, there, and everywhere, content to know that Griselda existed, and was happy enough, no doubt. She had the child, and the house, and plenty of occupation with the servants. Women wanted little more than that, even nowadays, when there was so much fuss about them and their rights. Some time a move could be made to the country, but at present, while occasional visits to the business were necessary, this house must be kept going and the child must pull through somehow. Griselda could see to it all; let her do the nursing and the worry. What were women for? Let her take the child away to the sea-side to recruit now and then; that was gay enough, if gaiety were wanted. At any rate he could not be bothered by them.

It was not exactly thus that Griselda had understood love, care, and protection; but she soon came

to see that it was no use kicking against the pricks. Any remonstrance, however gentle, was stigmatised as nagging; and thus she learned how golden is silence, and ceased to complain. The days went by, one like another, varied only by the kind of illness or the sort of volcanic outburst that took place in the household. Her sojourns in the sea-side places were the dulllest times of her life. She and the child and the nurse made the round of the dreary northern coast at intervals, here for whooping-cough, there for measles, or, rather, for the recoveries from these ailments; and such a place would be indelibly associated in her mind with convulsions of coughing and the avoidance of her kind, such another with a disappearing rash and dubious landladies. The hideous beaches where children dug while parents, steeped in the commonplace, looked on, the donkeys and bathing-machines, the parades, the dreary unchanging gaieties of the piers. The icy gales if it were winter, the dust if it were summer, the mill-hands out for their holidays, and the boom of a sea that had never known what it was to be blue. Then the evenings of interminable length, sitting listening lest the child should cry, reading by the lodging-house lamp a page or two of some philosopher. Alas, they were all old the philosophers, and she was young! This, she supposed, was the reason why she derived no comfort from their philosophies. Had they ever had any expectation of happiness in life, any idea of achieving some work in the world? Perhaps Marcus Aurelius had, and, if so, was disappointed. As for the others, they had hardly lived, never hoped; they had never loved, and consequently had given no hostage into the hands of Fortune; they scarcely erred, and therefore had not to retrace their

steps among the thorns of the narrow, necessary way. Their rule summed up, came to the same thing as the Christian teaching: "Wish for nothing, place your desires beyond this world." How wise, but how impossible!

Could she but get away from this narrow life! France, Italy, the world was about her, could she but be quit of the little duties, the dull round, lift the child from his maladies and wander with him freely! Study, travel, in these there must be some solace. But instead there was the heavy grey sky above her head, the muddy pavement beneath her feet, and the years were passing. She would grow old like this, be laid in the crowded cemetery with a stone pressing her down, and the tram-cars would still rattle, the people still yell above her. Everything would be the same, always everything the same!

A cold wind rose as she plodded on. She had left the town behind her now, and could see a few fields about her and trees, as yet undestroyed by railways. Turning from the main road a rutted track led her through lanes to a black-and-white farmhouse, which she remembered to have seen once years ago. It was deserted now; a railway was to be made close by and the house was to be pulled down. In its palmy days it had been a manor-house. There was a moat round it filled with stagnant water, and traces of a garden and a bowling-green. Cabbage-stalks were now the only plants, and a stack of nettles grew where roses had once bloomed. Across the moat was a shattered stone bench, and Griselda passed through the gateway and sat down awhile. It was still here; the town seemed far away; only the wind rustled in the oak tree and brought down a shower of leaves. The melancholy of the place pervaded her not

disagreeably; there are some moods of sadness that are not entirely sad.

Griselda looked up in the midst of her thoughts and saw a figure coming towards her. She was startled, in that solitary place, and could hardly make out what he was; but looking closer she saw that he was a gentleman by his carriage and walk. She could not distinguish his dress; it seemed to fold about him like some sort of cloak, long and grey. He wore no hat; that she perceived at once.

"A lunatic," she thought as he stopped before her.

"No lunatic," said he, replying though she had not spoken. "Don't you remember me?"

She looked up at his face. His stern eyes softened as he met her glance, and he smiled. "Griselda," he said again, "you remember?"

"No," she replied, "I do not. Who are you? I am sure we have never met."

"Try to think," said he sitting down beside her and taking her hand, undeterred by her prosaic tones. His features were finely cut and full of intellect, but amidst their refinement was a certain air of command. The wind lifted his hair and a scar showed across his forehead down to the ear. She noticed that she did not feel his touch, though he held her hand in his.

"Are you Falkland or Sir Philip Sydney come to life?" she said. "Remember! How can I remember! Such a figure as you has never entered my everyday sort of existence."

"My coming to you is unusual," he said, "and out of the common course of things. I have found difficulty in reaching you. You have suffered, or you could not see me even now. To me our parting took place yesterday; by you, I suppose, it has been long since forgotten."

Here in this garden we said good-bye; only then there were lilies and roses and the place was full of life. I went to my death that day, and you to your marriage; but what is marriage and what is death? What indeed is life? Do you know? Even I do not, altogether. Your destiny has been laid apart from mine, to you for hundreds of unremembered years, to me for a few days, some hours. But now that I am here, and speak to you face to face, I understand the gloom, the chill of your mortal life. This black sky, this dead garden! How tired your little feet are! I used to hold them in my hand. Do you remember? How gay you were, how beautiful! I thought you heartless; they tell me that your heart is born now."

"Like the soul of Undine," cried Griselda bitterly, "which only taught her how to suffer. Was I ever without this pain? Who are you? You must be mad, or I am. Can't you see I don't understand?"

Yet a memory was arising within her, dim and like the twilight. She seemed to see green lawns in that bleak spot, tall lilies growing in the sun; the scent of lavender and roses came wafted to her on the breeze. She heard the soft rustle of a silk dress, felt the clasp of pearls. There was a sense of ease, of luxury. Someone was near who protected, cherished her; love environed her; her chilled heart grew warmer.

"I am remembering something," she cried, "different from this. But I am tired. I was born old into this life; was there another life when I was young? If so, give me not the pain of recalling it. What would it profit me, now that it is past? What are you—a dream?"

"Call me a dream," he said smiling. "What matters it? There are dreams that console."

"Why do you come?" she said. "I am married; I have a child. There is no blank in my life. I ask for nothing. I have never thought of romance since my girlhood went; I know it cannot last on this earth, and in Heaven,—if that is what you talk of—I have always understood there is no marriage. It is useless saying anything to me; I have been too long among the pots and pans; and besides, with regard to love I am satisfied as things are."

"I do not seek you in the way you think," he answered calmly, "as I sought you of old. There is no need for you to understand. I come to ask you to look at things differently, to take another point of view. I can help a little. You will be comforted; you will make others happier; things will go more easily. And I know that in time we shall meet again, and then we shall not part."

"Do you mean when I die?" she asked. "Besides, what do I care? I am tired of men. Why do you remind me of the garden and the warm life, when you mean death only? Where are the lilies that you spoke of? Dead, and the garden withered away as you see it. This is all that happens, all that is sure. Why do you speak of times past, and yet of times to come? Can one look forward and look back too? I hope there is no looking back where you are, else I shall do nothing but think when I get there; and I want to forget,—most of all I want to forget."

"An hour in a garden yesterday," he said, "and now an hour in a city. We look on that which was pleasantest spent. The lilies bloom elsewhere, and there are fields of roses. Death is not an evil, only a passage, a door that is opened for us. You will learn. You think that you have heard these things before; you

consider them the usual promises, made in the bibles of many lands, all vague, unsatisfactory. The result of them all being,—*I know nothing*. Do not therefore think that there is nothing to know. You come up against the same wall at the end of all the philosophies. Beyond that wall what is there? A garden or the grave? How your eyes question me! Be satisfied; I must not yet open the door in the wall. Bear with what comes to you. Take a different point of view. Think of trouble as nothing, as soon over—”

“I can’t live thinking like that,” she interrupted passionately. “If I try, I get apathetic, like a stone; but down underneath there is fire. Surely you have not come from beyond the grave, as you say, to tell me the same things as all my old philosophers? Take away the pain at my heart, but take it leaving me alive, not dead. Can that be done? You know it cannot. If I would cease to sorrow I must cease to live. Tell me something different, more definite, since you have come to console, as you say. Tell me, for instance, will my boy live? Will he grow up strong, and fit to do a man’s work in the world? Will he be a man? When I look at your eyes I feel as if these questions were trivial, insignificant, I can’t care about the answer. Is it all so unimportant? Why then are we born at all, given joy, given pain, if nothing matters?”

“Your questions must not be answered,” he said quietly; “it is not for that I am here. Be content; you shall find comfort. One must travel in this world as a stranger, beneath dark skies, who does not know the road and only sees it at times by the fitful light of the moon. Happy he who walks on without question, since there is no reply.”

“But tell me before you go,” she faltered as he rose, “tell me this, just this,—for I must know—will my boy live?”

“You poor little soul, so fettered,” he said tenderly, “do not be absorbed by care. Let the spirit have freedom; that is what it craves. The child has but little to do with you; you know not how little. What are these ephemeral ties? Why should they bind the soul? Fare you well; your child will live.”

He was gone, in an instant, as if the answering of the question had swept him away. Where he had stood lay a rose, fresh and red as blood. She picked it up and put it in the damp ground. “It, too, will die,” she thought. She looked for him in vain about the ruined garden, and peered through the windows of the house into the dark rooms. He was nowhere; he had vanished; she supposed. “Who was he?” she wondered fearfully; “a shadow from the unknown country?” There were many there whom she knew, many whom she had loved well and lost. Not one had ever come, had ever spoken; her tears and prayers, to that end, had been in vain. Who then was this stranger? “He was like my books,” she reflected; “and yet better than my books because embodied, speaking to me face to face. But who was he, what had he to do with me?”

She felt that she had within her a store of thought for many lonely days. She turned homewards, but cast a last look at the old house, soon to be swept away for ever. The iron rails would obliterate it, and the graves of the dead roses and the memories of happy days. All the scent and colour, the dead women, the men who had once been full of life and plans and hot desires,—the heavy tread of a new generation would pass above them; there would not even be a

place where their ghosts could wander and recall the past.

As she walked home through the wet, the streets appeared to her less sordid. They were nearly empty now, cleared of people by the softly falling rain.—The mills gleamed, lit up like fairy palaces. Her house on the hill had one window bright to welcome her, and she caught a glimpse of the little boy trotting about inside the room. Then he was better, since he had come downstairs; her spirit was uplifted in a moment.

"I am like the Shunamite woman," she thought; "I could not give him up, even though I knew that death for him were better."

She leant against the wall and looked down upon the town. Its hard outline was softened in the dusk; a mist lay over it and above the mist was a star.

"I will go back," she thought, "and I will try to have a braver heart. I will front the foe, the enemies that lie in my own mind most of all. This afternoon there has been uncovered before me a world behind and a world beyond all this. It has been pleasant for an hour; dream or vision, it has brought back to me romance and chivalry and things that are unreal and sweet. Thank you, beautiful shadow, and fare you well."

Years after, when the boy was stronger and at school, she was passing a lonely evening in the new house they had lately taken. It was in a solitary country place. The wind was whistling in the trees and under the doors,—a dreary noise when no other breaks the silence. The rooms were full of echoes. She was turning over her books, scarcely

in a mood to read, when she came upon an old volume containing records of the houses of Cheshire, which had only been sent to her the day before. Idly opening it she found an account of the Moated Manor House at Ellingham, and of a Sir Richard Mordaunt and a Lady Griselda Ellingham who had lived in the days of Elizabeth. He was the lady's lover and had been killed in a duel fought on her behalf. She had led a varied life, had twice married, and had died in old age, her beauty scarcely touched by time, so little had she cared or fretted about anything save herself. Her estates, the poor, nothing caused her anxiety. She was light and gay, a lady of a "merrie heart." There were a few words more, describing the district and the house, and that was all.

Griselda laid down the book; she pictured to herself those days of the past. "Doubtless the Griselda of long ago was selfish," she thought. "She had much to work out, much, perhaps, that the story does not tell of, many years of sins. I suppose men were as toys to her; children, duties, were nothing. Yes, no doubt she sinned; but was it, I wonder, necessary, so entirely to crush the merry heart?"

She sighed: it is easier to be sad than gay; but in awhile she put her troubles behind her. A memory arose within her of a faded garden and a quiet voice speaking to her out of a past existence that left the present not so entirely unaccounted for. Her restless thoughts, vague hopes, unrealised dreams, fell away from her. She had reached a haven in calm waters, a green island in the stormy sea.

OMBRA.

THE MODERN TRADE OF POLITICS.

THE approach of a General Election renders it desirable to call public notice to a growing evil. Election humours, like fashions in dress, run in cycles. We are threatened with a revival of the spirit, if not of the actual scenes, that prevailed in the days of Defoe and Swift, of Wilkes and Hogarth, of Charles Fox and the Westminster Election, and other historic incidents. It is a moot point whether the modern process of selection is preferable to the method of a candidate offering himself for acceptance or rejection by a constituency. A few fussy persons nominate themselves and one another as members of an association with some pretentious title, and then claim to speak and act in the name of thousands of electors. As a preliminary step they exact from aspirants to the honour of becoming Parliamentary representatives a pledge to abide by the decision of this self-constituted body. The man of fluent speech and ample promises, or, more often, the man with the longest purse, is almost certain to secure the suffrages, and to be announced as the accepted candidate of the party. His immediate duty is to begin a system of nursing the constituency. He is expected to provide most, if not the whole, of the funds, including the expenses of registration, little, or nothing, being raised locally. He is required to be at the beck and call of every little coterie; to take the chair at meetings and lectures; to open bazaars; to distribute school prizes; to patronise smoking concerts and other entertainments; to attend religious functions and social festivities;

to be initiated into the Ancient Buffaloes and other mysterious orders; and to subscribe to the thousand and one objects devised by ingenious and sleepless philanthropy, often of a strictly professional character. Whether the game is worth the candle is a question that causes many searchings of heart.

There must be a considerable number of persons in England who contrive to make a very good living out of politics. Translated into plain speech, the incessant cuckoo-cry about "organisation" usually means the creation of snug posts for needy persons, and a more lavish outlay upon printers. Liberals and Conservatives alike have a central office under the control of the respective Whips, and numerous local associations, more or less connected with a Union or a Federation. The Liberal Unionists have a separate machinery, on similar lines. The Liberals, with their inherent tendency to segregation, are perpetually dividing, sub-dividing, and forming new bodies for specific purposes. The National Liberal Federation was transported from Birmingham eighteen years ago, at the time of the great breach in the party over Home Rule, and found a home in London in the same building as, and virtually under the control of, the Whips' office. A Home Counties branch has been formed, with a separate staff. Attempts have been made to constitute County Federation in some districts. Scotland has its own Federation; and Wales has two others, for the north and south. Like the Scots, the Welsh prefer to

go their own way, independent of the little country of England to which they happen to be joined. The women also have their separate political organisations, more than twenty in number and for the most part mutually antagonistic and denunciatory. Then we have the old Financial Reform Association of Liverpool, the National Reform Union of Manchester, the London Liberal and Radical Union, the London Reform Union, the Eighty Club, the Cobden Club, sundry Land Leagues, Labour and Socialist Unions of all kinds, and organisations to agitate for almost every object that the wit of man can devise.

If it is not too much to say that many of these bodies were created, and are sustained, for the honour and glory of ornamental presidents, or for the sake of finding employment for secretaries. It usually happens, and it is a remarkable coincidence, that when the necessity is suddenly discovered for the formation of a new society, whether political, benevolent, or religious, the discoverer and promoter is open to accept an official engagement. Human nature being what it is, this will excite no surprise; but the fact partly explains the growth of the trade spirit in modern politics. One manifestation is seen in the attacks upon the Licensing System, with the strenuous efforts for its defence. "The Trade" has its own powerful, wealthy, and efficient Defence Leagues. The United Kingdom Alliance is the chief of the aggressive bodies, but there are several other organisations for special objects, with sundry denominational Temperance Societies, and Good Templars, Rechabites, and others. The Alliance was formed in 1853, "to secure the total prohibition of the liquor traffic." Such an object is manifestly impossible of realisation until a large proportion of the people are brought round to its

acceptance, which does not seem likely to be this side of the Greek Kalends. Recent tactics have therefore been directed to the attainment of what is known as Local Option, or Local Veto. The former is an elastic phrase, which appears to be susceptible of diverse meanings. How it is to be carried into practical effect, in existing circumstances and with the prevailing habits of large numbers of the community, is not clearly seen. The formula is one of the pious opinions so often avowed by politicians as a convenient method of escaping from a present difficulty, or of relegating a practical settlement to some remote period which, perchance, may not arrive in their day. But the question, like the one of which it is the antithesis, furnishes occupation to a number of paid agents, among whom the country is mapped out. It is their province to intervene in every election, and to exact from candidates pledges on their respective sides, and then to give instructions as to how electors shall vote; but the bulk of the electors usually follow their own course.

The game of politics has largely come to be one of rival bids for support. Individual electors, and the adherents and representatives of innumerable societies, are appealed to, coaxed, flattered, wheedled, threatened, or promised. This is true to a certain extent of both parties, but especially of the Liberals. Candidates, too often of the type of Mr. Veneering in OUR MUTUAL FRIEND, in their eager desire to enter Parliament, are found ready to declare themselves in favour of the most absurd theories and nostrums. They become political parrots, monotonously repeating meaningless formulas. They arouse unreasonable hopes in the minds of men possessed of only one idea (generally a foolish one), and who are devoid of all

sense of proportion. Each thinks his own particular hobby to be of prime importance, and rides it to death. The absence of any working scheme for its realisation is a matter of no concern. Being in a hopeless minority does not trouble him. He propounds his test-question with an oracular and self-satisfied air. It is his chosen mission to worry public men with an enquiry as to whether they will instantly support a measure for Equalising Domestic Expenditure, or the Abolition of Mothers-in-law, or something as grotesquely impracticable. Life is not long enough, nor would it be worth living if it were, for the discussion of such themes, nor is it the chief end of man to be perpetually tramping to the ballot-box. An excessive multiplication of the mechanism of government tends to defeat the objects of all good and wise administration. We have no desire to see public life in England degenerate into a mere voting contrivance. The demand for triennial, and even for annual Parliaments, and the feverish thirst for incessant contests in matters of local self-government, may suit the few who have nothing else to do, or who make politics their trade, or who have "their own logs to roll and their own axes to grind"; but most men have other and important matters requiring attention.

At the last General Election the opinion of candidates was imperatively demanded and pledges were exacted by self-appointed inquisitors on the following subjects, among others,—Local Option, the Direct Veto, the Permissive Bill, Absolute Prohibition, Sunday Closing of Licensed Houses, the Church of England Temperance Society, the National Temperance League, and Compensation to Brewers and Publicans. Conundrums were propounded respecting Leasehold En-

franchisement, Land Nationalisation, and the Free Land League, Manhood Suffrage, Suffrage to Widows and Spinsters, and Universal Suffrage, Vaccination and Vivisection. The Labour and Socialist Sections urged a Compulsory Eight Hours Day, Labour Contracts and Trade Union Rates of Wages by Municipalities and other public bodies, Municipalising of Gas, Water, Railroad, and other Companies, and the Fabian Programme. There were amiable fanatics on Proportional Representation and the Referendum, Bimetallism, against the Sunday Delivery of Letters, and in favour of the Sunday Opening of Museums and Picture Galleries. Ecclesiastical and religious topics included Disestablishment, the Papal Question, the Confessional, Inspection of Convents, Anti-Ritualism, and the Burial Bills, Mutual Disarmament and Universal Peace and Arbitration. Miscellaneous demands were made about Poor Law Reform and Old Age Pensions, the Opium Traffic, Anti-Gambling, Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, Dockyard Claims, County Court Clerks' Pensions, Day School Teachers' Salaries and Pensions, Post Office grievances, a Tax on Bicycles, and, on the other hand, Cyclists to be relieved of the obligation to carry a lamp.

The last-named appears like a *reductio ad absurdum*; yet it was a question seriously put to candidates at the last General Election. In some places, also, there were local and parochial matters, or petty disputes between contiguous constituencies, that almost eclipsed Imperial subjects. This heckling process has become intolerable. It presupposes a sort of diluted omniscience in would-be legislators, with exhaustless leisure, an elastic conscience, and the skill of a casuist. It relates not only to things within the range of practical politics, but to

many concerning which public opinion is not likely to be called upon to decide for years to come. There are no heroic or ideal methods of dealing with them. The limits of legislation are strictly defined, and are much narrower than is commonly supposed. Reforms can only be effected when the demand preponderates and is unmistakable. Even then, they are invariably the outcome of a compromise. The dreams of theorists are seldom realised. All this, however unpalatable to men of extreme views, is nevertheless true. Common-sense dictates that every politician must seek, not what is ideally perfect, but what is actually possible. He will offend the electoral Polyphemuses, but men with two eyes, happily, still form the large majority.

There is one grave danger suggested by certain of the aforesaid test-questions. In some branches of the Civil Service there is a disposition to use an election as a means of extorting higher pay, or earlier and larger pensions, or improved conditions of service. These objects may be reasonable, or otherwise. In any case Parliamentary candidates are not in a position to determine this point, and it is intolerable that they should be promised support by a large body of Civil servants, or threatened with opposition, according as they give or withhold pledges for increased emoluments. A few years ago, the County Constabulary throughout England and Wales used this kind of leverage to extort from the Home Secretary an increased scale of pensions. At the last election the Inland Revenue Officers tried to secure an advance in their salaries to the scale in the Customs branch. The National Union of Elementary Teachers, which has three paid delegates in the House of Commons, exerted its wide influence, and employed its extensive ramifica-

tions all over the country, for the purpose of compelling candidates to promise their support to a specific plan of superannuation, and placed a pistol at their heads by demanding that this should be done in the very first session. The Post Office clerks also performed not a little log-rolling on their own account. All this is opposed to good discipline and to public morals. If every branch of the Civil Service, with the Army and Navy, took to acting in this way, the question would arise, whether officials supported out of the taxes and rates ought not to be disfranchised, so as to prevent the illegitimate use of votes for class purposes.

A similar tendency is being displayed in elections for Town, County, and Urban Councils, for Boards of Guardians, and for all purposes of local administration. A preposterous attempt is being made to compel these bodies to pay the rate of wages as fixed by Trade Unions, and to prohibit sub-contracting. It is hoped, by erecting an artificial standard, to force private employers to adopt it. These sciolists forget two things; first, that the scale of wages is determined, and always will be determined, by the quantity of work to be done and by the number of persons willing and anxious to do it; and next, that the real value of money is its purchasing power. Prices are regulated by the law of supply and demand, however it may be derided. An abundance of commodities or a lack of purchasers will bring about cheapness, while a scarcity of goods or a keen competition among many buyers causes dearth. This may be relegated to Saturn, as Carlyle relegated political economy, but it continues to operate on our planet. High wages are of no avail if rent and the necessities of life become dearer. Already, these elementary but immutable laws are

making themselves felt; accordingly the farther demand is heard for communism in land and in minerals, for the opening of public workshops, for the municipalisation of productive industry, for cheap dwellings provided at the public expense, for fixed hours of work, and a minimum rate of wages. Doubtless it would be gratifying to the indolent and the thriftless to benefit at the expense of the capable and frugal; but even were the latter willing (which it is certain they are not) to share all round, the scheme is unworkable, and there would have to be a periodical redistribution every few weeks. But the existence of such a demand shows how a spirit of trade and of personal gain has entered into modern politics. It augurs ill for Imperial and Municipal institutions that those who are chosen to work them should be selected merely for what they promise to do for their constituents. A local official, having charge of the roads in one of the wealthy suburbs of Boston, Massachusetts, recently said that he had hired a number of Irishmen to do certain repairs at two dollars a day, but not one of them came to work because of some local dispute. He complained that when any of their class did work, the amount done in a day was scandalously insufficient and inefficient. He added that if these men were discharged, all the others in the locality would resent it; and the next town-vote would be cast for officials who spent the most public money, and who did not trouble about the quantity or the quality of the work. A similar case occurred at another town-meeting, called to determine the amount of the appropriations for roads and other purposes; when one group was heard to say they should go in for a large vote, "because the bosses would have to pay for it," and so more work would be made.

Of late years some of the peculiar political methods and social products of the United States have been transplanted to England. Enthusiastic admirers have introduced or are seeking to import usages which are alien and hybrid to our traditions and customs. The objection to what is called Americanising our institutions is often treated with cheap contempt on platforms and by a certain section of the Press. That objection has deeper and graver reasons than can be sneered away by flippant rhetoric. Surely the great aim of modern public life is not to denounce and discard a course of action that has long worked well, for the doubtful advantage of introducing another course that is novel and experimental. If the American people like their methods, we have no right to criticise or disapprove of their choice, but it is a legitimate subject of enquiry how far these are adapted to the different circumstances of our own country. We are strictly within the bounds of propriety in suggesting an investigation as to whether it is desirable to reconstruct our electoral policy upon American patterns, and whether such changes of the kind as have been already made are really improvements.

In England the growth of such a feeling as tends to make a trade of politics is clearly traceable to the manner in which public speakers and newspaper writers of a certain order, having no sense of responsibility and caring for nothing save present popularity and the attainment of personal ends, have persuaded ignorant and unreflecting voters that they can be made prosperous, contented, and happy by Acts of Parliament; and that in the same way they can obtain the maximum wages for a minimum of inferior work. They are exhorted to vote for men who promise them higher pay, better dwellings, cheaper rent, a

good garden and a pig, ample store of meat and potatoes, free meals and clothes for their children, and old age pensions for themselves. It is not surprising that the average labourer should be captivated by such a fancy picture. Nor can any humane and patriotic person repress a desire, or discourage any practicable effort, for the improvement of their domestic and social condition. But this is not to be effected by the magician's wand of that vague entity called the Government. Unwise and unjust laws may be amended or repealed, and the inequitable and defective administration of good laws may be improved; but, after all, it is little that legislation can effect. So long as men and women throng into crowded cities, where the first conditions of health for themselves and their children must be violated; so long as thousands are contented to be mere labourers, unable to use a tool, or to fabricate anything that adds to the country's wealth; so long as boys and girls marry at seventeen, or even younger, and burden themselves and the ratepayers with large families of anemic and stunted children; and so long as the working-classes impose upon themselves such enormous taxes for drink and tobacco, just so long will they have to struggle under conditions from which no legislation can deliver them. But severe blame attaches to those, whatever their social position or their political bias, who proclaim a panacea that only aggravates the evil, and who lead ignorant electors to suppose that the State can do for them what is only to be accomplished by themselves.

The Caucus is a direct transplantation from the hot-house of American politics. In nearly all the States the equivocal blessing of universal suffrage obtains, without any checks or safeguards. In only a few cases does

illiteracy act as a bar to the exercise of the franchise. In the Southern States a whole generation of negroes, since the issue of the Emancipation Proclamation by Lincoln, has grown up in ignorance more or less dense, mitigated only by the noble but inadequate efforts of benevolent individuals, of Church organisations, and of educational grants in certain States. Emancipation was conceded as much for political as for philanthropic purposes; and the mistake is now generally admitted of having conferred votes as well as freedom upon the coloured population. They were not prepared to assume the responsibilities of citizenship, and to discharge its duties intelligently. It is said, by those most competent to judge, and whose opinions and prejudices are not in favour of the South, that such capacity has not been acquired after the lapse of a generation. Whatever the mischief, it seems that it cannot be undone by any disfranchising measure. No hope of relief lies in that direction. No constitutional amendment that would deprive the negro of the franchise has a chance of being passed. He regards it as a means of improving his condition, at the expense of other people and without the trouble of exerting himself. He is not likely to surrender the leverage thus placed in his hands, knowing that the two great political parties of Republicans and Democrats are bidding against each other for his support. There are subordinate sections and factions, and other social circumstances, which need not be taken into account, but some further particulars of the methods may be supplied, because of their monitory character.

Until lately these two great parties were almost evenly balanced. Recent elections have witnessed sudden and sweeping changes of feeling that some-

times occur in every popular electorate, in every country. The causes are apparent, but the chief cause is selfishness, which sways human action far more than principle. Each of the American parties, Republican and Democrat, has its own organisation, as complete and as widely ramified as skill and experience can make it. From what are called primary meetings delegates are chosen to the County Convention of each party. These, in turn, nominate members to the State Convention ; whence representatives are sent to the National Convention, which is a crowded, noisy, heated, excited mob of about a thousand delegates from all parts of the Union, assembled in a vast temporary building capable of holding ten or fifteen thousand spectators, who are wrought to a frenzy of excitement by speeches, brass bands, party songs, processions, waving of flags and banners, and a universal revelry that becomes a pandemonium. The actual work of selecting candidates and constructing a political platform is done in secret by the leaders of rival factions, expert in effecting "deals" for their own purposes. Imperfect reports of the last Republican Convention at Chicago and of the Democratic Convention at St. Louis, when Mr. Roosevelt and Judge Parker were respectively nominated for the Presidency, have appeared in English newspapers, but no one can realise the tumultuous scenes who has not witnessed them.

Theoretically, all this appears captivating to many, viewed as a piece of political mechanism. In practice it is found that a few clever wire-pullers capture the primary meetings, and get themselves and their friends appointed as delegates to the County Conventions, where they meet like-minded people, and then the process is easy. The educated classes, and all

who have self-respect, stand aloof. They cannot stoop to the mean tricks in vogue. If they attended the primaries, they would be swamped, for intelligence, wealth, ability, and public spirit do not count. The professional politicians, who live by their trade, and who "know the ropes," to use an expressive phrase, are able by fluency, flattery, and bribery to carry the day. A few score dollars judiciously expended at liquor-saloons in treating idlers, all of whom have votes, go a long way in obtaining popularity and support. Promises, more or less vague, of help in securing local offices, with emoluments attached, are freely made. In every ward of a city, and in every country village, persons are to be found with no ostensible mode of earning a livelihood ; yet they contrive to subsist very comfortably out of politics. They are the guerillas and skirmishers of the great army of political mercenaries, and are supported out of the campaign funds of their respective parties. We have not advanced so far in England ; but we seem to be on the high road to it.

The enormous expense of each party at elections in America, whether Local, Municipal, State, or Federal, are mostly defrayed out of these campaign funds. There is no legal limit to or check upon the amount disbursed. In addition, a vast outlay has to be incurred in oiling the wheels of party mechanism during the brief intervals of the numerous contests. The money is provided by generous gifts from railroads, mines, trusts, and other great trading or speculative corporations that have much to gain or lose by a particular line of policy ; but chiefly by a scale of assessment upon office-holders, determined by a secret controlling committee. This is contrary to law, but it is notoriously done. Refusal to pay would involve political and social ostracism. When

it is remembered that, on the principle of the spoils to the victors, a change in the central administration involves a clean sweep of many thousands of postmasters, letter-carriers, tax-collectors, policemen, judicial, and other functionaries, it will be understood how strenuously the Outs endeavour to supplant the Ins, who as strenuously seek to retain what they have. Every Town, County, State, and Federal official has to give a fixed portion of his salary and emoluments to the campaign fund of his party. The sheriff of the City of New York for example, receives in fees about £12,000 yearly, five-sixths of which have to be handed over to the party treasury by a compact made before election. An unknown but enormous sum is thus raised and expended throughout the United States every year; especially every fourth year, when the whole country is agitated and business is deranged by the Presidential election. The money goes in the payment of liberal salaries to party-managers, with their travelling and hotel bills; in the support of the army of idlers aforesaid; in providing free refreshments for innumerable thirsty souls; in printing and dispersing tons of literature, mostly abusive and denunciatory of opponents; in bands, banners, and gunpowder; and in the mock military paraphernalia so dear to the average American.

These details, and many others that might be furnished, are familiar to all who have studied American institutions and methods. They are mentioned because of the lessons which they teach, and of their bearing upon the modern trade of politics in England. For instance, there is an agitation for the payment of Members of Parliament. This custom, which many persons regard as highly objectionable and pernicious, prevails in some of our Colonies, with unsatisfac-

tory results. It is found universally in America, both in the State Legislatures and in Congress. Some would extend it in this country to all elected offices and to service on juries; as it applies there to mayoralties and to such petty functionaries as supervisors of little country districts. Each Senator at Washington and each Member of Congress is paid £1,000 yearly, with fivepence per mile for travelling expenses. The smaller States pay their local legislators three dollars, and, in one instance, a single dollar a day. In some, the duration of the session is strictly limited; but in others the object seems to be to prolong it, for the sake of the money. The average payment ranges from £60 to £120 for the session or for the year; a sum not large enough to attract competent men, but sufficient to tempt the needy and the unscrupulous. The State of Pennsylvania gives £200; but that of New York is the highest in the scale, and pays each of its Assemblymen and Senators £300 a year. Some are said to save money out of their allowance, though others spend far more. The former class board at the hotels in the respective capitals at a cheap rate, if not gratuitously, because of the custom brought to the house by constituents, contractors, and lobbyists. They also receive for the most part what are euphemistically styled travelling facilities, or free transit, in return for anticipated favours in the passage of bills affecting railroads.

This system of the payment of members has strenuous advocates among ourselves. It was one of the articles of faith in the exploded Newcastle Programme. Many good Liberals reject it, running the risk, like disbelievers in the Athanasian Creed, of its being declared that politically they will, without doubt, perish everlastingly. Still, after all

that can be urged, by way of example, from Canada, Australia, and other places, the plan is open to grave question. Nothing is more to be deprecated than a class of mercenary political adventurers, who make a trade and a gain of their public duties. Already there are enough and to spare of professional philanthropists, professional social reformers, and professional revivalists; fluent, bold, irresponsible persons who pursue their callings for a livelihood. The number need not be increased in the domain of politics. If salaries were attached to membership of the House of Commons, self-seeking would be at a premium, and the character of the assembly, already none too high, would rapidly deteriorate. The deputation that waited upon Lord Rosebery in November, 1894, from the Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress, was divided in opinion as to the amount of salary needful. Some suggested £200, others £250; while Mr. Broadhurst, M.P., who boasts of having been a working stonemason, thought £300 little enough. Why should a salary be drawn for discharging the duties of a Member of Parliament? If he is not in a position to bear the expense of residing in the metropolis for six months, or of devoting his time to legislative duties, his constituents may, if so minded, voluntarily furnish the means. This was done two centuries ago, in the case of Andrew Marvell, Milton's friend, and member for Hull, and forty years ago in the case of Mr. Ball, a tenant-farmer who represented Cambridgeshire. There have been other more recent instances, and, at this day, the admirers of Mr. John Burns raise a fund for his support, while Messrs. Fenwick, Burt, Bell, and a few others are paid out of the funds of the Trade Unions with which they are connected. No discredit

attaches to such an arrangement, and no valid objection can be urged against it, like that which applies to the proposal to pay £300 a year each to six hundred and seventy members, many of whom would strongly object to accepting their portion of a yearly total of £210,000 drawn from the Imperial Exchequer.

Another co-related factor in the modern trade of politics is that the mechanism of Parliamentary elections is still too cumbrous and too costly; even after the drastic reforms that have been introduced. It is reasonably urged that the Returning Officer's expenses should be made a public charge, just as the cost of local elections is defrayed out of the rates. There is no necessity for the noise, the aimless activity and fussy pretentiousness, and for the parade of effort that characterise every contest. Those who have gone through the process know, to their cost, that much of the outlay is sheer waste. Speaking generally, the items of disbursement for which the Election Agent is responsible are greatly in excess of actual requirements, nor is anything like value received. The Election Agent himself is an anachronism. His fee ranges from £52 10s. to £157 10s., besides incidental expenses. A professional man would urge that he cannot afford to lay aside his regular duties for a less sum; but it is doubtful whether such a man is the best kind of Election Agent. The average type of Election Agent, other than a lawyer, is certainly overpaid on the usual scale of remuneration for the two or three weeks' work; and he has no sense of economy. Even if the expenditure be restricted by the candidate to a certain amount, it is almost sure to be exceeded, and cases have occurred where the accounts had to be skilfully manipulated in order

to bring them within the legal limit. One of these gentry said not long ago, when remonstrated with by his principal for his lavish outlay, that he did not intend to lose the election for £100, nor yet for £200, even when he had exceeded the limit allowed by the Corrupt Practices Act. The latest move of both Conservative and Liberal Agents is to form Trade Unions of their own, under the plea of instituting by examination a test of efficiency.

Of the item for printing, it is within the mark to say that one-half is sheer waste. An eruption of gigantic posters appears on the walls and hoardings. Some enthusiastic supporters have the fronts of their houses covered with bills. Others place large cards in every window, bearing some such legend as *Vote for Jorkins*. In the country the barns, the gate-posts, the trees by the roadside, and every available point are used for the display; and rival bill-stickers cover up each other's work as fast as it is done. Indeed, it may be said that they and the printers are the chief gainers. Scarcely a vote is turned by this outbreak of mural literature. In like manner, the major part of tens of thousands of tracts and leaflets are wasted. People have neither the time nor the inclination to read them during the heat of a contest. When it is over, every committee-room is littered with piles of useless printed matter, representing in the aggregate at a General Election many thousands of pounds. A judicious distribution of this literature at other times would have a useful effect. As it is, the money might as well be thrown into the sea, so far as the attainment of a specific object is concerned. A similar remark applies to the reckless outlay for telegrams, postage, carriage hire, and the hundred and one miscellaneous methods of fleecing candidates.

It is indisputable that the standard of political life in the country has been lowered of late, just as it is indisputable that the character of the debates in Parliament, and the tone prevailing there, have degenerated. The decorum not to say the dignity of the greatest historic representative body in the world, is not maintained at the old level. Scenes worthy of the worst type of Poor Law Guardians or Town Councils have been repeatedly witnessed on the floor of the House of Commons. Concurrently with all this, Parliament has come to be regarded by some merely as a pleasant club introducing them to society, by others as a sphere for advancing professional interests, or as opening the way to lucrative directorships and contracts, or as affording a gratuitous platform for promulgating their favourite theories. Great questions affecting the welfare of forty millions of people in the United Kingdom, and of four hundred millions in India and the Colonies, are contumeliously neglected or are made the footballs of party. High moral issues involved in the mutual relations and interdependence of all classes of the community, or in their commercial and amicable relations with other peoples, apart from mere kingship and the fetish of diplomacy, are subordinated to contemptible struggles between the Ins and the Outs. Party tactics are dictated, not by what is right and honourable, or by what is necessary and salutary, but by what will bring most power and credit. Measures are introduced and discussed, not for their inherent justice and urgent necessity, but to prevent the other side from snatching a party victory.

Copious instances might be cited, but a few will suffice. The Salisbury Ministry was defeated in January, 1886, on an amendment to the Address, moved by Mr. Jesse Col-

lings, expressing regret that the Queen's Speech contained no allusion to the subject of Allotments and Small Holdings. Obviously, as a matter of justice and of precedent, this should have been one of the earliest, if not actually the first, of the measures brought forward by the Liberal Administration. Mr. Gladstone saw fit to thrust it aside, and to devote all his time and energies to Home Rule for Ireland and to the Land Question there, only to bring utter rout upon his party. The question of Allotments had to wait until it was dealt with perfunctorily, and still for party purposes, by his opponents. The Liberals have always claimed to be the advocates of Retrenchment, yet they left it to the Conservatives to stop the grant of £10,000 per annum to the Secretary of the Treasury for election purposes. When out of office the Liberals are strenuous advocates of Electoral Reform, so as to put an end to remaining anomalies and difficulties in obtaining the franchise, but hitherto they have displayed no zeal when in power to accomplish this desirable work. Thus the lists of voters remain to be wrangled over by rival Registration Agents, as the Greeks and Trojans fought for the body of Hector; the object of each side being to keep as many opponents as possible off the register, with the result that thousands of persons regularly paying rates are disfranchised. In like manner the vexed question of Woman's Suffrage is not treated on its merits, but as a bone of contention and rivalry, and will probably be ended by the Conservatives bringing in a measure on lines favourable to the party. Dishing the Whigs is a game which men of all parties are ready to play without much regard to the rules of the game or to maxims of abstract honour. Temperance reform, Old Age Pensions, Pauperism,

Labour Problems, the alarming growth of towns, physical deterioration, and many matters affecting the health, the prosperity, and the very existence of the people are glibly used as election pledges and as bids for rival support, only to be ignored when the time arrives for practical legislation.

The fact is often overlooked that while changes may be effected in institutions and methods, and while there may be fresh combinations of individuals for certain purposes, human nature remains the same, and is influenced by sentiments and emotions of which selfishness is the main root. Mr. Herbert Spencer constantly dwelt upon this theme, and it needs to be kept in mind. A just indignation against wrong, the eager buoyancy of youth, immature experience, and a lack of a sense of proportion often induce a belief that grave evils may be remedied and salutary reforms effected by a change in government or in policy, or by a repeal of certain statutes and the enactment of others, or by the creation of new administrative machinery. Such things, however, do not touch character, or the abiding springs of human influence. Men act far less than is commonly supposed from reason and judgment, and mostly from desire and impulse. Hence occur the sudden revulsions sometimes witnessed at General Elections, when one political party, which has long been in the cold shades of Opposition, sweeps the country, and is installed with a huge majority. Comparatively few electors are convinced Liberals or Conservatives on principle and from reasoned choice. With many more political opinions, or prejudices, are in a state of flux, and they temporarily attach themselves to one party or the other, as impulse or self-interest, fashion or accident may direct.

These constitute the unknown quantity that determines a General

Election, as several strong Cabinets have found during recent years. When trade does not improve, or the seasons are unpropitious, or some heroic but impracticable policy is not adopted, or some pet scheme of reform is not introduced, or universal prosperity and halcyon contentment are not inaugurated, or vague expectations based on legislative legerdmain are not realised, a feeling of ignorant surprise induces disappointment that leads to anger and opposition. The accident of a few seats being lost to the Government of the day at bye-elections, probably on a local issue or a clever but false cry, creates a revulsion under which the irresolute, the timid, the impatient, the uninformed, and the unprincipled change sides. Every trade, official, or class interest which thinks itself aggrieved, or that better terms can be made with the opposite party, has a strong inducement to go over. Advocates and propagandists of social crochets that find favour with a narrow and parochial order of minds, unable to look at events in perspective and oblivious of actual possibilities, always have a warmer welcome from the Opposition than from the party in power. The latter are conscious of responsibility, and know the difficulties of practical legislation. When the occupants of the Ministerial benches are changed, an analogous process is gone through. Political promissory notes, given with a ready facility worthy of Mr. Micawber for the sake of securing office, cannot be met when they fall due. Yet electors do not acquire wisdom from experience. They forget that misrule and injustice are as possible under a Venetian oligarchy, or a Florentine family despotism, or burgher rule in Holland, or a South American republic, or mob law anywhere, as under a personal monarchy in Russia or in Turkey. They forget

also that of ignorance many times multiplied the product is not necessarily wisdom.

Adverting again to Mr. Herbert Spencer, his forecast has been verified that mischief would result from the sudden widening of the franchise unless the costs of political action, both general and local, were made to fall directly and unmistakably on all who possess votes. He held also, and rightly, that political power can only be safely extended as fast as governmental functions are restricted. The first main enlargement of the electorate in recent years was the result of a keen party rivalry in 1867, and the next, in 1885, was the result of a party compromise. In neither case was a grave constitutional issue adjusted on the solid ground of principle. The result has been to replace the old class legislation by a new one. Human nature being what it is, those who possess electoral power will use it, indirectly, if not directly, for their own interests, or for what they think to be such. The lower classes are intrinsically neither better nor worse than the higher classes. While the latter were predominant, they made laws that favoured themselves, and it is not surprising that the former, being now predominant, should do the same. They say that the ruling and the employing classes have had a long and lucrative innings, and now it is the turn of the democracy. Hence the unpleasant awakening of moderate Liberals to the fact that various Labour and Socialist sections are bent upon going their own way, and plainly declare that they will seek their own ends, and, if needful, will extort them from party exigencies and timidity.

The rapid development of this struggle has led to a demand for more public help, public expenditure, and public regulation, which means a growing army of officials, whose

inspection and dictation means a decrease of individual freedom and an increase of the price that labour has to pay for its official control. The insidious growth of this organised and consolidated bureaucracy will go on because the bulk of the people are blind and deaf to evils that must be entailed as a result of supposed and immediate class or trade benefit. They appreciate nothing but present material boons, such as regular work, higher wages, shorter hours, frequent holidays, better homes, lower rents, easy travelling, cheaper prices, and in other ways fostering the impossible hope of securing greater convenience and giving employment. The country seems to be far advanced on the way to a system of industries carried on under universal State regulation, which involves the subordination of individual effort, skill, and responsibility, and may lead to new complications and difficulties. One effect will certainly be a weaken-

ing of the personal equation and an undue dependence upon the Government, with a failure to recognise the inevitable and enormous increase in public burdens, which have to be borne, directly or indirectly, by the community at large. Another effect will be to foster the ignorant and selfish idea, already too prevalent, that efficiency, industry, and thoroughness in work do not count, but that everybody is as good as anybody else and deserves the same pay and advantages, whatever the nature, the extent, or the quality of his labour. Such evils may eventually work their own cure, if they do not end in social chaos, but, meanwhile, much individual hardship, loss, and suffering will have been experienced. It is not the utterance of a Jeremiad, or the warning of a Cassandra, to point out that such a state of things is inevitable from the manner in which the modern trade of politics is being pursued.

W. H. S. AUBREY.

ART AND THE ATHLETE.

WE are an athletic nation, but we have no athletic art. By athletic art I mean the art that depicts the athlete, that displays the human form, active and strenuous, at the extreme moment of some athletic enterprise. A few exceptions indeed there are which go to prove the rule, and it is to one of these exceptions, the statuette of a golfer, that the present discourse owes its origin.

Many golfers recently made a pilgrimage to an art gallery in London in order to pay their homage to a statuette of Harry Vardon, placed on a pedestal in an inmost shrine. Mr. Hal Ludlow, who modelled the work, should have the gratitude of all golfers for his life-like presentment of perhaps the finest player the world has known since the days of young Tom Morris. Somehow these two men, young Tom and Harry Vardon, seem to stand on a higher plane than other players, and yet no two styles could be more dissimilar. Young Tom, we are told, would waggle his driver with such vehemence as often to snap the shaft before he began his swing. The swing itself was loose, dashing, and full of fire. To this day the St. Andrews swing that young Tom founded is a thing by itself. Flinging after the club every ounce of youthful strength in his body, he would fall forward at the end of the stroke. Vardon's swing, on the contrary, is the very poetry of golf, full of concentrated ease and grace of supple energy so applied as never to be obvious. His play is the embodiment of smooth, even, machine-like accuracy, exemplifying the art of concealing the art.

To portray this perfection was no easy task. For years, however, Mr. Ludlow has trained his observation in transferring human life to paper in black and white, and in embodying in delicate water-colour the sweet charm of feminine faces and the graceful movement of feminine forms. For years, also, he has been a golfer of high degree, able to hold his own on any green. For years he has attended the Open Championship meetings, and watched with an artist's as well as a golfer's eye that clockwork precision and easy grace that are the characteristics of Vardon's play. And at last he was inspired to throw aside pencil and brush, to turn from the flat to the round, from paper to clay, and with the full force of his trained observation to portray the golfer whom he most admired. It is not a statue such as Rodin or Watts would have fashioned. It is not a massive, rough-hewn embodiment of golf in the abstract, of all the energies and forces, the groanings and strivings, the triumphs and disasters, that make up the essence and spirit of the game. Mr. Ludlow is not a prophet, he has no mission, he conveys nothing beyond the ken of the ordinary man in the club-house smoking-room. He is not a great artist, but he has given us Vardon to the life, as the ordinary man knows him; and no better model could be presented to the struggling golfer in search of a correct style. The light folds of the Norfolk jacket, the belt loosely buckled at the back, the cuffs turned back, the interlocked grip of the sinewy hands, — every trifling characteristic is observed and

fixed in enduring bronze. It was Var-don's own remark when he saw the statuette complete: "When I finish like that, I've hit one of the best."

We take this statuette as an example of what an average artist can accomplish when possessed of enthusiasm for his subject. It is a singular fact that greater artists, who have made sculpture the work of their life, have failed to grasp the plastic possibilities of modern athletics; and this is only part of the stranger fact that sculpture itself is of so little account among the arts of to-day. Mr. Palgrave once pointed out that sculpture in England is still an art reserved for the initiated, not as yet within the field of free-thinking and free-speaking criticism. That there has been a certain renaissance since this remark was made, no one would be bold enough to deny. "So fine," wrote Sir John Millais, "is some of the work our modern sculptors have given us, that I firmly believe that were it dug up from under the oyster shells in Rome or out of Athenian sands, with the *cachet* of partial dismemberment about it, all Europe would straightway fall into ecstasy, and give forth the plaintive wail, 'We can do nothing like that now.'" Some allowance must be made for the buoyant optimism of the writer's nature, but his statement still contains much truth. There has been a wonderful advance since early Victorian days, when sculpture was limited to portraits, allegorical groups, or subjects from classical mythology. There has been a renaissance, but a struggling one, and it is due largely to two Frenchmen, Mons. Dalou and Mons. Lantéri. A nation can no more afford to borrow its art from abroad than its literature, yet the modern growth of sculpture has found its chief influences, firstly in the Italian Renaissance, and secondly in modern France.

In France art must thrive, for art is part and parcel of her daily life. The government and the municipalities, backed by popular sentiment, lavishly patronise art in every form. The municipality of Paris expends immense sums of money every year in securing the best available skill for decorating the public buildings and streets under its charge; and the sculptor finds recognition and reward. On our side of the Channel sculpture rouses no enthusiasm, and the much-abused Royal Academy is one of the only places where the art is encouraged. Here, too, is an instance of how much better they manage things in France. In our Academy sculpture is relegated to a small ante-chamber. One or two belated visitors find it a quiet refuge for the eating of sandwiches; a few people rush through, intent on seeing the whole exhibition in an hour; some ladies look in and hurry away, because statues look so very immodest, or perhaps linger hesitatingly to wonder at two bold art students who unblushingly criticise the modelling of a muscle. In France, on the other hand, the art is understood and held in honour. The sculpture at the Salon des Beaux Arts is exhibited to the best advantage in a garden, among gravel walks, trees, and flowers. Above you is a high glass roof, with huge velariums that discreetly screen the sun. The art itself is vital; there are hundreds of statues of every sort and condition, mystic and realistic, colossal groups, and tiny statuettes. And moving among them all are people who admire and appreciate.

The prospects, however, of our English sculpture are not altogether gloomy. The renaissance to which Sir John Millais so cheerfully referred is apparent even in the secluded room at the Royal Academy. Yet our sculpture is not vital, like that of France; and this brings me to the question

why our sculptors have failed to grasp the plastic possibilities of modern athletics. In nearly every game there are certain poses, certain culminating incidents, that lend themselves to artistic treatment. How well the sculptors of ancient Greece knew and appreciated the perfect grace essential to the human figure in any form of athletics perfectly exercised, the vigour and superb restraint of Myron's *DISCOBOLUS*, the strength and dignity of the *DORYPHORUS* of Polyclitus, and of the *APOXYOMENUS* of Lysippus, remain to testify. There is a figure, too, on the east pediment of the temple of *Ægina*, a stooping figure, alert and agile, the weight on the right foot, the two hands outstretched. It is a man leaning forward to drag a fallen comrade from the mellow; but strip him, as it were, from the context, and you have a half-back at football, personified, ideal. Or look at the *DANCING BACCHANTE* found at Rome in 1874, and now in the Royal Museum at Berlin; look at the swinging skirt, the upright figure, the lifted arms, the right heel raised, with the balance of the body on the left foot. Is it not the counterfeit and ideal presentment of a female golfer at the finish of her swing?

It must be remembered, however, that if the Athenians of old were ultra-superstitious, they were also ultra-athletic. In every Greek town was a public space where men practised their gymnastics, running, leaping, wrestling, boxing, throwing the javelin and the quoit. The sculptor needed no studio model. He was an athlete among athletes, constantly observing the human body in every variety of action and repose. The Greeks lived a free, open-air, sensuous life, dividing their time between the gymnasium and the temple. With their muscularity they combined a philosophic mind and a love of high art.

Their sculpture mirrors the trend of their thought, and is full of what has been well described as Hellenic serenity. In their love and care of the human body, in their worship of beauty for its own sake, the Greeks evolved an ideal in sculpture that is applied not only to the figures of Olympian deities, but to athletes as well. The tendency of modern art is to become more metaphysical, more introspective, more in touch with stern actuality, and as a result more experimental. To-day the calm serenity of ancient Hellas would be out of place, and the sculptor must adapt himself to the turbulent strivings, the ever-changing, strenuous atmosphere of modern times. It has been said that *Æschylus* drew men as gods, that *Sophocles* drew men as they ought to be, and *Euripides* men as they are. There roughly you have the three stages that mark the sculpture of the classical period, the Renaissance, and modern days. The ideal has given place to the real. The old formulas of the Greeks must be cast aside, but their sympathy, their spirit, and their enthusiasm may all be retained, and above all their persistence of study and observation. *M. Rodin* has summed up the position in a few vivid phrases. "I watch my model long and carefully; I never ask him to adopt a studied pose; I leave him free to range up and down my studio like a horse at large, and I put down the result of my observation. It is by patient study such as this, by my method of working, and never by imitation, that I have sometimes caught the spirit of the Greeks." Read the above sentences, picture the model ranging at will up and down the artist's studio, and then you will understand *M. Rodin's JOHN THE BAPTIST*, that strange mixture of the classic spirit and modern realism.

If Waterloo was won in the play-

ing-fields at Eton, if athletics form one of the strongest manifestations of the strenuousness of modern life, why does not the fact become apparent in our sculpture? For the sculptor there is no colour. Beauty of form, suavity of line, grace of proportion, movement, with its endless expressiveness, and its revelation of new beauties in the play of muscle and limb,—these are his attractions; and nowhere are they better to be observed than in the athlete. In nearly every game there are certain moments of vital expression that give opportunity to the sculptor. Such is the moment when the ball leaves the bowler's hand. With an unconscious flash your eye travels to the batsman, but resist this tendency and you may note the subtle lines and the perfect balance of the bowler's body. The pose is instantaneous, of course, but it is instinct with the suggestion of vigorous power. Or note the momentary grace of some lissome fielder at point, one arm stretched high above his head to take a catch, the whole figure a type of agile energy. Every other game could supply its examples. In golf, for we took golf for our text, the glory of the game lies in the drive. No one would dispute the fact that, were the wooden club banished, golf would lose its greatest charm. There is a joyous freedom in the full swing. Head, arms, legs, feet, must act in rhythmic unison; every muscle must play its part. The clear, resonant click of the ball on the wooden face gives a pleasure that is absent in the dull metallic clang of cleek or iron. With the new rubber-cored ball this pleasure has disappeared; you might be hitting a lump of putty. Personally, I would rather sacrifice the extra twenty or thirty yards in the length of a drive for the sake of that pleasing click that tells of a ball struck true and fair by the

centre of the club. The glory of golf, then, is the drive, and here there are two supreme moments for the sculptor to catch. One is when the player is at the top of his swing, a moment full of the suggestion of stored energy. In nature, however, it is so instantaneous, the position so impossible to maintain, that in picture or sculpture it would suggest a want of balance, a feeling of unrest. The other supreme moment is at the end of the swing. The body is poised with perfect balance on the left foot, and the position lends itself to the artist, because it suggests rest. The perfect golfer, indeed, will never fall forward, but maintain this position for a second or two, as he watches the flight of the ball. But while the position is restful, it still suggests the application of immense power that has preceded it. It is the sculptor's moment; and it was this moment that Mr. Ludlow, golfer and artist, has seized in his statuette.

Only a few other modern artists have attempted athletic sculpture, and it is curious that one of them should be a lady. In the *WRESTLERS* (1895), the *HAMMER THROWER* (1900) and *RUGBY FOOTBALL* (1901), Miss Ruby Levick has given examples of direct and powerful representation of English sports, and her admirable work might well incite others to a similar attempt. Further back, in 1880, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft in his *POTTING THE STONE* showed what a great sculptor might accomplish. It is a statuette finely executed in bronze, admirable for its study of the nude, and it renders nobly the strength of a young athlete, the play of muscle and the movement of the figure. But why must the athlete be nude? Why should he not be clothed as we see him in actual life? If Mr. Thornycroft can find modern models like this,

why does he return to the myths of ancient Greece for such masterpieces as his *ARTEMIS* and *TRUHER*? Sculpture will never be a vital and popular art while it continues to be pseudo-classical, to reproduce the antique, to represent the ideal, and to shroud reality in poetry and romantic symbolism. The nude figure, even though it expresses the perfection of beauty, must always remain a symbol. And there can be beauty in drapery, as Lessing said. Its inherent dignity and its elegance are shown in their full perfection in the paintings of Lord Leighton and Sir Edward Poynter. In sculpture these qualities are even more evident, especially when drapery is used to accentuate the suggestion of movement in a figure. In the *THREE FATES*, for instance, it is the drapery that serves to suggest the calm dignity and beauty of the figures; and the floating robes of the *NIKE* of Samothrace, or the *VICTORY* by Paeonius give an exquisite sense of rapid motion that no other artifice could produce. It may be said that the inadaptability of our modern clothes, the clumsiness of a boot, the ugliness of the elongated cylinders that hide our nether limbs, are an unavoidable bane to the modern sculptor. In the representation of an athlete the difficulty disappears. We are in advance of all other countries, not only in our encouragement of games, but in our readiness to adapt the costume best suited to them. We do not climb mountains, like a German, clothed in an overcoat and bearing a large umbrella. Our athletic costumes are suited to the free play of limb and muscle, and invariably have the grace of lightness and simplicity. There is neither let nor hindrance to a sculptor in the costume that our athletes wear.

Greek sculpture owed its perfection,

No. 543.—VOL. XXI.

as has been indicated, to the fact that the Greek artist was an athlete among athletes. He viewed his subject with interest, sympathy, and enthusiasm. It was for the same reason that Mr. Ludlow, essentially a golfer but not essentially a sculptor, was yet able to produce so striking a representation of a golfing figure. Now there is a certain work of reference, which tells you as much about your neighbours' affairs as any gossiping dame in a country village. Its very title shows its inquisitive nature. In many ways it is akin to *WHITAKER'S ALMANAC* and the *ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA*. They are all books to which you refer, wishing to cull a particular fact, and straightway you are tempted to browse in alien fields. Our inquisitive volume records the names of famous men, a summary of their work, and a note of their social connections and recreations withal. Our painters and literary men of note, all shoot, fish, travel, play golf, cricket and other games. What of our sculptors? Mr. T. Brock, R.A., has no recreation; Mr. A. Gilbert, R.A., no recreation; Mr. G. Frampton, R.A., Mr. H. Armstead, R.A., Mr. Goscombe John, A.R.A., no recreation. It is quite a pleasure to find Mr. Alfred Drury, A.R.A., owning to a recreation—singing; and the redeeming feature of the whole list is Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., yet even he indulges in nothing more violent than gardening and bicycling.

If our sculptors were athletes, if our universities were, as they ought to be, schools of art as well as of other branches of learning, then we might have athletic sculpture worthy of an athletic nation. Art surely is among the humanities. "All the arts that promote civilisation," said Cicero, "are links, as it were, in a common chain, members of a single family." But our universities appear

to have no thought for the progress or encouragement of what contributes most to culture in its widest sense. In Scottish seats of learning they have Arts classes, but Arts, forsooth, is only Latin, Greek, and Philosophy writ small.

Our future statesmen and our future clergymen ought to know something of the humanising influences of art, and ought to learn to appreciate the glorious heritage that belongs to our nation.

Respect for the work of men's hands [writes Sir Edward Poynter], this is indeed one of the most desirable lessons that may be learnt from the history of art; and this whether the artificer be barbarian or not; for we must remember that much of what we admire has at one time or another been thought barbarous. To an architect of the last century the glass of Salisbury Cathedral was only fit to be taken out and (it is said) thrown into the city ditch—not to be replaced by other more worthy, but simply to be destroyed as barbarous and offensive to the eye—and the numberless gems of Gothic fretwork in wood and stone that have perished, the victims of churchwardens' improvements, will never be known. Manifold indeed are the ways in which destruction has fallen on the priceless productions of world-famous artists. War, greed, sectarian hatred, religious zeal, popular fury, the prurient fanaticism of individuals, natural decay, accident, neglect, restoration, have all had their hand in the destruction of works of beauty and skill, which not only can never be replaced, but of which the like will never be seen again.¹

It is at our universities that our future clergy obtain their training and education; and our clergy above all men ought to have a knowledge and appreciation of art. In their charge are all the glories of our ecclesiastical

architecture; and many of our churches are caskets that enshrine priceless treasures of gold and silver, embroidered vestments, paintings on wall and on screen, carved wood-work, stained and painted glass, fonts and font-covers, brasses, tombs, and countless objects rich and rare. If our curates and churchwardens are reckless and ignorant, *quis custodiet custodes?* By careless restoration they may do damage that can never be repaired. They may be excellent men for the care of eternal souls, but their training should include some knowledge of the temporary treasures of which also they have the charge. From their personal experience many could relate instances of the harm done by responsible, yet irresponsible curates. It has been my own fortune to spend successive Easters in Kent, and naturally to make pilgrimages to various country churches, rich in interest of architecture, tombs, and carving of screens and pulpits. In nearly every church, on an Easter Saturday, one finds a curate, surrounded by fair ladies with flowers, merrily hammering nails into the wood-work of pulpit and of screen. In some churches I have seen magnificent carved pulpits studded with old nails, and full of holes that it would have taken centuries for devastating worms to produce. Church decorations are no doubt a laudable institution; but curates and their bevy of fair assistants might well be taught that four permanent nails, or better still, some movable clips to which wire may be attached, will support all the festoons of flowers that are essential for the adornment they require. Reverence for the handiwork of an artist or a craftsman who is dead might well be part of the training that our universities supply to future curates. Is it not written in *HYMNS ANCIENT AND MODERN*?—

¹ General preface to the *TEXT BOOKS OF ART EDUCATION*, edited by E. J. Poynter, R.A., 1880.

Thou did'st ears and hands and voices
For Thy praise design :
Craftsman's art and music's measure
For Thy pleasure
All combine.

It may be thought that I have forgotten or ignored the existence of a Slade Professor. Let us look, therefore, at the CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY REPORTER for last year, and consider the total encouragement of art that results from the professorship. On five days in the year Sir Martin Conway visited Cambridge to lecture on Netherlandish Art in the Fifteenth Century, a subject on which his ideas had already been published in a book. In addition to this, Dr. Waldstein delivered lectures on three days a week on the History of Greek Sculpture. Greek sculpture, indeed, is the only branch of art that meets with permanent official recognition, for it holds the proud position of being a possible subject for the second part of the Classical Tripos at Cambridge, which after all is open only to the very few men who can remain in residence for a fourth year. If degrees can be obtained in music and in agriculture, why not in art? There is a Special Board at Cambridge for music, a Special Board for agriculture, a Musical and an Agricultural Tripos. Why not a Special Board for art, and an Art Tripos? Sir Edward Poynter, in the work mentioned above, complained strongly of the entire absence of any art education in our public schools.

Within the last few years an interest in art—not unfrequently genuine enough—has sprung up, which is very widespread, and which is increasing far beyond the circle of the few highly cultivated persons who at one time constituted the amateur classes. But if this interest is to be more than a fashion—distinguishing itself chiefly in the opportunity it affords for quackery and advertisement among

some so-called “art” companies and tradesmen—a definite and systematic knowledge of art must be its foundation. . . . As regards the rise, progress, culmination, and hardly-contested decline of the various schools of art—Greek, Roman, Italian, Spanish, German, Flemish, French, English—for aught that the well-educated school-boy knows of their history, it may be said that the great men who were the instruments of change and improvement might as well have existed in the Eocene period, or in the planet Mars, rather than in our own globe, and in times with whose history he is familiar.

If this is true of our public schools, it is a truth of even more seriousness in regard to our universities. The whole study of classics is directed to the end that the student may acquire the foundations of a discriminative taste in the higher forms of all literature. The knowledge of art requires just such a foundation of definite instruction, and yet the subject is entirely foreign to the curriculum of the great English universities. The craze is all for improvements in technical education, and enormous sums are spent on new laboratories and workshops. There is something humorous, and at the same time pathetic, in the idea of a great university, that for years has preached the humanities and handed on the torch of pure learning, fostering agriculture and rejecting art.

The history and theory of art well deserve their place as an integral part of university teaching. Without drawing up a complete scheme of studies for an Art Tripos, it may be pointed out that there might be lectures not only on architecture, painting, sculpture and engraving, but also lectures and demonstrations on applied art as well. Art schools, such as the Slade School and the Royal College of Art, should be as necessary an appendage to a university as a chemical laboratory. Our

universities, however, are notoriously conservative, and the authorities are strangely remote from the practical affairs of the outer world, as Cecil Rhodes knew when he spoke of them as living "secluded from the world" and "like children as to commercial matters." Grown rusty from centuries of tradition, they move slowly in the old grooves. How a radical change is to be effected, is more difficult to suggest. What is wanted is some don, with wide influence and wide interests, who will devote himself to the cause of art, who will raise his cry of *delenda est Carthago*, till the old traditions are broken down.

The late Professor York Powell, with his wide sympathy, his enthusiasm, his catholic love of all that was beautiful in art and literature, might have stormed the citadel and planted the flag of art; but the gods took him from us all too soon. An Art Tripos or Art Greats would mean athletic sculpture, to return to our starting-point, but it would mean something far greater and more important in the cause of humanity and in the education of our country.

With a statuette of a golfing figure as text I have been led into a somewhat lengthy sermon on art and the humanities. This, however, has its advantage, for I may claim the preacher's privilege of one word more to point a further moral. If we had an athletic sculpture worthy of our athletic prowess, there would be an end to the existence of those hideous trophies, those misshapen cups and goblets, worthily grouped under the generic name of *pots*. At a certain college debating society they used to have a short and convenient form in which any motion might be put. The House of Lords, Temperance Reform, the Junior Dean, the Proctor, all were "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." That monstrosity, the

pot, relic of the debased art of early Victorian days, is "useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished." Its place might well be taken by bronze replicas of athletic statuettes. Personally, if my prowess as a golfer had caused my sideboard to groan beneath the weight of shining silver pots, I would sell them all to buy a replica of Mr. Ludlow's HARRY VARDON. Did the Committee of my Club hear of the treason and object, I would invite them to dine and see my statuette. Good golfers all, they would come, and they would talk,—good gods, how they would talk!—of record scores, of holes in two, in one; of the iniquity of the Bogey score at the seventeenth; of how frightfully Jones was off his game; of that almighty shot Smith played from the bunker with his wooden spoon; of how that old buffer, Robinson, always won his game because he invariably laid eighty-yard approaches stone-dead with his brassie! Brown would relate how he had asked of his caddie the names of some players in a distant foursome, and how the bright youth replied, "That's Smith, Jones, Robinson and Mister Jenkins,"—Mr. Jenkins being the Club professional, the others merely a judge in a supreme court, a distinguished surgeon, and a retired general. Good golfers all, they would fall, as they talked, under the spell of the statuette on my sideboard. Vardon's driver would become a magic wand. In rosy visions they would imagine that, were they translated to the first tee, they too could follow through with Vardon's certainty and grace, that they too could put in "one of their best," that their next announcement of entry for the Amateur Championship would not be received with smiles so audible. They would come, and see, and be conquered. They would abolish the pot.

When the French nation appre-

ciates athletics as it does golf, the pot will cease to exist, and its place will be taken by bronze statuettes of famous athletes. Fifty years ago there were only three or four golf courses south of the Tweed; now there are fifty within a radius of twenty miles round London. Some day Golf the Conqueror will extend his empire still further, and embrace France too within his dominion. Then some Rodin of the future will give the world his conception of *THE GOLFER*. The great sculptor will know that, while there is but one Vardon, there are worlds of golfers for whom the game is like the game of human life, a constant struggle after higher things, a constant succession of broken efforts and shattered ambitions, of depression and despair. His statue will be a giant figure, not unlike *LE PENSEUR*. The golfer will be seated in a similar brooding attitude, on the rugged edge of a bunker, with a broken niblick in his hand. If your gaze lingers on the clod of

earth on the bunker's edge, you will see it slowly suggest the grinning features of a caddie. Gradually the caddie's grin will vanish, and its place will be taken by a face with an apologetic smile, seeming to say "Bad luck, old man!"; then there will appear the malicious leer of Colonel Bogey, evil and triumphant. But France, la Belle France, the gay, the gallant, will not be satisfied with a mystic reproduction of *LE GOLFEUR*. There must be *LA GOLFEUSE* as well, the apotheosis in a hundred forms of the female champion. Your French sculptor will revel in the graceful charm of her driving figure, in the voluptuous swell of breast and limb, in the sweet disorder and wantonness of the dress, with "that brave vibration each way free." *LA GOLFEUSE* will take a hundred forms among the trees and shrubs of the Salon garden, and the golfers of France will kiss their finger-tips in homage and admiration.

MARTIN HARDIE.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

IN one of his critical studies, M. Ferdinand Brunetière speaking of the development of letters, declares that for three hundred years criticism has been the guide and the guardian of French literature.

Each literary revolution has been preceded by a critical evolution. To secure the triumph of their doctrines even the poets, Ronsard, Malherbe, Boileau, Voltaire, Hugo, have had to turn critics and they have derived their durability from the criticism which propagated them. It was not the preface to CROMWELL, it was not HERNANI, that won the Romantic battle; it was the *TABLEAU DE LA POÉSIE FRANÇAISE*, it was Sainte-Beuve, it was the criticism of *THE GLOBE*.

It might of course be suggested that three of the examples here quoted were not so much poets who to gain their private ends turned critics, as critics who turned poets, and that the preface to CROMWELL did not give CROMWELL an enduring place in literature; the préface was right in the main, but the play which illustrated it was as wrong as possible. But it is undoubtedly true that Sainte-Beuve has the advantage, not only of intrinsic merit, but of all the dignity which naturally belongs to the continuator of a great tradition. Much has been written and said of him by his own countrymen lately, from both points of view; and the celebration of his centenary will have served an excellent purpose if it renews our interest in the great critic whom no student of criticism can afford to forget.

Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve was

born at Boulogne in 1804; his parents had married late in life and his father died before the birth of their only child. At fourteen he went to school in Paris and met in Paul Dubois, one of the professors at the Collège Charlemagne, the man who was to exercise a decisive influence upon his career. On leaving school he studied medicine for three years, entering at the same time his journalistic life. Dubois's political opinions had cost him his scholastic position, and in 1824 he founded *THE GLOBE*, a philosophical and literary journal which aimed at preaching "literary freedom in good French," and became its first editor. The Romantic movement had already begun, but *THE GLOBE* though liberal was not whole-heartedly Romantic; and Dubois declared himself determined "neither to applaud the new school which threatened to Germanise and Anglicise the tongue of Racine and Voltaire, nor to submit to the academic anathemas of the old." The little sheet, which Goethe read with eagerness, appeared at first every other day and then three times a week, and contrived in its four pages to impart a great deal of general information as well as to direct the literary opinion of Europe. It instructed its readers in the habits of the Burmans, "about whom thirty years ago we had no positive ideas"; it described the work of Russian missionaries in Peking, and noted the founding of the English Prisoners' Aid Society; in its fourth number it reported the speech of Tricoupis at Byron's funeral. It followed the high-minded course of

advertising no books which it did not consider calculated to advance the progress of humanity; but though it covered itself with glory it did not pay its expenses, and was sold in 1831 to the Saint-Simonians.

Sainte-Beuve heard of the new enterprise and hastened to call upon his former professor. Dubois was ill and in bed, and the young medical student sat beside him pouring out all the aspirations and anxieties and miserable self-questionings which Joseph Delorme confided afterwards to a larger audience, till, touched by his troubles, Dubois proposed that he should find distraction by writing in his paper picturesque sketches of the Greek landscapes, then the scene of the War of Independence. At the end of three years, in 1827, Sainte-Beuve abandoned medicine to trust entirely to his pen. He did not always get on with his rather imperious editor, and one of their differences led to a duel which has been remembered chiefly because one of the combatants fought with an umbrella in one hand and a pistol in the other. "I am willing to be killed but I don't want to get wet," said Sainte-Beuve. Long afterwards when the man who had once been known everywhere as Dubois of *THE GLOBE* was old and forgotten, the *FIGARO*, telling the story, spoke of the critic's antagonist as "a certain M. Dubois," and Sainte-Beuve wrote to protest against the epithet. "If he happens to have read your article," he said, "that word *certain* must have gone to his heart."

In January, 1827, Dubois handed him a volume of *ODES AND BALLADS*. "They are by that young barbarian Victor Hugo," said he. Sainte-Beuve read the poems and pronounced them "not so very barbarous after all"; and he wrote a review of them which, though it warned the poet to beware

"lest one day his vivid contrasts should degenerate into forced antitheses, lest in seeking the heroic he should find only the gigantic," and begged him generally not to be more singular than he could help, was yet considered nothing less than a Romantic victory. "Hugo has won his battle," said Goethe; "*THE GLOBE* has taken his side." The poet of twenty-five called upon the critic of twenty-three, and swept him straightway into the ring of ardent spirits intent on the exhilarating process of revolutionising art and literature, of which he was the dazzling centre. The strength of the Romantic current may be tested by the fact that it carried Sainte-Beuve off his feet. The sober, observant young man whose cold, bright intelligence had been trained under eighteenth century masters, who hated exaggeration and suspected violence, yielded to the magical contagion. Long afterwards, when reviewing his intellectual vicissitudes, he who had skirted so many enthusiasms without entangling himself in any, noted with a little lingering wonder the rare lapse: "In all these changes, I have never surrendered my will and my judgment except for one moment in Hugo's world and as the result of a spell."

To ensure the recognition of the new movement it was important to provide it with ancestors, to prove that though it looked so new it was honourably connected; and this Sainte-Beuve undertook to do in his *TABLEAU DE LA POÉSIE FRANÇAISE AU SEIZIÈME SIÈCLE* in which he traces its descent from Ronsard and the Pleiad. To-day the differences between Ronsard's reformation and Hugo's revolt are almost more conspicuous than their resemblances. Resemblances, however, undoubtedly there were, and if the book was not all that it was thought to be at the time, it was and is still an excellent

piece of work. The following year he published his first volume of verses, *VIE, POÉSIES, ET PENSÉES DE JOSEPH DELORME*.

The interest of Joseph Delorme is chiefly personal; it reflects the features of the melancholy young man who under various names, René, Adolphe, Harold, wanders through the literature of the period in the track of Werther, but it is still more its author's portrait. If the verses in which he unburdens his soul reveal little poetic gift, they show a rather striking independence of the strongest and closest literary influences then prevailing; the best that is in them is derived not from Lamartine and Chateaubriand, but from Wordsworth and Cowper. Sainte-Beuve had always a clear appreciation of the merits of English poetry, traceable, perhaps, to early associations, for his mother was half English. "It used to seem to me," he said, long before he knew our poets well, "as though I walked in a garden listening to voices on the other side of the hedge, and the few words I caught fascinated and charmed me." After the appearance of his *TABLEAU* he had spent a few weeks in England and had visited Oxford and Cambridge and the Lake country, and his sonnets imitated from Keats and Wordsworth were the offering of a sincere homage. "My verses," he said, "were never anything but a streamlet trickling from those fair poetic lakes." Almost alone of his countrymen, he had no difficulty in understanding JOHN GILPIN. The confidences of poor Joseph shocked some readers and delighted others: Guizot dismissed them in a contemptuous phrase; Victor wept over them; they kept Alfred de Vigny from eating and sleeping. "It has had all the success that could possibly have been hoped for," its author

assured a friend; "it has annoyed the respectable people, and excited everyone incredibly; they cannot agree about it at *THE GLOBE*. Isn't it glorious and amusing!" His next volume, *CONSOLATIONS*, struck a different note. Written under the influence of his unfortunate passion for Madame Victor Hugo, they were serious, almost religious; but *THE GLOBE* reviewed them well, and Chateaubriand, the great Chateaubriand, bade the writer follow whither his genius led. All Sainte-Beuve's poetry is, in fact, characterised by an entire absence of imaginative power; but the *CONSOLATIONS* appeared when the world was new, when it was Hugo's world, and rapturous admiration was its atmosphere. "The faculty of judgment was entirely wanting to the Romantics," says Sainte-Beuve, apologising subsequently for his own early critical indiscretions; "*Juvenis juvenem pinxit*." His novel, *VOLUPTÉ*, published in 1834, and another volume of poems, *PENSÉES D'AOTÛ*, complete his chief digressions from the critical path. When the *REVUE DES DEUX MONDES* was founded in 1831, he began to write for it the articles which afterwards appeared as *PORTRAITS LITTÉRAIRES* and *PORTRAITS CONTEMPORAINS*.

From his physiological studies Sainte-Beuve had passed through the liberal school of *THE GLOBE*, and had been attracted by the philosophy of Jouffroy and Cousin; influenced by Madame Hugo, he turned towards Christianity and wrote to his oldest and most constant friend, the Abbé Barbe, that he was about to find peace where alone it could be found, in the orthodox Catholic faith. When *THE GLOBE* was sold to the Saint-Simonians he went with it and was for a time the disciple of Enfantin, the leader of that strange socialistic sect, and

on leaving them, he collaborated for a time with Armand Carrel, parting from that haughty republican only to come under the sway of De Lamennais, the dreamer of great dreams. After his rupture with Madame Hugo in 1836, he went to Lausanne to deliver a course of lectures on the history of Port-Royal, and there formed a friendship with Alexander Vinet the evangelical professor of French literature, who had hopes of converting his guest to his own pure and lofty faith. Vinet's simplicity, his generosity, his quickness to discern the soul of good in things evil, impressed Sainte-Beuve as profoundly as Pascal and the Port-Royalists impressed him. He looked, listened, admired, was deeply interested, sincerely touched, and perhaps in secret just very faintly and imperceptibly amused. "He is convinced," said Vinet, "but not yet converted"; and then one evening, after a long talk together, Vinet noted mysteriously and remorsefully in his journal that he had "been wanting in courage, wanting, that is, in charity," towards the enquiring sceptic. That was the end of Sainte-Beuve's spiritual excursions. He settled after that into the vague unhelpful agnosticism which seems to have been his soul's true home, if anything so empty of light and warmth can be called a home. In considering these various experiments of faith, we are reminded of a characteristic passage of his own.

I picture the young century to myself sometimes as an adventurous young man who sets out early to make his tour of the world, with the idea of building an incomparable Delphic temple or a Rheims cathedral. But first he must choose the finest site, he must see everything in order to surpass everything. He sets out, looks about him, studies, draws plans and destroys them again, and notes wherever he goes the costliest marbles for his

future use. But time passes, difficulties arise, and the young century, already growing a little grey, comes home bringing . . . what? Fragments of all the marbles he has seen, plans and facsimiles of all the cathedrals he meant to surpass; and he fills a cabinet with perfect designs, with carvings in ivory, and mineralogical specimens; and it is all very enlightening.

Sainte-Beuve's association with the Romantic party had not lasted very long; the glamour of it had bewildered him for a time, but it passed, and with it went most of his early friendships. He was poor, unsuccessful where he most desired to succeed,—women, he complained, were always offering him their friendship,—and overlooked by those who had the direction of public affairs. The better fortune of his comrades galled him terribly; sooner or later he hated them almost all. Seven years after he and Hugo had sworn eternal brotherhood, they met at the funeral of a common friend; they entered the church by different doors and kept the width of it between them, but by an awkward accident they were obliged to share the same carriage and drove to the cemetery in glacial silence without exchanging a word or a look. When Sainte-Beuve was elected to the Academy, Hugo, who had voted against him, received him as director, and the hall was crowded with spectators eager to witness the encounter; nor was the ceremony thought the less piquant because it was performed very correctly. When Sainte-Beuve re-published his *Portraits* he enriched the volumes with a number of footnotes which would permit him, he said, to correct his earlier impressions in an easy and informal manner; and strolling meditatively through them, delivering deadly little thrusts all the way,—he was a master of that art—he took his revenge for the mortifications he had suffered.

In 1840 he obtained through Cousin a post as one of the keepers of the Mazarin Library. He was very happy among the books and the small salary was welcome, but unfortunately in the autumn of 1847 his chimney began to smoke, and was repaired at the governmental expense for a few pounds. In the following February, after the revolution which drove Louis Philippe from the throne, Sainte-Beuve was informed that his name had been found on the list of the secret service fund of the fallen government. To accuse him of pecuniary unscrupulousness was to attack him on his least vulnerable point, and it was soon ascertained that the sum in question was the £5 paid for the chimney and entered on the wrong account. But the accusation had wounded him and he insisted on resigning his post. To forget his vexation he accepted an invitation to lecture on French literature in the University of Liège, and chose for his subject, CHATEAUBRIAND ET SON GROUPE LITTÉRAIRE. On his return to Paris one of the important events in his life occurred; he was invited by the editor of *LE CONSTITUTIONNEL* to contribute a literary article every Monday, and in October, 1849, there appeared the first of the long series of *CAUSERIES*, to which he devoted his last twenty years. He was paid £5 for each of the first series, and double that amount for the second.

He was living at this time in the little house in the Rue Montparnasse which had come to him on his mother's death in 1850. "All my life," he wrote to a friend, "is spent in reading, writing, and correcting proofs; I don't go into society and only go out when I am obliged to forage for books. My life differs from that of a Benedictine monk chiefly because steam plays a part in it, and everything has to be done with great rapidity." His

secretary has described the process by which his wonderful weekly feat was accomplished. From Tuesday morning till Friday evening he remained shut up in his study, going for a walk with his secretary after dark, when he talked interminably of his next *CAUSERIE*. The listener was not expected to offer suggestions, still less objections; for the time being Sainte-Beuve was absorbed heart and soul in his chosen subject and could see no flaw in it. If his companion failed to perceive its charm and ventured to hint a doubt, the critic was furious. "You don't want me to write my article! The subject unfortunately displeases you! Deploable, truly deplorable!" and then he would turn on his heel and go home. When, however, the rough draft was finished, comment was freely invited. "Read it," he would say, "like an enemy." Sometimes his secretary, panic-stricken at the sight of the big volume he had to dispose of, asked, "How will you manage it?" "When you have thrown yourself into the water," he would answer cheerfully, "you are forced to swim." On Sundays he saw his friends and went to the theatre, and next day the shadow of the coming Monday began to fall upon him. His house was small and his tastes simple, but he prided himself on being something of a gourmet. "Men of taste," he used to say, "should have impressionable palates. Look at the Liberals, they don't know what they eat or drink; Guizot would eat a piece of cardboard without noticing; these are the people who have no literary opinions of their own."

Unlike most men of letters, he accepted the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, without hesitation. At the revolution of February, 1848, he had felt, he said, the old republican leaven stirring within him; but the

Days of June had alarmed him, and he had since persuaded himself that it was better to live under a strong government of any kind than on the edge of a revolution. He was forty-seven, delicate in health, with literary tastes, and had long led an inactive life. "My habits," he said, "are not in accord with my instincts," and he added that a critic and a hero are rarely made of one stuff. Nor was he content with acquiescing in the accomplished crime, but departing from his practice of avoiding politics he wrote his notorious, his most odious article *REGRETS*, in which he taunted the vanquished with the lack of good sense and temper which prevented them from accepting the situation and making the best of it. Ten days later the Minister of Public Instruction offered him as a recompense a chair at the Collège de France, but he refused it.

Two years later, however, he accepted the chair of Latin Literature in the Collège (where his reception by the students was so hostile that he abandoned the post), and eleven years later a seat in the Senate. He enjoyed for some years the friendship of the Princess Mathilde, but by degrees he wearied of the restriction on his freedom involved in a definite engagement to the Government side. His speech in the Senate on the liberty of the Press, in defence of Renan and the *VIE DE JÉSUS*, annoyed the Court, and so did the announcement of *LE TEMPS* in January, 1869, that they had secured his collaboration for the Liberal paper. Sainte-Beuve had grievances too; the Emperor for one thing had told him amiably that he always read his articles in *THE MONITEUR* three years after he had ceased to write for the official organ. For another, he had been requested to alter an article in which he had criticised a bishop, only in a literary

sense, too frankly. "If I made a concession of that kind," said the critic, "it would be the first for forty years." In the end he broke with the Government, and with the Princess, who reproached him with ingratitude, with forgetting that he was a "vassal of the Empire," and would not be calmed by the explanation that Sainte-Beuve was not to blame because he could not speak his mind on literary subjects in an official paper. He died on October 13th, 1869, and was buried by his own wish beside his mother in the Montparnasse cemetery without religious rites or grave-side speeches. The students of the Quartier Latin debated whether they should attend the funeral, but the honour was finally accorded; true he was a senator, but *oh, si peu!*

Sainte-Beuve's life did not always wear the monastic colour of which he speaks; but enough and more than enough has been said of the squalid disorder which disfigured it. His own perception of irreparable disaster is betrayed here and there in a terrible sentence, as when he writes that his mind alone survived in him and looked on pensively at the death of his soul. "I am dead and I know it, and it hardly troubles me." And again: "Ripen! One doesn't ripen; one only grows hard in some places and rotten in others." But looking back one day upon his early ambitions, "To the world," he said sadly, "I am only a critic": the sentence may stand; at this distance of time it is only the critic that we need remember.

The history of criticism in the nineteenth century begins perhaps with Madame de Staël. The fresh vivifying breath that was blowing upon literature had already been felt in Germany, and the intrepid adventurer had returned from her

voyage of discovery laden with treasures, among them the maxim that a literature may not conform to our rules and may yet be worth studying. But it was Guizot, Cousin, and Villemain who inaugurated the new era by insisting that literature must not be treated as an appendix to history but as an integral part of it. Till then the critic's method had been to take a play or a poem, isolating it from the rest of the world and from its own writer as if it had dropped from the sky, and to apply certain rules of taste to it. Guizot showed how much such masterpieces as the *DISCOURS DE L'HISTOIRE UNIVERSELLE* and the *ESPRIT DES LOIS* had lost because Bossuet and Montesquieu had sought their arguments and examples exclusively in their own provinces, instead of allowing all the light which history could throw to play upon them. Cousin insisted upon the significance of environment, and Villemain included the author and his period in his examination of a book. Sainte-Beuve stands between Villemain, from whom he got perhaps the first hint of his method, and Taine, who systematised it and carried it to an extreme of which his predecessor seriously disapproved.

"The two virtues of the critic," says Sainte-Beuve, "are curiosity and conscience." If a motto were to be chosen for his life, one could hardly find it more appropriately than in a sentence from his note-book: "I am curious; and the spectacle of human things amuses me." His many volumes, varying of course in merit but bearing on every page a great craftsman's sign-manual, so animated, so fresh, could only have been produced by a mind possessed to an extraordinary degree by the desire to know what was done and why it was done. To this sentiment he came at last to attribute a little more than is strictly its due.

Towards the end of his life he congratulated himself on having been preserved from ever definitely taking sides with anyone.

A happy instinct has always prevented me from entering into those absolute engagements which it is painful afterwards to break. . . . My curiosity, my desire to see everything, to look at everything closely, my extreme pleasure in discovering the true relative positions of things, drew me on to make this series of experiments which was for me only a long course of moral physiology.

If this is not the exact truth, if his experiments were less premeditated, less consciously experimental than he suggests, he is still nearer to it than they are who believe him to have submitted involuntarily to every strong mind he met. When he deceived *Enfantin*, *Hugo*, *Lamennais*, *Carel*, *Vinet*, he deceived himself also a little; but he saw the truth and told it plainly when he said, "I have had the sentiment of the things but never the thing itself." This is why one of his acquaintances declared that he had not a sceptical mind but a sceptical heart; this is why he, who had served as an acolyte in so many temples, had yet never caught a glimpse of any god. If we want to know the moment in which he abandoned the search for truth and contented himself with the search for knowledge, we shall find it somewhere between the second and third volumes of the history of *Port-Royal*.

A rather unfriendly critic of Sainte-Beuve has pronounced *PORT-ROYAL* one of the great books of the century. There had always been in him a strong Jansenist fibre, if we may use the word Jansenist as he does himself to indicate the gravity, the stern simplicity which he liked to contrast with more spectacular forms of the religious life. The story of the little community with which some of the greatest

names in French history are bound up had always attracted him; he had long resolved to penetrate the mystery hidden behind

The long low walls, the solitary lake,

where Pascal fought his immortal conflict and which Racine, having once known, strove vainly to forget. He almost succeeded; in his first two volumes his foot is on the very threshold. Then the aspect of the place changed to him; the poetry, the mystical grace died out of it; he was confronted by a formidable apparition which by name at least he knew very well: "I saw Christianity in all its nakedness." From that time he was no longer the disciple, the neophyte, he was only the attentive and careful observer. He had lived with Pascal and the Arnaulds for twenty years,—the book begun in 1836 was finished in 1857; he knew them as perhaps no other modern writer knows them; from their grey cloister he had surveyed all the crowded splendid century; but he was not theirs. "If you came back to earth," he said, "should I join you? If I did, it would only be to judge how far exact I had made my picture."

But if it was curiosity which filled the many volumes Sainte-Beuve has left us, it is his faculty of admiration and sympathy which vitalises them and makes them not a botanical museum but a garden. He had not only tolerance but comprehension for characters as unlike his own as possible, and the wide variety of his subjects, less wide indeed than it looks, is much less surprising than the ease with which he crosses the space that often seems to divide him from them. There was only one fault for which he had no forgiveness; he could never find an excuse for affectation and studied singularity; it is

the suspicion of a pose that is the root of his dislike of Chateaubriand. To talent, to courage, above all to a burning conviction, he could forgive even violence (which he thought a particularly detestable quality), even violence directed against himself. Louis Veuillot, the clerical journalist, had attacked him furiously, accusing him, among other things, of cowardice, of flying to Liège in a panic because of the popular disturbances. But Veuillot was no sooner dead than Sainte-Beuve filled two *CAUSERIES* with cordial and discriminating appreciation of that fine fighter. There never was a critic to whom such justice as this came so easy, so much as a matter of course, except when his wounded vanity prompted him to be cruel. No two men could have been found more widely separated in habits, principles, and style than Michelet and Sainte-Beuve, and for a long time they heartily disliked each other. But even while declaring that to his mind the historian ought to tread a continuous way instead of leaping from steeple to steeple, the critic could not remain indifferent to the other's genius.

He seems to have made with himself an impossible wager to write history in a succession of lightning flashes, but he has won it, and as advice is in his case perfectly useless, I accept the man for what he is with all his knowledge, his heart, his imagination; I make what I can of the dazzling, audacious gifts he brings us, I mourn over what shocks me and I do homage to the marvellous in him. I have resisted for a long time and now I surrender; I admit his power, but do not ask me to discuss it.

This art of placing himself lightly and confidently beside those from whom a gulf should have divided him but did not, had an exasperating effect upon his adversaries. It was hardly becoming that a critic should be equally happy in the

society of Bossuet and Renan, of Cowper and Casanova, that he should treat dukes and demagogues with the same smiling indulgence. But Sainte-Beuve refused to be exclusive. "This impartiality," he said, "this neutrality if you like, for which I am so often blamed is one of my last intellectual pleasures"; and his "impressionable palate" discovered perhaps a more subtle sweetness in praising an enemy than even in attacking a friend.

The critical faculty in Sainte-Beuve had fallen heir, in his own phrase, to everything else in him,—to the physiologist, to the poet, to the lover, to the seeker after truth; when he had ceased to have faith in anything past or future, he still believed in his calling, and offered up to it ungrudgingly any sacrifice which it demanded. He had not always a very nice sense of honour, but in matters that concerned his critical profession he was extremely fastidious. When the editor of *LE CONSTITUTIONNEL* pressed him to review the Emperor's Life of Cæsar, he refused brusquely. "Don't you see," he said, "you are asking me to do a dishonourable thing!" He is never afraid to be inconsistent; if he has been guilty of an error of judgment, he never dreams of not signalling it. In describing the character of St. Cyran of Port-Royal he says calmly:

What I am showing you now is the man when he was mature, in middle life. If what I have said of him before does not harmonise with what I say now, forget it. The man changed as he grew older and I saw him in a different light; what I say of him now is true.

It is usual to praise Sainte-Beuve's later work at the expense of the earlier. "I cannot but smile," he wrote to a youthful critic, "when I see how with a stroke of your pen you erase

twenty years of my critical work"; and he goes on to say that he could not himself observe any radical difference between his first article and his last. There must be many readers who would be as unwilling as he was to part with his first series of portraits; they are so interesting, so fresh, painted as they were with a good deal of enthusiasm and affection mixed with the colours. But undoubtedly the first of the *CAUSERIES* marks a great advance, and it was partly owing to the historical study which preceded them. His earlier style is too careful, his touch is a little too small; in his long intimacy with the Port-Royalists he has caught something of their great accent, he is more simple, more Jansenist. When Littré heard that Saint-Beuve had undertaken to write a paper every week, he observed that it was a good thing: "He won't now have time to spoil his articles." Whatever the cause, he achieved in the *CAUSERIES* the art of saying what he meant in what may almost be called the ideal style for a critic, transparent, incisive, unlogged by superfluous ornament, and never presenting a shield between his subject and his reader.

He must be allowed to describe his own method.

A literary production is not distinct, or at least not separable from the rest of the man and his organisation; I can like a work but it is difficult for me to judge it without a knowledge of the writer himself. . . . You cannot take too much trouble to know a man. Until you have asked your author a certain number of questions and received answers to them, even if they are whispered very softly, you are not sure of grasping him altogether. What did he think of religion? How did the sight of Nature affect him? What was his view of women, of money? Was he rich or poor? If his book is a literary work, one, that is, in which the whole man is

concerned, none of these questions are foreign to the subject. . . . You shut yourself up for a fortnight with the writings of a famous man, you study him, you turn him about, you question him; by degrees the features appear, what at the first glance was vague and abstract assumes an individuality, a reality more and more distinct. You see the resemblance coming, the picture speaks and lives; the man is found.

Of course it is easy to take exception to this method; it cannot evidently be freely applied to the living, and not always, for other reasons, to the dead. An intelligent critic who picked up by chance a copy of *ENDYMION* might find something worth saying about it, even though he did not know that Keats had been apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton and had weak lungs. At the present time, when the centre of interest has shifted from the book to its writer, and when the critic having photographed his author's study-table, and described his motor-car, and recorded his golf-handicap correctly is thought to have done the most interesting part of his work, one is sometimes sorry that Sainte-Beuve saw any significance in environment and ever invented the literary portrait. But what he says of Armand Carrel is true of many other writers. Carrel's writings, he says, would have had little effect had it not been for his readers' knowledge of the man himself: "In judging the writer one always conjured up the man, with all his courage, his strength, his tenacity." As in reading a speech, if we have heard the speaker we can supply for ourselves what is wanting in the flat written word, so a knowledge of the man behind the written page will sometimes lend it a power otherwise wanting. In any case, in literature the end justifies the means, and there stand Sainte-Beuve's apologists, row on row, one for almost each *CAUSERIE*.

It is often regretted that so few of Sainte-Beuve's subjects are of the first rank. This was partly because he preferred, as Vinet says, half lights, a shadowy landscape, to the full tide of noon. I do not know where we should look for a finer criticism of *Athalie* than is given in *PORT-ROYAL*; and all that it is essential to know of Moliere is in Sainte-Beuve's article on him, though it is said so temperately and so concisely that its excellence may be easily overlooked by readers who prefer a more flamboyant manner. The subjects he preferred were men of letters who had also been men of action: he was interested in books because he was interested in life; and when he decided to write on *Port-Royal* he rejected the suggestion that it should be a literary history. It is this strong historical sense which gives the firmness and reality to his work.

Whatever I do [he says] or leave undone, working in my study at a continuous task or scattering myself in articles, squandering myself in society, giving my time to be eaten up by the needy, or the tiresome, I am ceaselessly doing one and the same thing, reading one and the same book, the infinite, perpetual book of life which no one finishes, of which the wisest only decipher a few pages. I read every page that presents itself, upside down, in fragments, what does it matter? The more frequent the interruption and the greater the medley, the further I go in that volume in which no one goes very far.

The capital fault of which Sainte-Beuve is accused is a want of continuity. He left no system but only a method, no history of literature, but only a series of monographs. "They say I am a good judge," he said, "without a code of laws." This was perhaps a mistake; though when we reflect how many people can and do write histories of literature,

and how few either do or can give us anything resembling Sainte-Beuve's *CAUSERIES*, it does not seem certain. He had an extremely analytical mind and very little leisure,—both of them things which stand greatly in the way of constructing systems; and he has in general the air of presenting us with his opinions, leaving us to harmonise them as best we can. To be thorough, to be sincere, to be lucid, to try and comprehend what we do not like, to be patient where we do not quite succeed in comprehending,—these are some of the simple suggestions which he offers, and there are many other maxims scattered throughout his writings out of which some kind of theory might perhaps be woven. Here is the most formal confession of critical faith that he has given us.

I think about criticism two things which are not incompatible with each other though at first sight they may seem so. First, the critic is a man who knows how to read and can teach other people. Secondly, a criticism is an invention, a creation.

The first of these arts he practises very perfectly, quoting so happily, and admiring so wisely, that the books we read with him never afterwards lose the meaning and the charm he taught us to find in them. And when we consider all the men and women whose dusty slumbers but for him would hardly be disturbed, we cannot deny a note of creative power to the voice which called them forth, so thoughtful, so witty, so various, and bade them live again.

H. C. MACDOWALL.

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THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER XV.

It was two days since Sven Andersen had set off full of good intentions for the future, and he was still within a dozen miles of his home. Where he had been in the meantime was best known to himself; but for all improvement that had been wrought in his appearance he had better have remained elsewhere. As he moved along the dusty road, talking and gesticulating to himself, occasionally pausing to glare savagely at some object by the roadside, or, still worse, to express amusement at his thoughts in a harsh laugh, he had the look of a man well advanced in intoxication; but he was not drunk, unless drunkenness be given a wider interpretation than is usually allowed to the word.

"Either drunk or mad," was the reflection of a person watching him approach from a verandah a hundred yards or so down the road. "Not drunk in his gait," he added awhile later; "mad, then." And the man rose to his feet and went into the house.

A counter ran across the room in front of the door, and behind this stood a young man busy with an account-book. Piles of cheap prints, stacks of tobacco, candles, soap, and other universal necessities on shelves round the walls showed the nature of the business sought to be conducted.

The man from the verandah seated

himself on a cabin-bread case near the doorway and announced the approach of the supposed madman. "Who is he?" he asked with a faint interest.

The storekeeper craned his neck eagerly to look along the road. "Why, it's Andersen," he said, relapsing into indifference. "He's not mad; he's a foreigner. He's probably drunk; any way, Mr. Wickener," he added, "he generally is."

But Andersen seemed neither drunk nor mad as he entered the store and nodded composedly to its occupants. Then he approached the storekeeper and whispered something in his ear.

"Not a taste," said the latter aloud. "Dry as a sack of gum dust, I give you my word."

Andersen looked over his shoulder at the other man and continued his solicitations aloud. "Von leedle tree finger, M'Gregor, like a goot fellow."

"I haven't got it, Andersen. I tell you there isn't such a thing in the place, so that's enough about it."

Andersen sat down and ran his eye over the shelves. "You haf de Painkiller?" he asked presently.

"Not a drop," said M'Gregor, lying cheerfully; "the men at the camp on the new road took the last bottle yesterday."

"Vot dat red bottles, like a goot fellow?"

"Sauce—Worcester. And this is castor-oil, and that's sheep-dip, and

yonder's embrocation, and the spirits of salts is under the counter."

"Ach, Mac's the poy for the jhoke," said Andersen, laughing boisterously and turning a pair of mirthless, blood-shot eyes on the other person present. "Dat Vooster's horse, I will take him," he concluded suddenly.

"The price is two shillings a bottle," said the storekeeper, without moving.

There was a short pause.

"I have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance," said Mr. Wickener, coming forward with a smile; "but sooner than the matter should terminate here, I would request permission to act as host to this excellent company. I should esteem it an honour if Mr. Andersen would drink my health in Worcester sauce or embrocation, or any other beverage he might prefer."

M'Gregor handed over the bottle without more ado, and leaping on the counter, unhooked a tin pannikin from a string in the rafters. Andersen withdrew the stopper, and giving the bottle a shake poured the contents into the tin.

"Here's your very goot healta," he said, nodding to Wickener, and drained the pannikin to the bottom.

"An inside like that must cost a shilling or two," M'Gregor opined.

Mr. Wickener seemed much interested. "Have another," he suggested; "or perhaps you would prefer a little embrocation? Fill 'em up again, M'Gregor."

Andersen, however, professed himself satisfied, and picking up his pikau, betook himself to a seat on the verandah. Wickener lifted the empty bottle, smelt it curiously, and followed the other outside.

"A nice morning, Mr. Andersen," he said; "warm, but just the weather to make one relish a cooling drink. Are there any after-effects from Worcester sauce, by the way?"

"It is the hollow," Andersen explained; "the crave to fill him. When man has warrked mooch in bush and wet and rheumatism, then Vooster's horse very goot." He got out a wooden pipe and felt tentatively in the bowl with one finger.

"Tobacco?" suggested Wickener with alacrity. "M'Gregor, tobacco and matches. You live somewhere about here?"

Andersen's face darkened suddenly, and he clenched the pipe in his hand till the knuckles whitened; then he pointed vaguely along the road. "I got vife in the bush," he said.

"Good place to keep one," Wickener observed, surveying the landscape; "room, in fact, for more than one."

"My Gott, there is not room for one," was the rapid response. "Should man have more than one vife? Gott prevent him!" Andersen twisted himself on his seat and laughed harshly.

"So that's the way the wind blows?" Wickener said, his eyes glittering. "Domestic unhappiness, eh? Woman! What follows? Alcohol, Worcester sauce, embrocation. Curse them, and I'll give you curse for curse. Begin!"

"Ach, the wretches!" said Andersen.

"——!" said Wickener.

Andersen clenched his hands. "All day you leave them and warrk, warrk, then you kom back. Vot you find? Nuthur man's drunk all the viasky."

"True bill," said Wickener. "——! Set 'em up again."

"They got no decent like a man; they got no feeling like a man. She all flower and pretty things on top, and underneath the devil."

"——!" said Wickener.

Andersen drew back and regarded his companion. "You haf a vife too?" he asked.

Wickener dropped back into listless-

ness. "What about the man?" he asked.

Andersen hugged himself and looked cunning, but he did not reply.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Wickener. "The best pleasure is in anticipation. Combine poetry with justice. Don't hit a man when he's down—because you can't hurt him enough. Hit him on the top of a precipice if possible. Andersen, I like you. Have another Worcester? No! Then name your drink."

Mr. Wickener's liking was shown in the fact that a week later the Swede was still domiciled in the store as the guest of his singular companion.

M'Gregor, the storekeeper, who had been ready enough to accommodate the English stranger with board and lodging, raised no objection to this addition to the family when he understood that all charges were to be borne by Wickener. The Englishman's tastes were peculiar, no doubt, but his payments were made in advance, and he showed a lordly indifference to details which appealed favourably to a man whose predilections were all in the opposite direction. If M'Gregor troubled himself at all to find a reason for the Englishman's patronage of the other, such reason was probably associated with Andersen's morbid craving for liquid excitement. Wickener seemed to take a pleasure in indulging his *protégé*, in season and out of season, to the top of his grotesque bent. He had, however, privately admonished the storekeeper to beware of the admission that there were any spirituous drinks on the premises.

It was not until Wickener had been a fortnight in the house that he discovered that the Maori woman who did the cooking, and whose shrill voice was occasionally heard from the kitchen, was the storekeeper's wife.

The lady, in fact, was the first to supply the information, and though M'Gregor seemed disposed to minimise the fact, he did not actually commit himself to a denial of its accuracy. Her features were plain, even for a Maori, but she was young and her eyes were brilliant, and once the ice was broken, she was not indisposed to be communicative. Mr. Wickener had many questions to ask, and made full use of his opportunities. He appeared, so far as could be gathered from casual remarks, to have come straight to his present habitation immediately on his arrival in the country. He was absurdly ignorant on the most ordinary colonial matters, and, it may be added, indifferent; but trivial things occasionally interested him to the point of enthusiasm. He had a stock question with regard to every Maori name,—what did it mean? It seemed to astonish him that every hill, vale, creek, clump of trees, and rock had its own individual designation. "Well, what is the name of this place? Eh? What's that? 'Why-kick-her-why-whack-her'? Really, I have no notion."

Tapaia considered his humour of the most exquisite character, and was always ready to provide him with a name or a meaning, for the pleasure of hearing him mispronounce the former, and of noting his frequent astonishment at the latter. It is characteristic of Maori names that they are descriptive often to an embarrassing degree.

"So *wai* is pronounced *wy*, and means *water*,—I see. Then *Wairangi* will mean *watery-sky*."

Tapaia laughed heartily. "You got the cart before the horse," she said. "*Wairangi* will mean *skyey-water*. That Major Milward, his place *Wairangi*."

"Ah!—Major Milward—a settler I suppose?"

"Major Milward the big ranga-tira," Tapaia explained with respect. "He the first of all the European to come here. This time he got the sheep station, the kauri bush, the gum-field, plenty big stores. You know my husband?—he the store-keeper before."

"Oh, indeed! and who is the store-keeper now?" Wickener enquired with polite interest.

"Mr. Raymond came after my husband, then Mr. Hernshaw."

"Hernshaw? Surely you have mentioned the name previously?"

"He and his brother have a section in the bush near to Mr. Andersen."

"Yes, yes, of course, so you told me. And one of them is storekeeping for this Major—er—Milward? That will be the one who was born here, I suppose? By the way, I think you told me one of them was born here, while the other emigrated only a year or so back? Or am I confusing the families?"

"No, that is right; but Geoffrey Hernshaw is the storekeeper, and he is the one from England."

"Oh, indeed! that will be a nice change for him," and Mr. Wickener smothered a yawn.

"Major Milward any family?" he asked presently.

"He two children here—Eve and Sandy. Eve the pretty girl."

"Aha? Any chance for a young man of my complexion?"

"That Hernshaw's girl, I suppose," Tapaia replied laughing. "Kapai! you make a try, perhaps."

Mr. Wickener looked with smiling reflection at a fly-blown almanac on the wall. "Hernshaw again," he said quietly. "No, no, dear lady; though the contemplation of Mr. M'Gregor's happiness must ever provide a powerful incentive, there is no guarantee

that I shall be equally fortunate. Once bitten, twice shy."

The friendship between the Swede and the English stranger developed rapidly as the days wore by. Neither seemed to find his lack of occupation galling, or to be in a hurry to move on elsewhere. The spot was a lonely one, but little disturbed either by travellers or customers, and but that Wickener had learned from Tapaia that the land for thousands of acres around was her private property, he might have wondered at the singularity of M'Gregor's choice in establishing himself so far from civilisation. The pair spent most of their day in the shadow of the tree ferns on the edge of the sweltering bush road, retiring into the denser growth when the heat became unbearable to the unaccustomed Englishman.

Mr. Wickener was soon in possession of the family history of the Andersens, and it formed a constant subject for discussion between the two men.

"Yours is not exactly a strong case, Andersen," Wickener remarked thoughtfully once, "because there is a certain amount of culpability on your side. Still that does not excuse the other man. Nothing excuses the other man. Make a note of that."

"Nuttings," Andersen agreed.

"By the way, you have never been the other man yourself, I suppose? Ah, well, don't protest! How far have you got? Have you reached the boiling-oil stage yet?"

Andersen nodded morosely.

"Yes," Wickener mused, "it's interesting, no doubt, and picturesque, but it passes. The law of evolution holds even here; by and by you will come to higher things."

"What things?" Andersen asked.

"The higher hatred, my boy; perhaps even to the perfect hate that passeth understanding. Observe the

analogy between love and hate. There is first distaste that precedes dislike and develops loathing; it is the same, by obverse stages, with the full-blown passion of love. Treasure these words, Andersen, my boy, for I shall not always be by to instruct and guide you. Then comes the brooding on the beloved or hated image; the hundred situations, fervently conceived and as intensely desired, the passive mood becoming the active, the drawing of the loved or hated one's attention, the threat, the promise, and so on up the scale, through all the heightening tones, to consummation — devoutly to be wished." He stopped, his glittering gaze fixed on a point opposite to him, and was silent.

"Is yours the hate perfect?" Andersen asked after awhile.

"Sometimes I am inclined to think so, my friend; at others I seem to descry an unattainable greatness just out of reach. Contrast my stage and yours. You would kill Beckwith by slow torture of — shall we say? — a few days' duration, and then an end. Afterwards what will you do? You cannot expect two such passions in a lifetime; the gods are more chary of their gifts. Keep it, keep it, my boy, to warm your bones when you grow old. As for me, I can wait. I have become an artist in the matter. Nothing but the best will satisfy me. I want the supreme moment. If I could enthrone my man above the world, if I could load him with all that the earth, or better still, with all that he himself holds desirable, I would do it, that in the next instant I might tear him down and leave him naked and accursed."

The man's voice was light and bantering, and a mocking smile played across his features; yet Andersen, only partly comprehending him, shuddered as he listened.

"Vot you do with your man ven you got him?" the Swede asked with a shrinking curiosity.

Wickener stretched himself and laughed. "We are discussing your affair, my boy," he said placidly, "and it is a peculiar one, because, as I have already told you, there are two sides to it. Take my advice and don't hurry. The killing stage passes, the lust for violence goes by. Live up to the great idea, and some day you may reach that sublimity of hatred that would dictate the words, 'Beckwith, take her!'"

CHAPTER XVI.

ALTHOUGH, as has been said, Mr. Wickener spent most of his time in Andersen's company in the vicinity of the store, yet he did make a few excursions farther afield, and on one occasion he was absent a whole night. Of these journeyings he said nothing to Andersen, neither did he invite that gentleman's society, even though the Swede might happen to be a witness of his departure. Affable and companionable as the Englishman had proved himself, there was yet a certain aloofness in his manner which forbade question.

One of these rambles, for it seemed to be nothing more, brought him out above the river in the neighbourhood of the Hernshaws' section. It was a blazing summer afternoon, when to the idle man the mere thought of labour is a horror, yet there was a young man busily hoeing at the crops on the hilltop, and whistling as he worked. The whistling was good, and Wickener, when his astonishment at its mere possibility had been overcome, found himself listening with enjoyment. All the birds of the bush and the settlement appeared to have combined to produce that melodious theme. There was the solemn chuckle

once or twice aloud as he went his way. "Pshaw!" Engrossed in his thoughts, he followed his feet without attention and presently they struck against a root and brought him to a standstill. He found himself on a narrow, worn track in place of the wide road he remembered to have traversed in his coming. Retracing his steps, he came on two tracks and, following one at random, arrived in the course of a few minutes at three more.

"Ah, would you!" said Mr. Wickener admonishingly to the silent forest. "You don't catch old birds with snuff," he reminded the landscape. With careful steps he returned to the original track and went doggedly down it. "A path like this leads somewhere," he soliloquised; "and somewhere is where I desire to go." Presently he found himself in a clearing with a house at the farther end. In front of the house was a group of three people—a woman and two boys, the latter busily engaged in chopping firewood.

Mr. Wickener made his way through the stumps, becoming the cynosure of all eyes before he had traversed half the distance to the house. They were keen eyes, all of them, and the keenest belonged to the lady.

"Pardon this intrusion, madam," he began; "I am a stranger in this neighbourhood, and I have had the misfortune to miss the road."

"Then you are the first man that has ever done it," said Mrs. Gird. "There is only one road in the whole of the north country, and if you miss that you are completely done."

"This is consoling," said Wickener, taking another look at the lady. "What should you advise in the circumstances?"

"I can think of nothing more appropriate than tea," said Mrs. Gird

cheerfully. "Mark, run and see if the kettle is boiling. Stay a moment; this is my eldest son, Mark—Mark Gird."

"Wickener is my name," said the Englishman for the second time that day, as he shook hands with the boy.

"And this is Rowland," said the lady, bringing forward her second son.

Mr. Wickener repeated the salutation and remarked that they were fine children.

"My husband is an invalid," Mrs. Gird said, leading the way to the house. "He was injured some years ago by an accident in the bush. I mention the fact that you should not be shocked, as he is very sensitive of the effect of his appearance on others."

"I am grateful for the information, madam."

"It is plain that you are from England," Mrs. Gird said bluntly; "a colonial might have felt as you do, but he would not have expressed himself so happily."

Mr. Wickener bowed. "Your diagnosis is correct," he said. "I have been less than a month in the country."

Mr. Gird sat erect in his chair, the light still burning in his sunken eyes. No motion of the pupils, no flutter of the eyelids greeted the stranger; only in the depths of the eyes was a light that seemed to betray consciousness and showed that the motionless figure lived. What passed behind that sealed countenance,—what thoughts, what memories, what sufferings, who shall say? Day after day, week by week, year in, year out, he sat there, forgotten of Death, like a shattered idol. Did love penetrate through that mask of death to the vital spark within? The woman thought so; in that faith she framed her life and

that of her children. May be it was all a delusion ; may be the thoughts she uttered as his were her own ; may be there was room there neither for love nor reason, neither for regret nor hope. Ah, but the woman knew better ! What though the gates of the senses were closed never to be undone, yet love spoke direct from spirit to spirit, and there was no message too trivial, none too strenuous for that ethereal messenger.

The table was already set for the evening meal, and Mrs. Gird invited her visitor to a seat without more ado.

"My stay in the country has not yet been long enough to diminish my sense of the hospitality of its inhabitants," Mr. Wickener observed as he seated himself.

"Hospitality is rather a large word with which to describe acts of common humanity."

"Happy is the country where common humanity is so broadly interpreted."

"That is very nice, but don't run away with an exaggerated idea of our virtues," said the lady. "We are an extremely mixed community ; for instance, there is probably as much hatred per square yard in this settlement as would suffice to keep two nations embroiled in constant warfare."

"Do you tell me so ? But the Lord loveth a cheerful hater."

"Then we are certainly His chosen people," said Mrs. Gird dubiously. "But aren't you confusing your text ? I remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

"Probably you are right," Mr. Wickener reflected. A moment later his lips had framed the word *Pshaw* ! "There should be enough scope here for people to live independently of their neighbours," he said presently. "You, for instance, must find a difficulty in

living up to the traditions of the settlement."

"Beyond our boundary there are a hundred miles of native bush land, sacred to the kiwi and the wild pig, so that we are preserved on that side. On the other we have the Andersens, with whom we simply refuse to quarrel."

"An excellent *casus belli*," said Mr. Wickener. "These Andersens appear to make but little use of their section," he added.

"You passed the place ? But of course you did ; that was where you missed your road. No, the father is a great deal from home. He is a bushman by trade ; a splendid worker when he likes, but not so much given to liking as might be wished."

"Poverty and neglect seem to be written large on the place, and from what I saw of the family, they deserve a better fate than to be sequestered there."

"Whom did you see ?" Mrs. Gird asked with interest.

"A young woman of prepossessing appearance, whose speech and manners seemed to be above her station."

"That would be Lena, the eldest girl—yes. But you must not be surprised at poor people speaking good English ; we are a very long way ahead of your countrymen in that respect, you know. Your people are handicapped by the fact that they have lived for hundreds of years in small communities, hence the language has been broken up into innumerable dialects. Our facilities for communication, on the other hand, enable us to speak one language, and our educational system ensures that that language shall be the best."

Mr. Wickener bowed but did not discuss the subject. Instead, he fell back on his stock amusement of Maori names.

"Pray enlighten me," he said,

after a few remarks on this head; "how is it that the native nomenclature is framed in the likeness of excellent, but apparently unanswerable conundrums? 'Why-carry-me,' for instance, and 'Why-make-a-row,' the two names you have just mentioned, and 'How-marry-her,' and 'Whaty-whaty-why-how,'—an excellent and typical specimen, by the way—do they, by any chance, mean what they say?"

The Gird boys were too well-bred to make any audible comment, but they watched Mr. Wickener with the intensest delight and appreciation from that moment; nor was it many days before the fame of him had run through the settlement even to its farthest outposts.

"Are you proposing to settle in this country, Mr. Wickener?" Mrs. Gird asked by and by.

"No, madam; suspicious as my actions may appear my intentions are, I assure you, innocent. I am a mere bird of passage—here to-day, gone to-morrow. A bird possessing the loquacity of—shall we say the jay?—and the curiosity of the magpie."

"From what part of England are you, Mr. Wickener?"

"From many parts of late, madam; but York is the county of my birth."

"My husband is a Yorkshireman; so also by birth are our neighbours the Hernshaws."

Mr. Wickener showed polite interest. "The latter, I presume, are settlers?" he asked.

"Yes, their section adjoins the Andersens. The elder brother is away for the present but the younger is at home."

"I wonder if I have seen him this afternoon. Is he by any chance given to amuse himself by whistling?"

"That is certainly Robert," Mrs. Gird said, smiling. "He is a nice boy—hard-working, sensible, straight-

forward, a good sample of the colonial-born youth at his best."

Mr. Wickener had it in his mind to ask if colonial-born youths were also adepts at love-making, but he held his tongue, and the meal shortly came to an end.

Mark was deputed to guide the stranger on to his road, a task which he undertook with considerable eagerness.

"The rippling of the waters," said Mr. Wickener as he stepped outside and caught the music of a neighbouring creek. "Who would have guessed that poetic answer to the conundrum, 'Why-carry-me?'"

Mrs. Gird nodded. "By the way," she said, "what is the meaning of York?"

Mr. Wickener acknowledged the shaft with a smile and a bow, and then he followed his guide across the paddock.

Mrs. Gird, as she stood in the doorway, remembering how little information had been vouchsafed to her in comparison with that which had been supplied by herself, was inclined to add to the loquacity of the jay and the curiosity of the magpie the secretiveness of the raven.

But she was destined to see a good deal more of Mr. Wickener, who, from whatever motives, developed a habit of calling at the house whenever, as happened not infrequently, he had occasion to visit the settlement.

CHAPTER XVII.

"It's a pity you ever found it out," said Robert, "if you are going to let it worry you. I had an idea that there was something of the kind, but it was mostly while father was alive, and if mother could bring herself to take it, surely we can."

"You knew her better than I ever did, Robert."

"That's the pity of it."

"You mean if I had known her I should have had no doubt as to how I ought to act now?"

"Something of that."

"I can't bring myself to seal up the pages again; there would seem to be something underhand about an act of that sort."

"Then don't seal them."

"But what am I to do?"

"Nothing."

Geoffrey looked thoughtfully at his brother, his face slowly clearing. "I am not sure but what you are right, and if it were not for one thing I should be certain of it. But the one thing seems to make all the difference. I am going to ask Eve Milward to marry me, and I don't want to owe her father £300 at the same time."

"I am glad you are going to do that," said Robert heartily; "and if I were you I wouldn't waste a moment before it was done. As for the money, it's none of your doing, and you are far more likely to do harm by harping on it than by letting it slide. Eve's not likely to trouble, nor is the Major. Pride's a proper thing in its way, no doubt, but you can easily have too much of it, seems to me."

Geoffrey was silent, but his countenance looked much more hopeful than when the matter was first broached.

"And there is another thing," continued Robert, "since we are at it, and that's Uncle Geoff. It has seemed to me for quite a long time now that you're treating him pretty hard. Seems to me there ought to be no question of pride between you and a man who has done for you as much as he has. It's little short of a sin to keep him at arm's length in the

way you do, and how he manages to put up with it beats me. He's the sort that if you wired to him for a few thousands, he'd want to get up in the middle of the night to cable it to you."

"It's true. I'm an ungrateful sort; but it's the confounded stiff-necked way in which I am made, Robert."

"Well, it may be. But if you want to marry Eve Milward, you will have to come down from that. I know you are a great deal cleverer than I am, Geoff, and better educated and all that, but it's struck me of late that I've got most of the common sense."

"I am convinced of it. Go on."

"Well, I was just about to say that if you are not going to accept anything from Uncle Geoffrey, you won't have much of a prospect to lay before Major Milward. Have you thought of that?"

"Not very deeply, I am afraid."

"Well, I would; or,—which is better than thinking—I would act. Write home to uncle, tell him the whole story, and throw yourself on his generosity. There's no doubt what the result will be."

"Then you think I am not capable of earning a living for myself?"

"Why shouldn't you be! But it's much simpler to have a good round sum in the bank, and it gives you a great deal more confidence, especially when it comes to facing a rich man like Major Milward. Besides, a bird in the hand doesn't prevent you going after the bird in the bush; it's the very thing to make you go."

"As to the round sum in the bank, you can hardly be speaking from experience, Robert," said Geoffrey smiling.

Robert looked slightly uneasy. "It's a good thing for every one," he said, "but it's more necessary to some than

to others. You've been brought up as a gentleman, and are more fitted to make money by your brains than your hands, therefore it's almost a necessity for you. As for me, I can get along all right, and my wife won't expect a great deal just at the first."

"You speak of that problematical lady with some assurance."

"Not more than I feel, however," Robert said.

Geoffrey looked up a little surprised, and something in his brother's countenance caught his wandering attention. "Is it possible the lady is not entirely problematical?" he asked.

"It's Lena Andersen."

"Lena! Good heavens! Why, you are only children!"

"We don't mind that," Robert said; "and we shall get over it in time."

"Of course. I beg your pardon. But you astonished me a good deal. Lena! Yes, I remember her," and Geoffrey's face, despite his endeavours, clouded slightly.

"She is a very clever girl," Robert alleged anxiously. "You should hear her read Shakespeare and—and Green's *Short*."

"That's something, Robert, isn't it?" Geoffrey said kindly. "And she promised to be a very pretty girl too."

"More than that," said Robert. "And good—good as gold,—too good for a rough chap like me."

"She doesn't think so, however, nor her parents probably." Geoffrey remembered with misgiving the untidy woman at the slip-rail and the stories current in the settlement of the drunken father. "I suppose you are not contemplating doing anything just immediately?" he asked.

"Well, I am," Robert confessed. "You see the family is in rather a bad way owing to Andersen's habits, and then there is a good deal of talk

in the settlement about Mrs. Andersen, and I should like to take Lena clean out of it all before worse happens. There is not a brighter little girl living, Geoff; but she's very tender-hearted, and that sort get hurt easily and badly." Robert's honest, eager eyes clouded suddenly.

"And how would you get her out?" Geoffrey asked sympathetically.

"There is only one way, Geoff."

"But aren't you afraid of taking a responsibility like that?"

"No," said Robert, squaring his broad shoulders, "I'm not afraid. At the worst she would be better off than she is now. I have tried to think for her as well as myself, but I can't find any better way. If you see any road out but that I should be glad to know of it."

"I should like to see her first," Geoffrey said. "Is it possible we can do so this afternoon?"

Robert found his coat in silence, and together the brothers set off on their errand.

Now Lena had desecrated Geoffrey as he rode past on his way to the section, and anticipating this conclusion to the interview, she had tidied the house and arrayed herself in the black velvet frock which was Mrs. Gird's gift. Robert had heard nothing of this garment, and he was consequently as much surprised as Geoffrey at the smart and lovely appearance presented by the young girl as she came out of the house, blushing divinely, yet with a certain charming self-possession to meet her lover and her prospective brother-in-law.

Lena stood a little in awe of Geoffrey. He lacked, she thought, the serene disposition of the younger brother, and his manner, except when roused, was silent and sunless. Her awe, however, was tinged with admiration for his good looks and his learning, which she and Robert sup-

posed to be without a parallel in New Zealand, if not in the world.

The beauty and naturalness of the young maiden, however, had an instant effect on Geoffrey, dismissing completely the cloud of doubt which had gathered round the idea of the Andersen family, and enabling him to tender his congratulations sincerely and hopefully. For a moment the mother with a possible future and the father with a certain past dropped out of sight.

"If you only knew how nice it is of you to say that," Lena said. "My heart has been sinking lower and lower in anticipation of this interview, and now it is quite easy after all."

"That is the mistake one continually makes," Geoffrey said. "Opposition, if there is to be any, will come, as it always does, from an undreamed-of quarter."

"I wonder where—there is only father left now." Lena looked seriously from one to the other.

"Don't enquire too strenuously of the Fates, and happily they may forget us and pass by on the other side of the way."

Lena led her visitors into the house, where Mrs. Andersen was waiting to receive them. The children had been smuggled out of the way, and except for a suppressed giggling in an inner room, an unusual peace reigned throughout the establishment.

Mrs. Andersen, with a closer acquaintance with the facts than her daughter, had also had her doubts of Geoffrey, and his attitude in the matter consequently brought her great relief. The whole responsibility for the affair rested, as she knew, on her own shoulders. But for the almost criminal neglect she had shown as to the girl's actions, the engagement of Robert and Lena would probably not have come about so speedily, if at all.

"Of course, you think it quite wrong of me to let things come to this pass," she said, when Robert and Lena had disappeared to discuss their new happiness.

"Probably it was not preventible," Geoffrey replied.

"But they are such children."

"In years, no doubt; but Robert has a very wise head on his young shoulders, and Lena, unless her looks belie her, is a young lady of some intelligence."

"She is no fool," the mother conceded. "So you are not put out about it? I was fearing you would be. Robert, of course, might have done better, but she is a good girl—a real good girl."

"Robert might very easily have done much worse."

"But the trouble is they are in such a hurry. They want to get married at once—to-morrow if they could; and how they are going to live I don't know. I know what it is when there is no money in the house."

"So far as that goes Robert is quite able to keep a wife," Geoffrey said thoughtfully.

The door of the room whence the giggling proceeded had been opening and closing narrowly at rapid intervals, and on each occasion there had been a row of round blue eyes, one above the other, fixed with varied expression, ranging from horror at the bottom to mere curiosity at the top, on the visitor who had come in connection with that mysterious affair, Lena's marriage. Now, as Geoffrey ceased speaking, the door suddenly opened wide; there was a whisper, a giggle, a rush, and with a wild hoop the Andersens scattered across the sunlit paddock. Geoffrey looked after them and his original misgivings returned. Was it possible that in taking Lena, Robert was burdening himself with the support of the whole

family, not omitting the mother! And if it were not so, what, in the alternative, was to become of them?

Whether or no Mrs. Andersen guessed what was passing through her visitor's mind, her next remark fell appositely on Geoffrey's thoughts.

"One thing," she said, not without a taint of bitterness, "Lena has never been accustomed to extravagant living, and after what she has had to put up with for years, it won't take a deal to make her happy as the day is long. And Robert needn't be afraid that the rest of us will trouble him—not that he's likely to worry, for he's a dear, good-hearted boy, but we're not coming on him to keep us. And so, when you think it over, you can just reckon on their two selves and nobody else."

"I suppose her father is not likely to raise any objection?" Geoffrey asked, his mind considerably relieved.

"Andersen will do as he is told. It's not for the like of him to come raising objections if the rest of us are satisfied."

"I think it possible Robert may be able to do a little to help you all by-and-by," Geoffrey said cautiously. "But I quite agree with you as to giving them a fair start without encumbrances. In fact, that does seem to me very important, so much so that should anything occur to,—to render you in need of assistance, I hope you will let me hear of it instead of Robert."

"Nothing will occur," said Mrs. Andersen evasively. "We're past all that. Then you are going to let them get married right off?"

"So far as I can be thought to have a voice in the matter," Geoffrey said, "I surrender it freely. They shall please themselves. Robert is at least as capable of weighing the pros and cons as I am."

Meanwhile Robert and Lena had ascended to a ledge on Bald Hill and were sitting overlooking the hollow.

"To think that I have been misjudging Geoffrey all this while," Lena said. "Nothing could be kinder than the way he spoke to me. It made me feel as though I were a princess in disguise and he had found me out."

"Geoff is the best fellow in the world," Robert agreed enthusiastically; "and he behaved just exactly as I told you all along he would behave."

"Did I look nice—a little? I know I blushed and felt like a gawk, but did it show through?"

"Not through the velvet. My, what a beauty! Where did you get it?"

"Mrs. Gird made it for me quite a long time ago. It's real velvet, not common velveteen, and it must have cost a heap of money."

"It's nothing to the dresses I am going to get for you directly, Lena. I've mapped it all out—satins and valencias and that. You'll see."

The valencias puzzled Lena a little, but she was none the less appreciative, and she nestled closer to her lover and slipped her hand into his.

"We are getting closer to it." Robert said solemnly. "This is a big step to-day, and there is only your father to think about now. Are you glad?"

"Are you, Robert?"

"Sometimes I think I've no right to be as glad as this. I ought to wait and give you a chance of some one much better than I am."

"I don't want him," said Lena. "I wouldn't have him if it were ever so—the disagreeable, stuck-up thing! We are such dear friends, Robert—such kind companions—and you can talk calmly of some one coming in between to part us. I wonder at you!"

"It's only my great happiness, Lena. It makes me suspicious somehow. It's like that chap we read of who found a big diamond and dared not even pick it up to look at it for fear some one would grab it or it would melt away."

"How strange! I have felt like that ever since—that first day. And I thought you were so practical and unimaginative."

"You see I could be hit here," Robert said wisely. "I could be hit hard, and I know I should take it badly; so it makes a man disguise his true feelings a little and keep his eyes open more than ordinary."

Lena laughed softly. "But it's all true," she said. "We take pain to our hearts as a matter of course, but we walk round happiness with suspicion."

"So, Lena, we will not tempt Fate longer than we need and—is there any reason why we should not get married almost at once?"

"And yet there are people who say that this young man is not as

clever as his brother," Lena said, patting his hand.

"And what do you say?"

"I say as you say," said Lena, springing to her feet. "There goes Geoffrey. Let us run down and say good-bye to our brother."

Geoffrey, seeing their approach, reined in his horse at the slip-rail.

"Good-bye, Geoff, and good luck," said the younger brother.

"Mrs. Andersen and I have been discussing your prospects, young people," Geoffrey said, looking from one to the other; "and we are agreed that there are no clouds of any importance in the—"

Geoffrey was interrupted by a horseman who came suddenly up out of the bush, raised his hat to the group at the slip-rail, and set his horse at the hill.

A complete silence attended his advent and succeeded his departure. Geoffrey's sentence remained uncompleted. It was as though a cold blight had fallen on the happy group.

The man was Beckwith.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH SEAMEN FOR BRITISH SHIPS.

THE anniversary of Trafalgar last October was signalised among other things by the return of Admiral Sir John Fisher to the Admiralty Board at Whitehall. Great things are expected of this sterling sailor; but no First Sea Lord, however experienced and capable, can permanently make good the defects in our naval defences except he be intelligently backed up by the Parliamentary machine. Therefore, if our hope of reform is to be realised, we must have legislative action running concurrently with administrative effort.

The first thing to be insisted upon is the one-ness of our Sea Services,—the Royal Navy, which we maintain for national defence, and the Mercantile Marine, the “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” by whose ceaseless ministrations we live. It is passing strange that it should be necessary to speak thus in connection with the World’s greatest Sea-power, but it is indisputably true, whatever cause we may assign for it, that these two great divisions of a service that is one in essence, in interdependence, have been allowed to drift perilously near to severance; until, except in the minds of a few, they have come to be regarded as separate entities. The sole link which binds the merchant navy to the fighting navy is the Royal Naval Reserve. But how slender a link this is! Our naval reserves to-day number about 35,000 and of these not one-third are efficient seamen and actively employed in our Mercantile Marine. In 1859 a Royal Commission recommended a reserve of 38,000. The actual ratings

of the Royal Navy at that date totalled 73,000; at present they number about 131,000, so that on the basis of that recommendation we ought to have a reserve of at least 68,000. But the map of the world and the conditions of naval warfare have changed very much since 1859, and keeping in mind the naval activities of our neighbours,—France has a reserve of 100,000 and Germany of 74,000—we ought most strenuously to strive to raise the total of our naval reserves to at least 100,000. The *personnel* of the Royal Navy has probably touched high-water mark numerically. The general attitude towards the Naval Estimates in recent years lends confirmation to this view. At any rate, at the present rate of increase of 4,000 per annum we must very soon reach that point, if we have not already reached it, beyond which the British taxpayer cannot be expected to go in regard to the number of men kept continually employed in the Royal Navy in time of peace. Therefore, in order to provide the large and efficient reserve which is essential to our national safety, and at the same time avoid heavy expenditure in the maintenance of a larger force of active ratings than is necessary, every effort must be made to train a sufficient number of boys and find employment for them in the ships of the Mercantile Marine. Theoretically, our Merchant Navy from its *personnel* of 258,000 should yield us the requisite number of reserves on demand, but unfortunately the British Merchant Navy is to an alarming extent British

only as regards its material. At the present time there are nearly 40,000 foreigners sailing under the Red Ensign, and statistics show us that the foreign element is still increasing. Year by year the number of British seamen grows less, and unless the decline is speedily arrested we must ere long see the passing of the last of British seamen from British ships. This sad story is not new; indeed it has not a new feature for since the repeal of the Navigation Laws and the removal of all restrictions as to the manning of British Merchant Vessels (1849-53) the decline of the native and the ascendancy of the alien has been absolutely uninterrupted. Possibly the steady flow of the foreign element has been somewhat checked by the operation of the Act of 1898 under which ship-owners have been induced to carry a certain number of boys in consideration of a given allowance from Parliament in proportion to the amount paid in Light Dues. Mr. Ritchie's scheme, however, reaches its time limit on March the 31st next, and, so far as we now know, from that date even this small palliative will cease to operate. We then have to attack the problem almost *de novo*.

By far the larger number of foreigners enter our Merchant Service just at the age when those of our own race and blood leave it in disgust at the conditions under which they have to live and work. Young and imperfectly trained they come to us,—Scandinavians, Germans, Southern Frenchmen, Italians, and even Turks and Greeks—and in our ships gain that experience which distinguishes the true sailor from the mere deck-hand. We are, in fact, training seamen for foreign Powers. In the event of an outbreak of war with a Continental Power we may not unreasonably assume that history would

repeat itself and that we should have to face a combination of two or more naval forces which, grand as is our sea-power, would try us to the utmost. It would be at that precise moment that these 40,000 aliens would be withdrawn from our service, many of them to swell the crews of hostile fleets. In the moment of our greatest need not only should we be denied the assistance of the Merchant Navy in making good the inevitable wastages of war, but the country would be unable properly to continue the great food-carrying and other over-sea commercial services on which it is so entirely dependent.

Lord Charles Beresford, in a recent letter most truly said: "The Empire depends for its existence on the gallantry, readiness of resource, and indomitable energy of the Mercantile Marine, who, under all conditions of difficulty and stress of weather, ensure the punctual delivery of our food and raw material." That statement I would supplement by saying: "The guarantee that our Mercantile Marine will justify our reliance upon it and fulfil its every obligation in time of greatest need is proportionate to the extent in which British ships are manned by British seamen."

In the above observations no account has been taken of Lascars, because, in the first place, they have some claim to serve with us, and, in the second place, climatic conditions cannot be over-ridden, and the exigencies of navigation in Eastern seas are such as to render the employment of these men, who are inured to tropical heat, almost unavoidable.

The dearth of British seamen and the manning of British vessels by so large a proportion of foreigners having the double significance shown above, how may we hope to increase the one and displace the other? The reported preference of ship-masters

for foreigners on account of the dissoluteness and intractability of the Briton may be dismissed as mere uninformed and idle talk. The difficulty of securing a sufficient supply of well-trained boys, it has been contended, has been mainly instrumental in letting in the foreigner. To a limited extent this is true, but too much stress has been laid on this one presentation of the case. Foreigners do not come to us as boys, but as ordinary seamen, or as ordinary seamen for the first time claiming the rating of A.B. Under Mr. Ritchie's scheme perhaps 1,000 boys have taken up the profession of the sea yearly, but not more than one-quarter of these have remained in the service more than a year or two. And the same remark applies to large numbers of the boys sent out from the various training-ships. There is an undoubted necessity for the training of more boys, and the better training of them, but the need of the moment is improvement in the conditions of life and service in the Mercantile Marine to an extent that those upon whose training time and money have been expended may be induced to stay on when their services have become valuable. Until this can be achieved those who now devote themselves exclusively to securing lads for the profession will experience the perpetual disappointment of seeing both funds and energies wasted. The displacement of the alien and the manning of British ships by British seamen can only be accomplished by making life in the Mercantile Marine as supportable as in some of the commoner callings on shore. At present it is very far from being so. Lord Brassey in a recent article says, in reference to the dearth of British seamen, "The falling numbers are due to scanty wages." There can be no doubt that in the past low wages

have operated powerfully to drive Britons out of the sea-service, but accommodation and dietary are also factors in the case, and both still require improvement.

A powerful factor in promoting the return of the Briton would be a liberal scheme of Old Age Pensions. The Royal Commission of 1859 strongly recommended such provision on the ground that "in proportion as the fund became more general the Merchant Service would be more and more closely attached to and united with our system of maritime defence." It is this closer union of the two branches of our sea-services which is so greatly to be desired. As the direct result of it would be efficiency with economy, no means to its accomplishment should be left untried. Moreover the registers of the Pension Fund would meet another need; they would afford all necessary information as to the whereabouts of British seamen the world over, and in certain circumstances it might be that this information would prove invaluable.

A thing to be desired above all others, perhaps, is facilities for continuous service. Under present conditions the merchant seaman on being paid off spends a more or less eventful time ashore with such acquaintances as he can make, until his diminishing funds warn him of the need of again seeking employment. Then begins a weary round of the docks and shipping-offices, and as a general rule a part of his earnings on his next voyage is already anticipated before he is again at sea. Such a condition of things wars continually against the moral and physical welfare of our seamen. Therefore, every inducement should be held out to ship-owners and to seamen mutually to enter into time-agreements for periods of service other

than a specific voyage. It is unnecessary to point out how much the *personnel* of the Royal Navy has improved since the men have been enrolled for a specific term of years instead of merely for the length of a ship's commission. The men have adopted the sea as their profession for life, and consequently take a pride in making themselves as efficient as possible. We may not unreasonably assume that a somewhat similar improvement would result in the *personnel* of the Merchant Navy if a scheme of time agreements were put in force, and the more so that in return for the facilities granted by ship-owners seamen might well be required to prove by continuous-service certificates their qualifications for the rating to which they lay claim.

The means by which these things should be accomplished must be left to Parliament to decide. We know that only by State interference can we secure the very thorough reform desired; and the natural corollary of State interference is State aid. Further legislation, then, is necessary. There is, it is said, a reluctance to put ship-owners under anything like compulsion, but the Statute Book bears witness to the fact that the State regulation of trades and callings has long been admitted in principle and in fact, both afloat and ashore. The probability is that any fresh legislation, while being of general advantage to the country, would be of peculiar benefit to the ship-owners, of whom it is said at present that they "receive no favours from the State."

A favourable opportunity for dealing with the question will occur when the Light Dues again come before Parliament, as they must do in the next session. On every hand it seems desirable that these dues

should be abolished altogether, and that the cost of maintaining the necessary lights on our coasts be defrayed out of the State revenues as is the case in the United States and in Germany. It is true that under the Act of 1898 the Light Dues can now be used only for the purposes for which they were originally levied; but ship-owners still feel most strongly that these dues are an unjust and mischievous tax on the shipping industry, and, indeed, they may justly be so regarded seeing the immunity from special taxation enjoyed by other branches of commerce. The Light Dues abolished, the State will be in so much the better position to impose the necessary reforms upon the Mercantile Marine, and ship-owners in a better position to concede them. The abolition of the Light Dues would, of course, permanently put a period to Mr. Ritchie's scheme for the training of boys in the Mercantile Marine for the Royal Naval Reserve, but it is undesirable that this scheme should be further proceeded with in any event. It is most unfortunate that this question of the training of boys should ever have been associated with so controversial a matter as the Light Dues; but apart from that, the scale of allowances in practice works out so unequally, and is so disadvantageous to owners of sailing-ships, in which alone boys can be trained as they ought to be trained, that the scheme can never have the effect its author hoped for it. The money expended under it has resulted in a minimum of practical good to the nation, and at the same time has in no wise satisfied the demands of the ship-owners.

What is to take the place of this scheme? The mere remission of taxation, important as it is, will not meet the case, and experience sug-

gests some form of State subsidies such as is enjoyed by the shipping of other nations. It may be impolitic, if not absolutely impracticable, to attempt to compel ship-owners to man their ships exclusively with British seamen, but Parliament should be asked to adopt some scheme under which it should be to the pecuniary advantage of the owners to do so. There can be no doubt that the British ship-owner is right in his contention that he should no more be compelled to find reserves for the Navy than, say, the agriculturist should be under obligation to find reserves for the Army. Nevertheless, it is expedient on grounds of national economy and public safety that he should very materially assist in so doing. It is imperative for the national safety that we have a strong naval reserve and as the cost to the State of the reserves is only about one-tenth that of the permanent naval force it is easily seen that it will also be to our financial advantage. If then we abolish the irritating Light Dues and secure in return such improvements in the conditions of service in the Merchant Navy as will induce our young men to remain in it as qualified men of the Royal Naval Reserve, we shall render unnecessary a continually increasing expenditure on the manning vote for the Royal Navy, and yet have a margin of funds available for allocation in subsidies or bounties to ship-owners in consideration of their carrying a certain number of boys in each of their ships. Moreover we shall have again linked up the Merchant Service with the Fighting Navy in a way all true patriots will approve and desire. Lord Brassey, in a kind of apology for the meagreness of the Naval Estimates under certain heads, said, "We must make both ends meet." A policy on the lines indi-

cated above gives promise of achieving that most sensible object, and at the same time of satisfying the not less peremptory demand for a thoroughly efficient First Line of Defence. Bounties and subsidies, perhaps, to some extent run counter to the national grain, but it must be made clear that this is only a change, and a change for the better, in our methods of national book-keeping. For the moment I take no account of the great benefit ship-owners would reap in more efficient services from the men they employ, nor of the fact, of which many appear to have completely lost sight, that a new industrial outlet would have been opened for a not inconsiderable proportion of our male population. There is no doubt even that we might go a step farther in making our Royal Naval Reserve itself more attractive to young seamen, and still have money in hand when future comparisons came to be made on the basis of the present rate of expenditure on the *personnel* of the Royal Navy. Particularly does this remark apply to young officers. But the pressing need of the moment is men, and to meet it all our public and private energies, all the legislative resources of the nation, ought to be called into play.

It is recognised on all hands that, commercially speaking, the raw boy is a bad bargain for ship-owners and ship-masters. His cost for food is not less than that of the properly qualified seaman, and taking into account the services he is able to give in return for the outlay upon him in food, accommodation, and wages it must be admitted that he cannot give value for money. A year's instruction in the rudiments of his craft in a training-ship, and especially where the stationary or depot-ship has a sea-going tender as part of its equipment, makes all the

difference in the world. The attitude of ship-masters is at once entirely changed, and statistics prove that there are openings for a greater number of these trained boys, incomplete though their training be, than can be supplied with the existing machinery. It is not that there is any lack of boys willing to enter the sea-service, but that the accommodation on the training-ships is insufficient. Practically we have but four training-ships by means of which poor boys of good character can get the necessary opening to a career in the Merchant Service, and these through lack of funds are unable to work at their full capacity. The Marine Society's ship *WARSPITE* on the Thames is a case in point. With accommodation for three hundred boys only about one hundred and eighty can be taken on account of the limited amount of the public subscriptions by which it is maintained. It is a curious commentary on our national methods that while not one of the four training-ships for poor boys of good character is in receipt of State aid, the numerous industrial and reformatory ships on the Thames and elsewhere on our coasts in almost every case receive both State aid and rate aid, in addition to subscriptions from the benevolent public. The position then is this, that while there are many well-supported training-dépôts for what are only too often recruits of the wrong kind,—boys of bad antecedents, indifferent character, and poor physique—practically no effort is made to secure and train the right sort of recruits,—boys of poor but respectable parentage, of blameless character, and of robust physique.

The facts must be borne in mind when Mr. Ritchie's scheme again

comes before Parliament, and stress must be laid upon the fact that a very large percentage of the lads expensively maintained in the mis-called training-ships,—the State-aided and rate-aided Industrial and Reformatory Dépôts—never go to sea at all.

Various schemes have been proposed for remedying the unsatisfactory state of things briefly described here. Probably no one scheme has a monopoly of merit. It seems tolerably clear, however, that the State should without delay provide the means of training for the Mercantile Marine the thousands of boys of the right stamp which our inland as well as sea-board towns are only too anxious to supply. As a first step it will no doubt be wise to make every possible use of and improvement in existing machinery, somewhat on the principle underlying the recent action with regard to the voluntary schools of the country, supplementing private subscriptions by wisely considered grants for maintenance and providing sea-going tenders to every stationary training-ship or dépôt. Private enterprise is, I believe, soon to make a further attempt to establish a thoroughly well-equipped ocean-going training-ship or ships. It should be a matter of careful consideration for our Government as to whether or not such ship or ships should not be recognised and assisted by a substantial grant. Foreign nations, whose maritime power is insignificant in comparison with ours, have long ago realised the importance of the ocean-going training-ship both to national defence and commercial supremacy, and it is time the Mistress of the Seas, if doing no more, at least fell into line with these.

WULFF RICE.

THE PROFESSION OF ART.

THE position of the artist in relation to his work, and especially to his daily work, is in some respects not easy to define. Are we to look upon art as a vocation, or merely as a means of subsistence? And can it be both at once?

We call it a profession, but that is by courtesy only; it has no clear claim to the title. When you come to think of it, the very name of artist is not one which a man, whatever the nature of his pursuit, can with entire modesty arrogate to himself. Any right he may have to it depends upon his performance, and that is for others to appreciate. He may be himself the best judge of his work; but he is not an impartial one.

To its loyal servant art is something more than a profession. It is the beginning of all his hopes and, if not the end of all his efforts, the chosen means to that end. It is the outlet of his admiration, and thus akin to worship. In fact, it is a religion to him, or comes very near to being one, and is no more a thing to boast of than the faith that is in him. Craftsmen will always be eager enough to discuss the technique, and perhaps the theory, of what used to be called their trade: they may be justified in boasting proficiency in it; but, just as good men do not claim to be devout or honest, so an artist should hesitate to assume a title, the warrant to which is; not that he paints or models, designs or writes, acts or composes, but that, in doing one or other of these things, he gives proof of a certain quality.

There is about all claim to artistry, as about the assumption of righteousness, a savour of cant. Methinks the artist doth protest too much!

However, men do claim to be artists. They go sometimes so far as to esteem themselves such artists that it is too much to ask of them that they should earn their own living, and to imagine that the endeavour to do so would amount on their part to nothing less than abdicating the prerogative of their high calling. What an artist has to do, they urge, is to give expression to himself, and to encourage the mood favourable to artistic utterance. As to his maintenance (and that of his family) it is the affair of the world at large, and, far from begrudging him largess, it ought to thank heaven for the privilege of ministering to his wants. This is an argument none the less grotesque because there may be now and again a genius deserving of such grateful consideration. In any case, it lies with genius to make good its claim to exemption from the common lot. And in the meanwhile, pending proof, how is the man to live? It comes, then, in almost every case, to his supporting himself, if only for a while. The question is,—how?

The devotion of the artist to his art may be taken for granted. Without it he were hardly an artist. Being one, he will not hesitate to sacrifice for it much that men care for. He cares more for his art. But will sacrifice always avail, will his devotion keep him? That is the doubt which presses like a nightmare

upon the mind of many an artist conscious not only of the claims of his calling but of his responsibilities as a man. It may be questioned, by the way, whether, even in the case where it is possible for genius to live by the exercise of its function (as a priest by his office) performance is not apt to become, by constant and ordained repetition, more and more perfunctory, less and less deserving the respect and homage due, and gladly paid, to inspiration. Art worthy of the pinnacle on which men seem agreed to place it, is the exceptional work of exceptional men. It is only at intervals between work more prosaic that genius itself reaches its full height. There may be mastery in all an artist does ; but masterpieces, even by the most prolific, are occasional. It is only by a polite fiction that everything an artist does deserves to be called art. Or, if we expand the term to include his everyday work, then art is vastly overrated. Great works of art are children of the imagination, begotten only in the happy moment, brought forth only in the fulness of time. The action of the creative faculty is by no means perpetual : production leads to exhaustion ; and the natural limits to artistic, as to human, paternity are soon reached. Art, it has been said, is man's nature ; but the constant pursuit of art, and of art exclusively, is, if not contrary to nature, a strain upon it hardly to be borne. It is open to doubt whether it might not be in every way better if the exceptional artist, who appeals, and must in the nature of things always appeal, to the few, were to support himself by some simple handicraft (in which there would still be scope for art) and give vent to his genius only when the fit was on him. That would not be every day. What, then, becomes of art as a means of livelihood ?

In the case of the artist eager to put into words or sounds what everybody wants to hear, to express in form or colour what all are anxious to see, things run smoothly enough. But in the more likely case of a man burning to deliver a message the world is not yet conscious of wanting,—what is he, poor man, to do ? We are all agreed that he is bound in duty not to degrade his art ; the difference of opinion is as to what is art, and in what consists its degradation.

However we may define art, practically it may be taken as that something over and above workmanship which an artist puts into his work because he is an artist ; the man must be a workman first before ever he can express himself in the terms of art. And just as every artist is a workman, every workman is a possible artist ; starting, that is to say, as a mere journeyman ready to do what comes to his hand, he may push handicraft to the point of art. Moreover, beginning at that end, he is at least as likely to reach the top of the artistic capacity as the man who prefers to bask in self-indulgence until such time as the spirit of art shall move him to a more active form of the same pleasure. A workman is none the less an artist that the ardour of his activity urges him to continual doing. There is little in the nature of handwork in which he may not find the satisfaction of artistic expression ; but it is by his craftsmanship, rather than by the art which he puts into it, that any but the few favourites of fortune can hope directly to earn a living.

In any high interpretation of its meaning, art is not precisely a marketable quality. That something over and above craftsmanship, as I have already said, which the artist puts into his work for art's sake, because without that much of self-expression

his work would be no satisfaction to him, may in the end bring money ; but no money will buy it. It is only in the sense in which the word is used by the man in the shop, that art is saleable ; something which gives an added value to his wares, something for which he can charge extra, and for which therefore he is prepared to pay more or less, according to his insight and to the liberality or meanness of his policy.

And this applies in great measure not only to what are called Arts and Crafts but to what is entitled Fine Art. The portrait to bring commissions is the one which flatters the sitter or his friends ; the selling picture the one which fixes some favourite effect or scene, which chronicles an event or tells a story ; it is not commonly bought for the elusive quality which artists see in it, any more than a popular novel commands its wide circulation by right of literary style. It is not so much art as the thing upon which art has been expended that has a market. Genius itself is at most grudgingly paid for, until the artist has made a name for himself, by which time his troubles as to ways and means of living are at an end. To those, however, who have to earn their living, to the great majority that is to say, and practically speaking to all at the beginning of their career, the question pressing for constant answer is,—are they in expediency or in honesty bound to bring their ideal of art down to the market level ? No man who is an artist will answer that in the affirmative. And, from the merely practical point of view, the worst policy he could adopt would be to do less than his best. He need have no scruple, however, about giving up the idea of doing only just what he likes. Where is the glory to a man in gratifying his own desires ? Our sympathy with the sacrifices he

may make for his art does not extend to those he offers up at the shrine of his own vanity. It is well to be careful of the pure artistic impulse, but not to coddle or pamper it. The very discipline of doing something it is not merely a pleasure but a duty to do, strengthens a man in his art ; and he will show the artist he is, by doing it better than was stipulated in the bond.

That the compulsion of circumstances is not wholly to the disadvantage of art is proved by the confession of many an artist ere now (Thackeray was one of them) that, but for the prick of necessity, they would have lacked incentive to do the work which brought them fame. How often is it that an artist makes use of the leisure secured to him by an assured and unearned income ? A man of means may do what he likes, but as a rule we see in it that he had not to work hard,—and did not.

Amateurs have no occasion to scorn the man who has to work for bread, when they themselves are not above making money, if they can get it without going out of their way. Careful consideration of the pecuniary side of the question, which might possibly be mean in one man, is the plain duty of another. Naturally there is some danger of anyone who works (as many must) for money becoming a mere trade worker ; but there is also a danger on the other side. A man who has no need to think of anything but the leisurely perfection of his work gets to think too much about it, and dwindles into a sort of dilettante. It is almost as bad to dawdle through one's daily pleasure as to be driven to perfunctory reproduction. This is not sufficiently taken into account by those who maintain that art ought to be subsidised. Nor do they realise that, under such conditions, for here

and there a genius enabled by endowment to perfect itself, a whole crop of ineffectives would spring up. It is easy to say of any artist who meets his liabilities like a man, that he is "prostituting his genius"; and the accusation comes too fluently to the lips of those who never knew what it was to want. Southey was thus blamed by his friends, who cited against him the example of Wordsworth, as one too deeply absorbed in his art to do anything less lofty than write verse; and his answer is unanswerable. Reputation, he explained, had not brought affluence to him; he was obliged to earn his living, and "the most gainful way" in which he could employ himself was by writing for *THE QUARTERLY REVIEW*. "At this therefore," he said, "I work as a duty, at other things by inclination. Wordsworth has a regular income adequate to his support, and therefore may do as he likes." That same adequate income is the envy of the impecunious; but it is not so entirely a blessing as, in our poverty, we take it to be. Possibly Wordsworth himself might, had he come under the influence of a capable and exacting editor, have lifted up the work of his dull moments, without in any way impairing his poetic genius. As it was he only sometimes reached his own high level of inspiration.

Not even great gifts of imagination, though they mark out for their possessor the course to pursue, make him free to follow his inclination always. There is the further consideration of duty which occurs, or, to so many votaries of art, does not seem to occur. Duty to their art they will admit, but there they seem to think it ends; genius exempts them,—though, as it happens, men of the transcendent genius which might conceivably warrant such an

assumption do not make it. If a man will repudiate his obligations the odds are all against its being worth the world's while to relieve him of them. We meet in a generation a few painters, sculptors, poets, musicians, and others who have claims upon our lenient consideration. Would-be geniuses are as common as Skimpoles.

Genius or not, an artist is first of all a man. If he is an honest one he pays his way; if he has any spirit he will be beholden to none but himself. The idea that there is derogation in accepting the conditions under which we live, and in particular the necessity of self-support, argues a curious perversion of mind. And the impractical attitude becomes in the end rather ridiculous. Really artists take themselves too seriously. Not that there is any harm in a man's overestimating the value of the work he has to do. A painter may think too much of painting, a sculptor of modelling, a poet of verse, and do all the better for some illusion on the subject. The great presumption of anyone is to value himself, or what he personally does, at more than its market price.

It has happened before now that an artist's true success has been in something upon which he did not pride himself. The work he is known by, or which survives without our knowing whose it is (it does not much matter) is by no means always the mighty effort by which he bid for fame. It may have been a simple piece of journey-work. Poems written for posterity may linger all but dead upon the shelves of the library, while the same author's hack-work lives to remind one there was ever such a poet. Southey's *LIFE OF NELSON*, the mere expansion of a review done to the publisher's order, is a case in point. Or, to take the name of a

man about whom there is no dispute, Shakespeare; it was not by his sonnets, on which he set such store, that the world was taken captive, but by the plays he wrote more or less in the way of business. But then, of course, he did his very best, though it may have been to keep the theatre going that he set to work upon a play.

There is something to be said for the very pot-boiler. It is a thing to be ashamed of only because men are so little true to any high ideal of art as to reserve their best for the work they best like doing, and to be content with very much less than that to keep the pot a-boiling. The mistake is in supposing that an artist can ever afford to do less than his best, whatever it is he undertakes. The normal and healthy state of things is to work under practical conditions. To chafe at them, even though they be restrictions of trade, is certainly no sign of strength. Some at least of the art we could ill spare was done under such restrictions; and if to-day conditions of trade are more servile than once they were, the fault lies partly with artists who will have nothing to do with it. It is no fault of industry if artists decline to co-operate with it, and compel the producers of things which should be beautiful to fall back upon workmen who may be something short of artists, but whose self-esteem has not outgrown their skill. Since Arts and Crafts came into fashion, the self-esteem of a craftsman is becoming as hard to satisfy as though he were an actor-manager, round whom, not the limelight merely, but the whole world is expected to revolve. Foolish as the world may be, it is not so innocent as to take every *poseur* at his own price.

Let us acknowledge that it is something of a luxury to follow the

vocation of art. The luxury has to be paid for,—and by the artist himself—much as he might prefer to shift the responsibility of payment upon other shoulders. The only question is, in what form payment should be made. An artist gives forth what it is in him to give, and in the way it comes to him to give it; a manufacturer, mechanic, or trade-worker produces what people want, and as they want it. The one is possessed by a desire to give, the other by a determination to get. The one creates, the other supplies a demand. That implies two very different kinds of men. But if the man of imagination is not quite like others, neither is the man of learning or of law, of science, or of any calling which makes claims upon invention. Each order of persons is responsible after its kind, each individual after his personality; but we are all alike responsible, and the doctrine of artistic immunity from responsibility common to all is in the end as deadly to a man's art as it is degrading to his manhood.

The root of the error is in the supposition that, because it is essential to art that the artist should take pleasure in his work, therefore his whole duty is to please himself. His justification, when he insists on following his own bent, is, not that it pleases him to do just so, but that he is best employed upon what he likes; that the best work is possible only when it is congenial, when the worker delights in it. Delight in the thing he is about is, no doubt, essential to its well doing, and the pleasure he takes in it is a sort of sign to him that all is going right; but what are we to think of a workman who does not get interested in the thing to which he has once set his hand, even against his inclinations? It is in the artistic nature to get deeply, even enthusiastically engrossed

in the problem to be solved. Still one may think that in doing his own special work he is giving the world his best. "No profit goes where is no pleasure ta'en." That is the excuse for doing what we "most affect."

A stubborn independence is part of the artist's equipment. The point at which independence oversteps the mark is where a man begins to fret under the mildest and most necessary control, and will listen to no manner of prompting. Such an attitude of mind unfits him for all practical work. If he has a living to earn he is a subject for commiseration; but the really pitiable thing about the unfortunate artist is that he thinks himself to be pitied because he is expected to do something which is not precisely what he would prefer to do. Is genius so paramount with him that it will make no concession whatsoever? Then the sooner he ceases to look to it for support the better for him. It is of no use clipping the wings of Pegasus, and he makes at best a poor draught-horse; the artist's better plan is to pull the cart himself. To look outside one's own energies for help, is to show lack of that virility which stands to us for the creative faculty.

No workman is afraid of soiling his hands. And, the artist being primarily a workman, what is there in reason to prevent his accepting that position as his starting point? It allows him, and enables him, to earn a living. Naturally he would choose the trade which, while it afforded the means of support, gave scope for artistic expression. It would be hard if it did not also earn him leisure ample for the expression of all he really is inspired to say or do. With the most impassioned of us the state of inspiration is not normal; and, since for the greater part of a man's time he

is hardly fit for more than honest workmanship, what, in the name of reason, is there to prevent him working for his bread? There is nothing in the best journey-work to tarnish that idea of perfect self-expression which it is the artist's special care to keep bright. It is a means, in fact, of exercising the faculties necessary to the full expression of those happy thoughts with which not many of us are overburdened. Many a painter owes to journey-work in black and white his facility of composition; many an essayist owes to practice in journalism the crispness of his style. It is said that men are ruined by such work and never rise above it. If that be so, it is because they were not meant by nature for great artists. If all artists had a trade to live by, we should not hear much about "the insanity of genius." Or is it begging the question, to ask that genius should first of all be sane?

It can hardly be said that sanity is the strong point of men to whom art is at the same time a sort of pastime and sole source of income, who flout the Philistine, and ask him in return to play providence to them. As though there were the faintest reason why any particular class of persons should be privileged merely to enjoy themselves! The claim of the artist upon the rest of the world stands entirely upon the supposition of its wanting his work. Happily, some of us like doing what others want to be done, and would do it for the fun of it, though no one asked us to do it. It is upon a sufficient demand for the product of our pleasurable activity that all hope of payment must depend. The fortunate few whose delight is to do the thing for which there is demand enough to ensure them more than their bare living wage, scarcely affect the balance of ordinary conditions, which decree that men bent

upon a pleasurable pursuit have to consider it in relation to their livelihood. It is not with the artist a blunt question between art and money,—in serving mammon he gives up all high hope of art—but he finds himself at a point where he has to reconcile apparently conflicting duties, or to choose between them. A man must adjust either his life to his art or his art to his way of living. He must adopt a scale of living rendered possible by the exercise of his art, or a form of art which will provide him with the means of living as he likes. There can be no question as to which is the more promising, and which the more dangerous course.

Nothing short of experience can tell how far the current of popular taste is with a man. He should know best how far he dare go against it; front it he surely will, if he is not of those dead fishes which float always with the stream. None but a weak personality will easily be driven by trade or seduced by fashion, though a sensitive temperament will not be quite unresponsive to the deeper chords of popular feeling. The direction of his endeavour, and the limits of his persistence in it, are things a man must decide for himself, or possibly it is his temper which will determine such points for him. The circumstance of circumstances most nearly affecting (together with his temperament) the direction of an artist's energies is, commonly, the necessity of bread and cheese. Impulse urges perhaps in one direction, necessity pulls in another. Which is one to follow? Is compromise possible? Is it abject, or heroic, to make the best of it?

Let us not put reasonableness quite out of court. Though the aim of art is not to make money, it may do so by the way; and, soberly considered, it is a finer thing to make your art support you than to take up a

position which makes self-support impossible. The little, it must be remembered, that an artist wants, or ought to want, should not be so difficult to earn; he has not, like the man whose work is drudgery, to provide for pleasures; he gets them out of his work. His art, in fact, is just what he puts into it for the pride and pleasure of doing, not what he does for gain. As to fame, which may come of it, that too is no such noble pursuit. The hunger for it amounts only to a bigger sort of vanity; and the straining after it loosens the fibre of an artist's manhood. The boast of art is, when all is said, only boasting. And then how short a step it is from vaunting the loftiness of art and its remoteness from trade to making capital out of belonging to a profession so dignified. It will not be said that the step has never been taken, or that there is no element of business in the artistic outcry against commercial production. When artists say in effect: "All that manufacturers make and tradesmen sell is rubbish; it is their concern to make badly and to sell cheaply; the genuine thing is what we only supply,"—there may be truth in it; but it is not very easy to see in what their pleading differs from the cry of the shopman, "Buy, buy, buy!" They are calling attention to the other shop, it is true; but, little doubt as there may be as to which gives best value for the money, both parties are in effect advertising the wares they have to sell.

The practice of art is one long series of adventures in an undiscovered country, for the experience of others avails very little. Of all the beaten tracks a man has to find the one which leads in his direction, and, where that fails, to make his own way. He has to find out what is to be done, what he can do, what

he can do best. There lies his success; but something of it will in any event depend upon his right survey of the situation. It is a hopelessly short-sighted view which does not take in the conditions of the country and the nature of its inhabitants. At times an artist is fortunately free to choose his public, but he is never at liberty to disregard it; and, in addressing even the few, he has to consider, not only what his painting or his sculpture, his writing or his music means to say, but what will possibly be understood by it. It is his business to make himself clear to the community, not theirs to elucidate his meaning. There are, in effect, two parties to the implied contract between the artist and his public; and it will not do to leave one of them out of the account.

If, indeed, there were no third course open to the artist, and he were bound either to ignore his public (which is supposed to be rather a fine thing to do) or to truckle to it (which is certainly not a fine thing to do) it would be hard upon him. But how rarely it is that any one is forced, except by his own vanity in the one case, or his meanness in the other, to adopt one of these dangerous extremes. Plainly the way, though it may swerve a little to this side or to that, lies well between the two. On points of conscience and

of artistic right, every one must hold his own. The light to guide him must come from within. On matters concerning the public he sees fit to address, some concession on the part of the artist should not be impossible; it may be imperative in the interests of his own artistic efficiency. His methods may fall short of their effect; in which case there is nothing for it but to amend or alter them. What is the use of going on, even in one's own way, when it is quite certain that it does not lead to the end in view? The position of artistic superiority to practical considerations is untenable, and the sooner it is given up the better. Its abandonment involves no loss of self-respect; there is nothing very dignified in standing upon dignity.

The upshot of the argument is, that allegiance to art does not absolve a man from his obligations to the community; that by earning his living (whether by his art or by a separate trade) he need in no way impair his faculty; that, though it were thereby impaired, he takes too much for granted in thinking that reason enough for shirking his responsibilities; and that, in short, artist or whatever he may be, his duty is to keep himself and pay his way. When he declines to do so he brings discredit upon the calling he would have us place so high.

LEWIS F. DAY.

MOLE-WARFARE.

I.

At last, after days of work, the excavation has been done. The actual tunnel,—the mine-gallery—is but a replica, life-size, of the mine-chart kept with such precautions and jealous care by the Lieutenant-Colonel of Engineers, in his little straw shanty down in the lodgement whence the gallery started. This chart is plotted out on a large-scale parchment map of the fort in front, dog's-eared and dirty because it was made by a Japanese Engineer officer, when working, before the war, as a coolie on this very defence work.

Degree for degree, foot for foot, with the help of theodolite, level, and plumb-bob, has the gallery followed its miniature prototype on the greasy parchment. If plumb-bob and measure, level and theodolite have not lied, the desired point underneath the main parapet of Fort —shan has been reached.

The chambers excavated at right angles to contain the explosive were cut, as soon as the main gallery was estimated to have crossed below the deep ditch and to be well beneath the great parapet of the fort, the object to be blown up.

Into these chambers tons and tons of dynamite have been carefully carried and closely packed. The men, who have stood for hours along the gallery, passing the cases from one to the other like water-buckets at a fire, have now trooped out. The means of firing the charge have been put into position and connected. The charge is sealed up by the mass of

rock, shale, and earth which has been placed for some fifty yards back in the gallery as "tamping." This has been done to cork up the mine, so as to prevent the force of the explosion being dispersed down the gallery, as a blank charge in the barrel of a gun. The ceaseless scurry to and fro of the mining trucks has ended,—those little trucks which have run forwards empty and back again full, their badly greased wheels often shrieking a horror-struck protest at their task, and the mole-like miners have come up from underground. After days of burrowing they are now entirely brown, clothes, hands, faces, and hair full of crumbs of soil.

As usual no chances have been taken. As far as possible, in every case, the means of firing the charge have been duplicated. Firstly, there is electricity: for this there are two entirely separate circuits, each connected to its own set of detonators in the charge. To prevent possible damage from clumsy foot or falling stone the wires have been carried in split bamboos along the gallery. The circuits have been tested several times, and each time the little kick of the galvanometer-needle has shown that there was no break in the line. Besides the electricity there is the ordinary fuze, also in duplicate. Each is made up of three different links in the chain of ignition; the detonators in the charge, the length of instantaneous-fuze from them to a point some yards outside the tamping, and lastly the short piece of slow burning safety-fuze joined on,—safety-fuze, in order to allow time for escape to the

person igniting the charge. Weak spots in the train of fire always are these joints, difficult to make, and easily deranged by a jerk or a falling stone. The fuzes, however, are after all only a second string; much neater, cleaner, quicker and more certain is the electric current.

Far away, at varying distances, lie the guns, every one already laid on the doomed fort. Some will fire direct, some from behind hills, whence one cannot see the target.

So soon as the smoke of the explosion shoots up, and mushroom-like spreads into the sky, all will concentrate their fire on this work. A veritable squall of bursting steel and shrapnel bullets will it be, and under its cover the assaulting columns will storm the breach.

The stormers are now ready, crouching under cover in the different lodgements and parallels closest to the work. They are waiting the moment to charge forward on the bewildered and shaken survivors of the explosion, who will be subjected simultaneously to this inferno of artillery fire.

All is ready, but not a moment too soon, for have not the listeners, lying prone in their branch listening-galleries, heard coming from somewhere in the womb of Mother Earth *thud thud*,—the strokes of the Russians countermining? Has not the pebble placed on the many-coloured captured Russian drum danced to the same vibrations? Hard it is to locate, harder still to estimate their distance; but without doubt they are working, working near at hand too. Even now they may have burrowed right up to the charge, and be busy in cutting the electric leads and fuzes. Dynamite, luckily, cannot be drowned out by water.

Far down the hill-side is the lodgement, that hole which looks like a distorted volcanic crater. Such, in

fact, it is, being the result of exploding a few small mines, so spaced that their resulting craters intersect, and by overlapping form one elongated pit, a broad and very deep trench. The soil vomited up by the explosion has formed a parapet all round as it fell back. It was when the attackers found that they could advance no closer over the open, that this pit was made. A tunnel had been made up to its position,—this was the commencement of the mole's work,—and the mines exploded. At once, even while the sky was still raining rocks and clods of earth, the Sappers and Infantry advanced with a cat-like rush from the parallel behind and seized this point of vantage. Without delay they started with pick and shovel to improve on the work of the explosives. Cat-like too, with tooth and nail have they hung on to their newly won position against all counter attacks. In vain have the desperate Russians surpassed themselves in their nightly attempts to try and turn out the Japanese by bayonet, bomb, or bullet. A foothold once established, the men of Nippon have hung on to the spot, steadily strengthening it the while.

From this lodgement was started the gallery for the great mine that is just about to be exploded and is to give them a road into the fortress, and it is here that all interest is now centred.

Down at the bottom of the hollow is a small group intently waiting. At the telephone in the straw shanty kneels the operator. Over the top of the parapet, above which bullets and shells sing their way, peers the Lieutenant-Colonel. Close by, in charge of a heavily-built Sergeant, lies a curious innocent-looking box with a handle; it is the dynamo-exploder. Near it two men are standing, each holding one end of an

electric wire in either hand. The ends of these wires, where the metal protruding from its black insulation is scraped bright, give four points of light in the picture.

The telephone orderly speaks ; the Colonel gives an order. Quickly and silently the two ends of wire held by one man are placed in the clamps of the dynamo, which are screwed down to grip them. The moment is fateful, and dead silence reigns among the little group, whose drawn and dirty faces wear if possible a more anxious expression than usual. The orderly speaks again. The Colonel turns to the Sergeant,—“Fire !”

Prrr—t,—the Sergeant throws his whole weight on the handle, forcing it down with a purring rattle, while all involuntarily cower down, holding their breath. . . .

Nothing happens !

Again,—once more is the handle jerked up and forced down. Nothing happens ! The man holding the second circuit steps forward, and the exploder is quickly connected to it. Once, twice, three times does the handle purr as it is forced down, by two men now.

Again,—nothing !

“Who connected this charge ?”

Captain Yamatogo of the Imperial Japanese Engineers steps forward and salutes ; a small saturnine-looking man, so coated with dried sweat and earth that he might again be well taken for the coolie. He is responsible : he was in charge ; but, he happens to be the one chosen among many volunteers to go down and light the fuze, if necessary, and to go down and relight it, should it not act the first time. The matter of the failure of the electricity can wait till later. A word, and he turns round, picks up a small portable electric lamp which he straps round his forehead, and slings a thick coil

of safety-fuze over his shoulder. A salute, and he has gone down the gallery, picking his way carefully. There is for the moment no danger, for no fuze has been lit and none can therefore smoulder to flame up again suddenly.

As he strides along, his thoughts run over the possible causes of failure. He ponders over a dull boom which he fancied he had heard proceed from the direction of the tunnel some five minutes ago, just before they connected with the dynamo. No one else had noticed it, apparently, amid the storm of noise. He had decided that his ears must be playing him tricks, for he had done much underground listening recently, and they were strained ; but now, down there alone, his thoughts again revert to this sound.

After walking for some two minutes, he almost stumbles into an obstruction ; the left side of the gallery and seemingly the top have fallen in. It is in a soft portion of the tunnel lined with timbers, which are splintered and lying all about. He hastily searches the side walls for a gauge mark showing the distance from the mouth. He finds one ; he is twenty yards short of the tamping, and therefore the pile of soil and rock is just over the ends of the safety-fuze. Whilst standing there he hears strokes and voices,—voices close to him. He half draws his sword and waits.

This explains the failure. His ears were right. The enemy have driven forward a tube and exploded a small counter-mine, smashing in the side of the gallery. Well, they seem to have succeeded in spoiling the attackers' plan, for the present at any rate. It will be impossible to dig these tons of earth off the fuzes under some hours ; the gallery is completely blocked. But stay,—is it ? He sees a small black patch of darkness on the right-hand

top corner of the mound. Scrambling up, he digs with his hands, and finds a mere crust of earth. Behind this the opening is just large enough to crawl through. He wriggles along on his belly between the earth and the roof for some ten yards, then the mound slopes away and he stumbles down on to the floor again in the small space between the obstruction and the tamping at the end of the tunnel. He darts to the side of the tunnel and picks up two red ropes. These are the instantaneous - fuzes. Captain Yamatogo knows all that is to be known about fuzes; he knows that to light the instantaneous - fuze means death, as the flame would flash straight down to the charge before he could move. Not wanting to die uselessly, he heaves at the fuzes to try and pull them and the pieces of safety-fuze joined to their ends, from under the load of earth. He pulls, but they do not yield; dropping them, he whips out his knife. He will cut the instantaneous-fuze and splice on a longish piece of safety-fuze, long enough to allow him to get back over the obstruction after lighting. Two minutes' work will do it.

At that moment he again hears a voice, still closer than before. There is no time to lose, not even two minutes; he can even hear that it is a Russian voice. Quickly he makes up his mind, but, his resolve taken, he proceeds calmly. Taking out a little Japanese flag, he sticks it into the earth beside him, and squats down on his heels, peels the end of the cut fuze, and then fills his pipe with tobacco. As he does this, he cannot help recalling with a grim smile that it must be just above where he now squats that he was kicked, as a coolie, by a Russian officer. He then thinks of his wife at home near Osaka, and his two merry-eyed little boys. Still thinking of them he measures, and

sees that only one end of the fuze will go into his diminutive pipe-bowl at a time.

He lights the pipe, and takes a long pull. Expelling the smoke with a hoarse cry of *Banzai*, he presses the end of the fuze hard into the little glowing bowl. There is a hiss and a jet of sparks.

* * * *

To those watching, great Fujiyama itself seems to erupt skywards from the Fort of —shan. Within two minutes the men of his company are running and stumbling above what was once Captain Yamatogo of the Imperial Japanese Engineers.

II.

Now it's all over, if you wish to see what was the Fort of —shan, come along with me up to what looks like a collection of rubbish heaps over on the top of yonder hill.

You will see the Abomination of Desolation.

Inside what was the fort, the surface of rock and of earth, on level and on slope, is gashed and pitted into mounds and holes, the craters of the exploding eleven-inch shells. These monstrous projectiles have rained on the place until the defenders must have felt like the doomed dwellers in the Cities of the Plain.

Down below, where surfaces of broken concrete appear in patches of grey among the rock, were once the mouths of the bomb-proof casemates wherein the tortured garrison sought refuge from the hail of falling steel, vaulted casemates cut into the solid rock or roofed over with concrete where the rock gave place to softer material. Well had they done their duty even against the eleven-inch shell, until the end came. Now, some of the openings facing the rear or gorge of the fortress are sealed to the

top with fallen earth and pulverised rock, some are only partially closed by the landslide from the parapet over them, their cracked arches still standing. With a sickening feeling thought turns to the men within them at the moment of the cataclysm, possibly snatching a few moments' rest, the majority, in all probability, sick or wounded. All round above stretches in a broken line the shapeless mass of the huge main parapet, and just inside this, there are remains of the concrete revetment wall which supported the interior of the parapet,—the gun platforms and emplacements. This wall, which, in its former ordered neatness, almost suggested the idea of a battle-ship in concrete, with its searchlight emplacements, steps, davits and tackle for hoisting shell, and the regularly spaced little doors for the shelters, range-dials, ammunition-recesses and cartridge-stores, now bulges this way and that, here cracked, there fallen with the unsupported earth flowing over it. Along one face, which was the front of the fortress, the only traces of it now to be seen are occasional corners appearing from the mound of loose earth and rock.

One cannot walk straight; it is necessary to avoid the boulders which lie scattered over the ground, or the shell-craters which honeycomb it. There a huge transverse, which is evidently of softer earth, still stands, a shapeless mound, its face all pock-marked with craters till it looks almost like a gigantic sponge. There are bodies everywhere; some lying on the surface, in the free air of Heaven; some buried, so that a hand or a foot alone discloses what is below. Everywhere also are splintered timber, rifles, cartridge-boxes, belts, coats, and all the usual *débris* of a battle-field, with a huge gun overturned or pointing dumbly to the sky to emphasise

that this has been no common battle-field but the fight for a fortress. There is blood too,—but not much, thanks to the merciful dust, which has softly descended in an impalpable mist and covered everything with a grey-brown pall, giving to all a mysterious velvety appearance. It has soaked up the blood, an occasional dark spot being all that is to be seen.

Beyond the huge mound of the parapet, down, deep down, except on one side, still exists the ditch. Some forty feet in depth, it ran like a huge chasm round the whole fortress, in places hewn out of the solid rock, with almost sheer sides. At the angles or corners where the ditch bends are jumbled heaps of concrete, steel beams, and roughly squared stones. They are what remain of the caponieres, those little bomb-proof buildings built so snugly out of the way of shells right down at the bottom, whence machine-guns and quick-firers poured their devastating blight of bullets, along the cruel wire entanglements, in which had been caught the unsuccessful Japanese storming parties. Until these caponieres were silenced or destroyed no soul could live in that veritable chasm of death. All those grey little bodies hanging limp like broken marionettes along the length of the ditch, in the thicket of barbed wire, or lying doubled up and impaled on the stakes of the *trous de loup*, bear witness to the successful part these caponieres had played. The attitudes of some of the dead, who, hanging contorted, still grip a wire convulsively, give evidence of the power of the dynamo above. One of those heaps of dust and *débris* we saw in the casemates now represents the dynamo. Gaps here and there in the maze of wire, with its springy strands all curling up above holes in the ground, show where the contact mines of the defenders burst, or where

the hand-grenades of both sides fell and exploded.

On one side there is no ditch; parapet and ditch seem to have been melted together by an earthquake. Here the mines were sprung. Escarp and counterscarp have crumbled away, and the beetling parapet has slid down and filled up the ditch till the earth and rock has overflowed right on to the glacis beyond. There is no such large crater formed by the explosion as one would have expected, for it has been partially filled up by the mass falling in from all sides. The edge of what was the crater is marked by cracks and fissures, in places more than a foot wide, in the still standing parapet on either side.

The dust gives to everything a soft rounded appearance.

Looking over the glacis, for some hundreds of yards the landscape is seen to be dotted with stones and fragments of rock, till it gives the impression of the South African veldt with its anthills. Further off, that mound shows the lodgement from which the Japanese moles started the last tunnel.

A sickening smell pervades the air.

A Japanese sentry stands motionless against the skyline under an improvised flagstaff. The only sign of life is the feeble flicker of the red and white flag in the almost still air.

TROUT.

THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

I.—DIDEROT.

SOME hundred and eighty odd years ago, in a little town in France, a wild boy slipped out of his room at midnight, and crept downstairs in his stocking-feet with the wicked intent of running away to Paris. This time-honoured escapade was defeated by the appearance of Master Denis's resolute old father with the household keys in his hand. "Where are you going?" says he. "To Paris, to join the Jesuits." "Certainly; I will take you there myself to-morrow." And Denis retires tamely and ignominiously to bed.

The next morning the good old father (a master-cutler in the town of Langres) escorted his scapegrace to the capital, as he had desired, entered him at Harcourt College, stayed himself for a fortnight at a neighbouring inn to see that the boy adhered to his intentions; and then went home.

At the college Denis spent his time in learning a great deal for himself and doing, with brilliant ease and the most complete good-nature, a great deal of the work of his school-fellows. He was himself astoundingly clever and astoundingly careless. He learnt mathematics, which could not make him exact, Latin, and English. With that charming readiness to do the stupid boys' lessons for them (washing other peoples rags, as the talent came to be called when he grew older), with his inimitable love of life, his jolly, happy-go-lucky disposition, his open hand and heart, and his merry face, this should surely have been the most popular school-boy that ever lived.

The school-days were all too short. The practical old master-cutler at Langres soon intimated to Denis that it was time to choose a profession. Denis declined to be a doctor, because he had no turn for murder; or a lawyer, because he had no taste for doing other people's business. In brief, he did not want to be anything; he wanted to learn, to study, to look round him. But a shrewd old tradesman was not going to give, even if he could afford to give, any son of his the money to do that. Denis had at home a younger brother, who was to be a priest ("that cursed saint," the graceless Denis called him hereafter), a sister, good and sensible like her father; and a mother, who was tender and foolish over her truant boy, after the fashion of mothers all the world over. Here were three mouths to feed. Denis loved his father with all the impetuous affection of his temperament. He was delighted when, some years later, he went back to Langres and a fellow-townsmen grasped him by the arm saying: "M. Diderot, you are a good man, but if you think you will ever be as good a man as your father, you are much mistaken." But Diderot had never the sort of affection that consists in doing one's utmost for the object of the affection. He preferred to be a care and a trouble to his family and to live by his wits, harum-scarum, merry, and poor. He chose that life, and abided by the choice for ten years.

Three times in that period the old servant of the family tramped all the

way from Langres to Paris with little stores of money hidden in her dress for this dear, naughty scapegrace of a Master Denis; but except for this, he lived on his wits in the most literal sense of the term. He made catalogues and translations; he wrote sermons and thought himself well paid at fifty *écus* the homily; he became a tutor,—until the pupil's stupidity bored him, when he threw up the situation and went hungry to bed. He once indeed so far commanded himself as to remain in this capacity for three months. Then he sought his employer; he could endure it no more. "I am making men of your children, perhaps; but they are fast making a child of me. I am only too well off and comfortable in your house, but I must leave it." And he left.

One Shrove Tuesday he fainted from hunger in his wretched lodgings, and was restored and fed by his landlady. He took a vow that day, and kept it, that, if he had anything to give, he would never refuse a man in need. By the next morning he was as light-hearted as usual again. A bright idea, even the recollection of a few apt lines from Horace, would always restore his cheerfulness. He enjoyed indeed all the blessings of a sanguine nature, and fell into all its faults. The facts that his father was paying his debts, that often he had to sponge on his friends for a dinner, or trick a tradesman for an advantage he could not buy, neither troubled him nor made him work. It is no doubt to his credit that he never stooped, as he might easily have done, to be the literary parasite of some great man, to prostitute his talents to praise and fawn on some ignoble patron. But though that gay, profligate existence has been often made to sound romantic on paper, it was squalid and shabby enough in

reality, with that shabbiness which is of the soul.

In the year 1743, when Diderot was thirty years old, he must needs fall in love. He was lodging with a poor woman and her daughter who kept themselves by doing fine needlework. Anne Toinette Champion (*Nanette*, Diderot called her), was not only exquisitely fresh and pretty, but she was good, simple, and honest. To gain access to her Diderot stooped to one of the tricks to which his life had made him used. He pretended that he was going to enter a Jesuit seminary, and employed *Nanette* to make him the necessary outfit. His mouth of gold did the rest. No one, perhaps, who did not live with Diderot and hear him talk "as never man talked," who did not know him in the flesh and fall under the personal influence of his magnetic and all-compelling charm, will ever fully understand it. "Utterly unclean, scandalous, shameless" as many honest and upright people knew him to be, he fascinated them all. Something indeed of that fascination still lingers about him, as the scent of a flower may cling to a coarse, stained parchment. Read the facts of his life, as briefly and coldly stated in some biographical dictionary, and most men will easily dismiss him as a great genius and a great scoundrel. Read the thousand anecdotes that have gathered about his name, of the love his contemporaries bore him, of his generosity, his glowing affections, his passionate pity for sorrow, and his hot zeal for humanity, and it is easy to understand not only the mighty part Diderot played in the great movement which prepared men for freedom and the French Revolution, but his insistent claims on their love and forgiveness.

A little seamstress could not, in the nature of things, resist him long.

The hopeful lover went to Langres to obtain his father's consent to his marriage, which was of course refused. At the date of his wedding, November 6th, 1743, Denis had published nothing at all, had no certain sources of income, and very few uncertain ones. He was, moreover, at first so jealous of his dearest Nanette that he made her give up her trade of needlework, as it brought her too much into contact with the outer world. The pair lived on her mother's savings; and then Denis translated a history of Greece from the English, and kept the wolf from the door a little longer.

Poverty fell, as ever, more hardly on the wife than on the husband. The ever popular Diderot was often asked out to dine with his friends, and always went; while at home Nanette feasted on dry bread, to be sure that this fine lover of hers should be able to have his cup of coffee and his game of chess at the *café* of the Regency as usual. Of course Denis took advantage of her talent for self-sacrifice. His writings contain much sentimental pity, expressed in the most beautiful language, for the condition and the physical disadvantages of women; and he spoke of himself most comfortably as a good husband and father, and honestly believed that he was both. But he began to neglect his wife directly his first passion for her was spent. She was not perfect, it is true. Of a certain rigidity in her goodness, and a certain bourgeois narrowness in her view of life, she may be justly accused. But it remains undeniable that she was thrifty and unselfish at home, while her husband was profligate and self-indulgent abroad, that she saved and worked for her children, while he wrote fine pages on paternal devotion, and that he never gave her the con-

sideration and forbearance he demanded from her as a matter of course. Before her first child was born the poor girl had lost her mother, and had no one in all the world to depend on but that most untrustworthy creature on earth, a genius of bad character.

In the year 1745 Denis sent her to Langres for a long visit to his parents, to effect if possible a reconciliation with them.

The man who called himself "the apologist of strong passions," who thought marriage "a senseless vow" and "was always very near to the position that there is no such thing as an absolute rule of right and wrong," would not be likely to be faithful. He was not faithful. There soon loomed on the scene a Madame de Puisieux (the wife of a barrister) aged about five and twenty, charming, accomplished, dissolute. Diderot plunged headlong into love with her, as he plunged headlong into everything. To be sure, she was abominably extravagant and always wanting money. To gratify her demands Diderot wrote, most characteristically, *THE ESSAY ON MERIT AND VIRTUE*, and brought Merit and Virtue the money he received in payment. But Madame's love of fine clothes was insatiable. Between a Good Friday and Easter Day her lover composed for her *THE PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS* which first made him famous, which were paid the compliment of burning, and for which his mistress received fifty louis.

The history of the inspiration of masterpieces would form a peculiarly interesting insight into human nature. It may be set down to the credit of Madame de Puisieux (history knows of nothing else to her credit) that her rapacity at least forced this incorrigible ne'er-do-weel upon his destiny, and first turned Diderot, the most delightful scamp in the capital, into

Diderot the hard-working philosopher and man of genius.

Nanette came home presently, having earned the love and admiration of the little family at Langres, and put up with Madame de Puisieux as best she could. Other children were born to her, and died; only one, little Angélique, survived. Of the quantity of Diderot's love for this child there is no doubt; it is only the quality that is questionable. Self-indulgent to himself, he was weakly indulgent to her. She was apt at learning so, when they both felt inclined, he taught her music and history. Later, when she was ill, he wrote letters about her full of ardent affection; but he left her mother to nurse her and went off gaily to amuse himself with his friends, and then took great credit for having given "orders which marked attention and interest" in her, before he went out and dined with Grimm under the trees in the Tuileries.

Of course Angélique loved the lively good-natured father much the better of the two. Of her mother the daughter herself said hereafter, with a sad truth, that she would have had a happier life if she could have cared less for her husband.

However, Denis was working now, and working meant, or should mean, ease and competence.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS had made men turn and look at him. True, their audacious freedom was not pleasing to the Government; but what did Diderot care for that? His ideas rolled off his pen as the words rolled off his tongue. "I do not compose, I am no author," he wrote once. "I read, or I converse. I ask questions, or I give answers." The lines should be placed as a motto over each of his works. That they are literally true accounts for all his defects as a writer, and for all his charm.

In 1749 he happened to be talking about a certain famous operation for cataract, and afterwards wrote down his reflections on it. To a man born blind atheism, said Diderot, is surely a natural religion. He sent his LETTER ON THE BLIND FOR THE USE OF THOSE WHO SEE to the great chief of the party of which his PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS had proclaimed himself a member. Voltaire replied that for his part if he were blind, he should have recognised a great intelligence who provided so many substitutes for sight; and the friendship between Arout and Denis was started with a will.

On July 24th of that same year Diderot found himself a prisoner in the fortress of Vincennes. He was not wholly surprised; no literary man was astonished at being imprisoned in those days. Diderot was perfectly aware that since the publication of THE PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS he had been suspect of the police; he was also aware that his LETTER ON THE BLIND contained a sneer on the subject of a fine lady, the *chère amis* of d'Argenson, the War Minister. For company he had PARADISE LOST and his own buoyant temperament. He made a pen out of a toothpick, and ink out of the slate scraped from the side of his window mixed with wine; and with characteristic good-nature wrote down this simple recipe for writing materials on the wall of his cell, for the benefit of future sufferers.

Better than all, he was the friend of Voltaire, and Voltaire's Madame du Châtelet was a near relative of the governor of Vincennes. After twenty-one days of wire-pulling Socrates Diderot, as Madame du Châtelet called him, was removed as the fruit of her efforts, from the fortress to the castle of Vincennes, put on parole, allowed the society of his wife and

children, with pen, ink, and books to his heart's content. One day Madame de Puisieux came to see him,—in attire too magnificent to be entirely for the benefit of a poor dog of a prisoner like myself, thinks Denis. That night he climbed over the high wall of the *enceinte* of the castle, and finding her, as he had expected, amusing herself with another admirer at a *fête*, renounced her as easily and hotly as he had fallen in love with her. He had one far more famous visitor in Vincennes, Jean-Jacques Rousseau. As they walked together in the wood of Vincennes Denis, with his over-running fecundity of idea, suggested to Jean-Jacques, it is said, that *ESSAY AGAINST CIVILISATION* which first made him famous.

When his imprisonment had lasted three months Diderot, at the angry urging of the booksellers of Paris, was released.

In 1745 one of those booksellers, Le Breton, had suggested to him "the scheme of a book that should be all books." Enterprising England had been first in the field. To Francis Bacon belongs the honour of having originated the idea of an *Encyclopædia*. Chambers, an Englishman, first worked out that idea. It was a French translation of Chambers that Le Breton took to Diderot, and it was Diderot who breathed upon it the breath of life.

That this knavish bookseller's choice should have fallen out of all the world upon him, might have inclined even so whole-hearted a sceptic as Denis himself to have believed in an Intelligence behind the world. He was hungry and poor, and must have work that would bring him bread. Well, there were thousands of persons in that position; but out of those thousands there was only one with the hot, sanguine courage to undertake so risky a scheme, with the "fiery

patience" to work it in the face of overwhelming odds, and with the exuberant genius to make it the mighty masterpiece it became.

Diderot saw its possibilities at once. In another second, as it were, he saw all he could himself do, and all he could not do. He could write about most things. He could study the trades and industries of France, if it took him thirty years of labour the mere thought of which would daunt most men; by giving their history he could glorify for ever those peaceful arts which make a nation truly great and happy. He could write on gallantry, on genius, on libraries, on anagrams. For his fertile spirit scarcely any subject was too great or too small. Against intolerance he could bring to bear "the concentrated energy of a profound conviction." Religion itself he could attack in so far as it interfered with men's liberty; and miracle he must attack, because in the words of Voltaire, "Men will not cease to be persecutors till they have ceased to be absurd." If he had, just to appease the authorities and to give the book a chance of a hearing, to truckle here and there to prejudice and superstition, well, Diderot could lie as heartily and as cheerfully as he did all things.

But the inexact school-boy of Harcourt College was no mathematician, and knew his limitations. With the freemasonry of genius he saw in a single flashing glance that d'Alembert was the man to share with him the parentage of this wonderful child. He stormed the calm savant in his attic above the glazier's shop, overwhelmed, prayed, pressed, bewitched him, and with "his soul in his eyes and his lips" woke in d'Alembert's quiet breast an enthusiasm which was at least some reflex of his own.

For three years the two worked out night and day the details of their

schema. In 1750 Diderot poured out, with the warmth and glow of a woman in love, the prospectus and plan of his work. The overwhelmingness of his enthusiasm had forced a privilege for it from the authorities. In 1750 appeared d'Alembert's preface, and the first volume was launched on the world.

From this time until 1765 the history of Diderot and the Encyclopædia is the same thing. For fifteen years he worked at it unremittingly through storm and sunshine. The idea possessed and dominated him. In a garret on the fifth floor in his house in the Rue de Taranne, wrapped in an old dressing-gown, with wild hair, bare neck, and bent back, the message he must deliver through the Encyclopædia bubbled into his heart and went straight from his heart to his pen.

"This thing will surely produce a great revolution in the human mind," he said of it in passionate exultation: "We shall have served humanity." For this Diderot, who disbelieved so loudly and truculently in God, believed hopefully in the improvement of human kind, and had for the race so vast and so generous a pity that he sacrificed to it the coarse pleasures his coarse nature loved, his time, his peace, his worldly advancement, his safety, and his friend.

In 1752 a Royal Edict of matchless imbecility suppressed the first two volumes of the book, at the same time begging its promoters to continue to bring out others. Every year a volume appeared until 1757. The success of the thing was prodigious, and with reason, for it said what, so far, men had only dared to think. It gave the history, quite innocently, of the taxes,—of *gabelle*, of *taille*, of *corvée*—and they stood "damned to everlasting fame"; it showed the infamous abuses of the game-laws; it manifested

the miracles of science. As by a magnet the genius of Diderot had drawn to him, as contributors, all the genius of France; while always at his side, co-editing, restraining his imprudence, yet working as he worked himself, was d'Alembert.

And, then, in 1759, came the great suspension. D'Alembert had written the article on Geneva, and that mad emotionalist, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, in the most famous treachery in the history of literature, turned on the philosophic party in his letter to d'Alembert *SUR LES SPECTACLES*. The authorities of France joined hands with insulted Calvinism and with Rousseau, and declared the Encyclopædia accursed and forbidden. That would have been bad enough; but there was something worse. Beaten down by storm and insult d'Alembert fell back from the fray and left Diderot to fight the battle alone.

He started up in a second, raging and cursing, and went out with his life in his hand. Seizing his pen he slashed, hewed, and hacked with that reckless weapon on every side. Vincennes and the Bastille loomed ominously; he was never sure one day, says his daughter, of being allowed to continue the next; but he went on. The authorities might burn, but they could not destroy; they might prohibit, but they could not daunt a Diderot.

In 1764, despite galleys and bonfires, kings, ministers, and *lettres de cachet*, the last ten volumes were ready to appear in a single issue and to crown his life's labour, when fate struck him a last crushing blow. When the manuscript of the articles had been burnt he discovered the false Le Breton, fearing for his own safety, had cut out all such passages as he thought might endanger it; and had thus mutilated and ruined the ten volumes past recall.

Diderot burst, literally, into tears of rage. Despair and frenzy seized him. Was this to be the end? Not while he had breath in his body! He attacked Le Breton with an unclean fury not often matched, and in 1765, the volumes appeared, as whole as his talent and energy could make them. It was Diderot who said that if he must choose between Racine, bad husband, father, and friend, but sublime poet; and Racine, good husband, father, and friend, and dull honest man, he would choose the first. "Of the wicked Racine, what remains? Nothing. Of Racine, the man of genius, the work is eternal." When one considers his Herculean labours for the Encyclopædia, one is almost tempted to judge him as he judged Racine.

All the time, too, he was busy in many other ways. There has surely never been such a good-natured man of letters. The study door in the attic was not only open to all his friends, but to all the Grub Street vagrants and parasites of Paris. Diderot not only purified his friend d'Holbach's German-French and profusely helped his dearest Grimm in the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE*; he not only corrected proofs for Helvétius, Raynal, and Galiani, gave lessons in metaphysics to a German princess, and was, for himself, besides an encyclopædist, a novelist, an art-critic, and a playwright; he also wrote dedicatory epistles for needy musicians, "reconciled brothers, settled lawsuits, solicited pensions." He planned a comedy for an unsuccessful dramatic author, and, in roars of laughter, indited an advertisement of a hair-wash to oblige an illiterate hairdresser. The story has been told often, but still bears telling afresh, of the young man who came to him with a personal satire against Diderot himself. "I thought," says the satirist, "you

would give me a few crowns to suppress it." "I can do better for you than that," says Diderot, not in the least annoyed. "Dedicate it to the brother of the Duke of Orleans, who hates me; take it to him and he will give you assistance." "But I do not know the Prince." "Sit down, and I will write the dedication for you." He did, and so ably, that the satirist obtained a handsome sum.

Another day he composed for the benefit of a woman, who had been deserted by the Duc de la Vrillière, a most touching appeal to the Duke's feelings. "While I lived in the light of your love, I did not ask your pity. But of all your passion there only remains to me your portrait, — and that I must sell to-morrow for bread." The Duke sent her fifty louis.

It is hardly necessary to say that Diderot's friends availed themselves as freely of his purse as of his brains. In return for his mighty expenditure of time, talent, and energy for the Encyclopædia he never received more than the luxurious sum of £130 a year. As he was the sort of person who always took a carriage if he wanted one, who had a pretty taste in miniatures and *objets d'art* which he found it positively imperative to gratify, as he loved high play and always lost, — as, in brief, he could never deny himself or anybody else anything — it was physically impossible he should ever be solvent.

One graceless hanger-on turned back as he was leaving him one day. "M. Diderot, do you know any natural history?" "Well," says Diderot, "enough to tell a pigeon from a humming-bird." "Have you ever heard of the *formica leo*? It is a very busy little creature; it burrows a hole in the earth like a funnel, covers the surface with a fine sand, attracts a number of stupid insects to it, takes them, sucks them dry,

and says, 'M. Diderot, I have the honour to wish you a very good morning.'

In 1755, during his work at the *Encyclopædia* and for those innumerable idle persons who had much better have worked for themselves, poor Nannette went on a second fatal visit to Langres and gave her husband the opportunity of falling in love with Mademoiselle Volland, and starting a memorable correspondence.

Sophie Volland was a rather elderly young lady, with spectacles, and a good deal of real cleverness and erudition. Whether Diderot, who was now a man of forty-two, was ever literally in love with her or whether he was "less than lover but more than friend," remains uncertain. His letters to her are warmly interesting, frank, natural, spontaneous, with many passages of exquisite beauty and thoughtfulness. There is but one fault,—that fatal one without which Diderot would not have been Diderot at all but some loftier man—his irrepressible indecency.

He had much to tell Mademoiselle. The words seem to trip over each other in his anxiety to show her all he had done and felt. He was now famous. The *Encyclopædia* had thrown open to him, cutler's son though he was, the doors of the *salons*; a great quarrel he had had with Rousseau in 1757,—the dingy details of which there is neither interest or profit in recalling—had made him the talk of the *cafés*.

But this loud, explosive Denis was scarcely a social light. He said himself that he only liked company in which he could say anything. And what Diderot meant by *anything* was considered indecorous even in that freest of all free-spoken ages. Good old Madame Geoffrin lost her patience with him, not only for his licence, but for talking so movingly about

duty and neglecting all his own. She was not going to ignore his Mademoiselle Volland. She treated him "like a beast" he said, and advised his wife to do the same. As for Madame Necker,—“who is infatuated with me,” said the complacent Denis himself—she too “judged great men by their conduct and not by their talents,” which was very awkward indeed for a Diderot.

There was a third house where he visited much more often and got on much better; but that was not because Madame d'Épinay was its mistress, but because Grimm was its presiding genius. His friendship with the cool German had a sentimentality and a demonstrativeness which Englishmen find hard to forgive, but which were sincere enough not the less. Grimm took complete control of his impulsive, generous colleague. Because Grimm bade him, Denis began in 1759 writing his *SALONS*, or criticisms on pictures, and became “the first critic in France who made criticism eloquent”; while, when Grimm was away, almost all the work of the *CORRESPONDANCE LITTÉRAIRE* fell on Diderot's too good-natured shoulders. When his dearest friend was not there, Diderot's steps turned much less often towards Madame d'Épinay's house.

In 1759 he first spent an autumn at the only place at which he was perfectly at home, and where he soon became a regular visitor.

Baron d'Holbach was first of all “an atheist, and not ashamed”; but he was also very rich, very liberal, very hospitable, with a charming country house at Grandval, near Charenton, where he entertained the free-thinkers of all nations and where his table was equally celebrated for its cook and its conversation. The former was so good that Denis was always over-eating himself; and the

latter was, in a moral sense, so bad, that he enjoyed it to the utmost.

The Grandval household was fettered by none of the tiresome rules which are apt to make visiting, when one has passed the easily adaptable season of youth, a hazardous experiment. The hostess "fulfilled no duties and exacted none." The visitors were as free as in their own homes. Diderot would get up at six, take a cup of tea, fling open the windows to admit the air and sunshine, and then fall to work. At two came dinner. The house was always full of people who met now for the first time.

The unbridled talk of d'Holbach's mother-in-law continually set the table in a roar. Diderot himself was at his best, full of good-nature and gaiety, laughing one minute and crying the next, warm in generous pity for sorrow, quick to be irritated or appeased, pouring out torrents of splendid ideas and then of grossest ribaldry, his mouth speaking always from the fulness of his heart, utterly indiscreet, brilliant, ingenuous, delightful; an orator "drunk with the exuberance of his own verbosity," who could argue that black was white, and then that white was black again, and whose seduction and danger lay in the fact that he always fully believed both impossibilities himself. No subject that was started found him cool or neutral. "He is too hot an oven," said Voltaire; "everything gets burnt in him."

When the dinner was over he would thrust his arm through his host's and walk in the garden with him. He at least did his best to imbue the arid atheism of d'Holbach with luxuriance and warmth. At seven, they came back to the house, and supper was followed by picquet and by talk till they went to bed.

Among many other visitors whom

Diderot met while he was what he called a widower at Grandval, were at least four Englishmen,—Sterne, Wilkes, Garrick, and Hume.

Diderot has been well called the most English of the Frenchmen of the eighteenth century. He began his literary career by making translations from our language. In a passion of admiration he had fallen at the feet of the "divine Richardson," and imitated *PAMELA* in a very bad novel of his own, *LA RELIGIEUSE*; in another, *JACQUES LE FATALISTE*, he tried to accustom France to romance in the style of Sterne. He was familiar with the works of Pope, Chaucer, Tillotson, and Locke; and he has left a noble and famous criticism upon Shakespeare: "He is like the St. Christopher of Notre Dame, an unshapen Colossus, rudely carven, but beneath whose legs we can all walk without our brows touching him."

To Garrick Diderot paid exaggerated homage, and went into raptures over the wonderful play of his face. He admired Wilkes's morals as well as his mind, and in 1768 wrote him a flattering letter. As for Hume, he liked the delightful Diderot better than any other philosopher he met in France. It is Diderot who tells the story of Hume saying at d'Holbach's table,—*"I do not believe there is such a thing as an atheist; I have never seen one"*—and of d'Holbach's replying,—*"Then you have been a little unfortunate; you are sitting now with seventeen."* Sterne, whose *TRISTRAM SHANDY* was delighting France in general and Diderot in particular when its author was at Grandval, on his return home sent Denis English books.

In 1761 Diderot produced a play. *THE FATHER OF THE FAMILY* is, it must be confessed, a sad bore with his lachrymose moralities; but he is exhilarating compared to *THE*

NATURAL SON, Diderot's second play, which was acted in 1771. The universal Denis was no playwright.

In 1772 he published the ten volumes of plates which he had laboriously prepared to supplement the text of the *Encyclopædia*; and in May, 1773, when he was sixty years old he visited Catherine the Great.

He had had relations with her for some years. One fine day, in 1765, it had suddenly occurred to him that his dearest Angélique, over whom he had poured such streams of paternal sentiment, would have positively no dowry. Her fond, improvident father had of course never attempted to save anything for her, and, if he knew his own disposition, must have known he never would save anything. The only thing he had of value in the world, besides his own head, was his library. Catherine the Great was a magnificent patron of letters; and Diderot was her especial *protégé*. He would sell his books to her! She delightedly accepted the offer. She gave him for them a sum equal to about £700, and appointed him her librarian at a salary of a thousand livres a year, fifty years' payment being made in advance.

For the first time in his history Diderot found himself rich. When a patron so munificent asked him to visit her, how could he decline? All the *Encyclopædists* were her warm admirers; she herself used to say modestly that Voltaire had made her the fashion. Denis hated long journeys and loved Paris; but go he must. He stopped at the Hague,—where he characteristically admired the beauty of the women, and the turbot—and at last arrived at St. Petersburg.

For a monarch who complained that she might have been the head of Medusa, as everyone turned to stone

when she entered the room, Diderot must have been a singularly refreshing guest. It was one of the most charming traits in his character that he respected persons no more than a child does, or a dog. All etiquette fled before his breezy, impulsive personality. The very clothes he arrived in were so shabby, her Majesty had to present him immediately with a court suit. He was with her every afternoon; he said what he liked, and as much as he liked, which was a very great deal. In the heat and excitement of his arguments he would hammer the Imperial knees black and blue, till the Empress had to put a table in front of her for safety. If he ever did recollect her august position, "*Allons!*" she would cry; "between men everything is permissible." He evolved the most magnificent, impossible schemes for the government of her empire,—which would have upset it in a week if she had tried them, said she. During his stay, his dearest Grimm was also a guest. In March, 1774, Denis left; and by the time he reached Paris again, was persuaded that he had enjoyed himself very much indeed.

Four years later, in 1778, he first saw in the flesh the great elder brother of his order, the master-worker in the temple slowly lifting its gorgeous fane towards the light,—Voltaire. They had not always agreed on paper; their goal had been the same, but not the road to it. "But we are not so far apart," said old Voltaire; "we only want a conversation to understand each other." Accordingly, when he came on his last triumph to the capital, Diderot went to see him in the Villette's house on what is now the Quai Voltaire. Few details of their interviews have been preserved; but it is said that they discussed Shakespeare, and that when Diderot

left, Voltaire said of him: "He is clever, but he lacks one very necessary talent,—that of dialogue." On his part, Diderot compared Voltaire to a haunted castle falling into ruins,—"but one can easily see it is still inhabited by a magician."

Voltaire died. Diderot was himself growing old; in Russia he had acquired, he thought, the seeds of a lung disease. Angélique married a M. de Vandeul, on the strength of the dowry provided by the sale of the library. Madame Diderot, poor soul, had become not a little worried and embittered. It is the careless who make the careworn, and Diderot was almost to the last the engaging, light-hearted scamp whose troubles are always flung on to some patient scapegoat.

In 1783, or 1784, the death of Mademoiselle Volland gave him a real grief. Twenty years before he had written to her with an exquisite eloquence of the calm and gentle approach of the great rest Death: "One longs for the end of life as, after hard toil one longs for the end of the day." He proved in himself the truth of his own words. He had not even a hope of the immortality of the soul; but he had worked hard, the evening was come, and he was weary. He was still working,—writing the *Life of Seneca*. He was still his all too lovable, spontaneous self, talking with that marvellous inspiration of which the best of his books can convey little idea.

A fortnight before he died he moved into a new home, given him by Catherine the Great, in the Rue Richelieu, opposite the birthplace of Molière and almost next door to the house where Voltaire had lived with Madame du Châtelet and after her death. The *cure* of the parish came

to see him, and suggested that a retraction of his sceptical opinions would produce good effect. "I dare say it would," said Denis, "but it would be a most impudent lie." In his last conversation Madame de Vandeuil records that she heard him say: "The first step towards philosophy is unbelief."

The end came very suddenly. On the last day of July, 1784, he was supping with his wife and daughter, and at dessert took an apricot. Nannette gently remonstrated. "How in the world can that do me any harm?" he cried. They were his last words and supremely characteristic. He died as he sat, a few minutes later.

If to be great means to be good, then Denis Diderot was a little man; but if to be great means to do great things in the teeth of great obstacles, then none can refuse him a place in the temple of the Immortals.

His fiction, taken from rottenness, has returned to it, and is justly dead. His plays were damned on their appearance. His moving criticisms on art and the drama, his satirical dialogue, *RAMEAU'S NEPHEW*—nearly all the printed talk of this most matchless of all talkers—are rarely read. His letters to Mademoiselle Volland will last so long as man is the proper study of mankind. But it is as the father of the *Encyclopædia* that Denis Diderot merits eternal recognition. Guilty as he was in almost every relation of life towards the individual, for mankind, in the teeth of danger and of defection, at the ill-paid sacrifice of the best years of his exuberant life, he produced that book which first levelled a free path to knowledge and enfranchised the soul of his generation.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

PEOPLE WHO IMAGINE VAIN THINGS.

A VERY curious question, not often discussed because it is so very obvious, is the question of relative values ; in other words the determination of what to us is the value of many desirable or indispensable things this life has to offer us, irrespective of the standard of comparison we have in our medium of exchange. Nearly everything has its relative value not connected with the market-price but depending on our own individual idiosyncracies. Consider for a moment the value, to a child, of a dearly beloved headless rag of a doll ; the value, to an enthusiastic collector, of a battered farthing of King Canute, if that monarch coined farthings in his day ; or to take another homely instance, the disdainfully reduced value of a sweetly trimmed hat, priced say three guineas in the milliner's window, to a lady who thinks she "would look a fright in it !" The doll and the farthing are endowed with a totally fictitious value, an unearned increment existing only in the owner's mind, while the hat loses for the moment every penny it ever was honestly worth, and for no fault of its own.

This faculty of setting up our own individual standard against the tyranny of conventional rules and regulations could make our life much happier than it is if we exercised it a little more, not allowing ourselves to be influenced so much by the conventional standard of the majority. We need have no fear that it would carry us to an impracticable length, for though a private standard is almost without restriction, there is mostly a

certain safe limit inherent in the objects of our predilection. We may imagine our geese to be swans ; we very often do this and no harm is done, because of a slight superficial resemblance which we trust may deceive others as well as ourselves, but we never call them nightingales. This truth was very quaintly formulated by Ruskin when he told us that, "One may look at a girl till one believes she's an angel, because, in the best of her, she is one, but one can't look at a cockchafer till one believes it is a girl." The great critic in this instance probably expressed himself in such very forcible terms because the obvious sometimes requires to be forcibly recalled to our minds.

For all we know, Diogenes may have looked at his celebrated tub till he believed it was as good as a mansion, because it answered the same purpose to him ; as a modest dwelling it evidently must have been worth more than its market-value to him, and we can follow his example by being so pleased with our own modest semi-detached suburban villa that we would not exchange it for a mansion in Park Lane. New tenants have been known to say this, and honestly believe it too ; and sometimes, if the tenant is of an especially imaginative turn of mind, he believes it even after 'discovering that the basement is damp. He does not readily admit this ; he cannot very well say that "he likes it damp," but he will ask you with a significant look, when you call his attention to it, if you have ever been in a Park

Lane basement! This is the happy temperament that imagines vain things and extracts from life more than its maximum of joy,—if this Irish bull be allowed for the sake of its truth. Watch the look of immeasurable pride in the eyes of a newly married couple when they show you the brand-new brass fittings in the small bathroom,—“the acme, now isn’t it, of domestic perfection!” They are cheap enough by the gross, as the builder knows; but who can estimate their value to the young people beginning house-keeping, immensely proud as they are of their little home and all that therein is!

Some people never come down from the heights, remaining in cloudland all their lives, never sobered by the actual dimensions of Acacia Villa, or by the fact that these superior fittings are very ordinary and are repeated on both sides of them, and across the road to boot, in every little house on the new building-estate. They remain to the end true followers of Diogenes, attributing to themselves, their homes, and belongings a fictitious value far beyond what the world, with the kindest intentions, can discover in them.

While we, as individuals, can establish such a private standard of values, often adding thereby much to our happiness, it would seem as if collectively we must be debarred from this inestimable practice and must measure everything by one matter-of-fact rule, using the established monetary standard for the purpose of comparing or assimilating dissimilar things, a feat in itself impossible and giving us, if so disposed, considerable food for reflection. Yet we soon discover, on looking closely into the matter that a common standard is too rigid and frequently very difficult of application, and that fancy and imagination ought also to play their part in

public affairs. For instance, by excluding imagination altogether we have arrived at the singular conclusion that the services of a Chancellor of the Exchequer and of a Bishop of a Western Diocese are of the same value to the community, and we accordingly pay them each £5,000 a year. Now if anyone should try to determine what return we get for the money in each case, he at once loses himself in a maze of difficulties. Our souls are of infinitely greater value than our purses, no matter how full; but on the other hand the number of souls in the said diocese is so much smaller than the number of purses in the United Kingdom. On the whole one is glad not to have to give any reasons for this singular computation of relative values; there can be little doubt that measured by our individual standards a marked preference would have been shown either way.

In the domain of literature and art our so-called practical standard fails us completely, and we all dwell in cloudland together. We either treat a book or a picture as the lady treated the hat, contemptuously as of no value to us, or we imitate the collector of coins and give sums of gold in exchange for brass. We go so far that when the yard-measure fails to meet the requirements of our imagination we fly to the extreme of using a degree of longitude in a manner of speaking. This tendency to imagine vain things explains among other things the price recently paid for Titian’s portrait of Ariosto,—which of course the critics have hastened to assure us is no portrait of Ariosto and not painted by Titian. It may be a real bargain at £30,000, but the disproportion between the canvas and the cash is a little startling. Granted that a unique work of art is almost priceless, and that any scarce thing is worth what some-

body is prepared to give for it, yet there surely is a limit even for such a treasure, because pictures by Titian are not so very scarce after all. Not less than six hundred are known, and taking this purchase as a rough and ready standard of value, we arrive at the enormous sum of £18,000,000 sterling as the value of what is left, only of what is left, of one man's lifework. This is an imaginary valuation with a vengeance!

No one in the least quarrels with the acquisition of this gem of art for the nation. We may all value the picture by our own standard and arrive at curious conclusions accordingly, but a great nation has as much a right to the best and most expensive Titian as a great king has to a Kohinoor, a Pitt, or a Braganza diamond. They are all cloudland treasures, but even in the light of a cloudland transaction the price paid for the Titian is staggering when we remember that with all its perfections it is not everlasting, while the capital sum will yield an interest of about £1,000 annually for ages and ages after the painting itself shall have crumbled into dust.

A very popular author, now dead, appears to have foreseen this peculiar transaction and has left on record his valuation of a picture by Titian. In his Autobiography, prudently published after his death, Anthony Trollope remarks: "If Titian were to send us a portrait from the other world, as certain dead poets send their poetry, by means of a medium, it would be some time before the art critic of *THE TIMES* would discover its value." "Not offering thirty thousand pounds all at once," thinks the author of *BARCHESTER TOWERS*; "chaffering a bit at first, you know."

The bright side of this bargain is that the nation only paid £11,500, which was probably quite enough,

while benevolent art-lovers paid the not inconsiderable overcharge. There is comfort, too, in the odd £500; a few pounds look well in a valuation, conveying the impression that even in cloudland ways and means are sometimes carefully considered.

Trollope had his own troubles, not a few, in connection with the imaginary valuations which so upset the never too steady literary market. As he himself tells us, the reading public gave him, first and last, only £727. 11s. 3d. for *THE WARDEN* and *BARCHESTER TOWERS* together, but paid him £3,525 for *CAN YOU FORGIVE HER*, while for *THE KELLYS* and *THE O'KELLYS* he never received a single penny. Knowing his own work, and being without any special predilection for any one of his novels, he frankly confesses that he does not understand these valuations in the least, but on the whole was not inclined to be too hard on the said reading public in consideration of the handsome total, £68,939. 17s. 5d., paid him for his lifework;—somewhat less than Titian's as we have seen, but acceptable, coming from a not too discerning public.

We do not often get the benefit of such actual and precise figures as Trollope gives us in his Autobiography. Rumour, which is too often all we have to go by, deals in round figures and disdains shillings and pence as much as Mr. Mantalini did. We know that Milton received £10 for *PARADISE LOST*; Voltaire got £8,000 for the *HENRIADE*; Mr. Hall Caine is said to have received £20,000 for the *ETERNAL CITY*, a superb price surely, like that of the Ariosto, odd pence being not worth mentioning. There is much in this singular sequence and comparison of values to throw a doubt on the value of public or private standards.

In whatever pertains more especi-

ally to our love of the beautiful and to our own personal adornments, we naturally are much given to imagine vain things. Fortunately, and unavoidably as we may say, the greatest factor in human affairs, female beauty, has never been subjected to or measured by any rigid and common standard. Here at least we are at liberty to give free rein to our fancy, if we like, and for the general happiness of mankind we freely avail ourselves of it, living in imaginary cloudland once at least in our lives without being convicted of imagining a vain thing. At least let us hope so. Beauty herself must be adorned nowadays, for cloudland is not Mount Olympus, and our womankind has to conform more or less to the established rigorous rule of fashion; yet was there ever a field in which vainer things were imagined? We can safely leave this branch of the subject to the reader's own imagination; but in one department of fashion, that of its jewels and gems, values, real and imaginary, are so strangely mixed that we cannot pass it by without a few words of wonder, marvelling how such things can be.

Diamonds and precious stones have always appealed to what we have of the magpie in our constitution, but we have been at the same time ready enough to admit that their extraordinary value is purely imaginary. They have, it is true, a positive market-value which has, up to a certain point also, nothing fanciful about it, calculated to within a shilling at so much per carat by experts, about whom we may have to say a word by and by. But there rises before the mind the sad picture of the proud Queen of Naples, mournfully inspecting the brilliant stones in the royal crown of the Two Sicilies, saved from the dynastic wreck after Gaeta, regretfully deciding in her great

pecuniary distress to sell or pawn the precious jewels,—only to find that her graceless consort had stolen a march upon her and that these same lovely gems, instead of being worth a king's ransom, were substituted paste. The poor Queen had not noticed any difference, and if she had left the crown under the glass shade in the ex-royal drawing-room, nobody would have been a bit the wiser or the worse. This account of a deplorable affair is told in Daudet's *ROIS EN EXIL*; and knowing what diamonds are like, what paste is like, and what the dissolute King Bomba of Naples was like, we must admit it is exceedingly probable.

When diamonds or other precious stones are very large, the standard value becomes problematical, the impossibility of finding a purchaser with so much money to spend having to be taken into consideration. It is obviously absurd to value the Braganza diamond at sixteen million sterling; this may be flattering to the owner, but if he ever were to find himself in the poor Queen of Naples's sad case he would undoubtedly have to accept a little reduction, to effect a ready sale. In Eastern countries in olden times when carats and standards were things unknown, such unique gems were roughly and conveniently said to be worth a kingdom or a province, as kingdoms then went; and seeing how fanciful and unreal the whole business is, this was as good a valuation as any other.

In this case again it is permissible to suppose that a contented dweller in cloudland,—our friends of *Acacia Villa*, let us say—get far more pleasure out of a pretty Parisian diamond brooch from Regent Street than the owner of the famed Braganza derives from his unsalable property, which is supposed by experts (a class of men who will

never leave anyone a little pleasant illusion) not to be a diamond at all. This would be a harrowing tale to tell to the possessor of an average-sized diamond pin, but it has left the Braganza stone pretty much where it was, the chance of selling it at the original valuation being so hopeless; and if it must remain for ever in its case in a triple iron safe it makes no difference to any mortal what it really is. It weighs twelve ounces, like a small paving-stone, but it is only a colourless topaz, say the experts, if anybody cares.

The undisputed diamond next in size is said to belong, or to have belonged, to a Malay Rajah of Mattan and was, we are told, valued by a certain Governor of Borneo, a man who clearly imagined vain things, at just "five hundred thousand dollars, two war-brigs fully equipped, a number of cannon, and a quantity of powder and shot." This, said the Governor, is exactly what the thing is worth, to within the fraction of a brig. Declining to spring another cannon, he offered this miscellaneous collection for it; but he did not get it, the Rajah happening also to be an imaginative man who believed that his diamond was worth far more because water in which it was dipped healed all diseases. Like many another dweller in cloudland this Rajah preferred to keep his jewel and his illusion connected with it; he cannot have put it to the test, and had no doubt a short way with experts in such matters.

Experts, in all branches and on all subjects, are the natural enemies of those who dwell in cloudland, and curiously enough even the most genuine optimists rather shrink from calling them in. The private owner of a small but select cabinet of Old Masters, picked up one by one, dirt cheap, in small out of the way shops

in Soho or Tottenham Court Road, does not want to be told by a man whom he must believe that there are a few frauds among his treasures; the more so as an expert has an unlimited contempt for the credulous and imaginative man he meets in the exercise of his profession, on his own beat, so to say, and has a nasty way of showing it, too. "Oh yes, a Romney *has* been picked up for a couple of pounds, but that was by a man who knew a Romney when he saw one. What did you say you gave for this Romney? Seven-and-sixpence? Well, it may be worth it for what I know." Fancy a practical cooper looking in on Diogenes one day, tapping the cask in his knowing way: "These hoops are all loose, my man; the very first downpour you'll be swamped out of your eligible freehold, and where are you then?"

Ours is a practical and pushing age in which philosophy is of little account and a contented mind is discouraged as leading to stagnation. Nine men out of ten believe in their heart of hearts, if they can find time to think of such old history at all, that Diogenes was only content to live in his tub after having tried very hard and unsuccessfully to get more comfortable lodgings elsewhere. Philosophy as a make-shift, they would say, was probably as well known to the ancients as it is to us. But the tenth man, who believes in Diogenes and his teaching, who honestly takes his own geese to be swans, and increases his worldly possessions, not by struggling and fighting for them as the other nine are doing, but merely by allowing his imagination fair play and valuing what he possesses at double or treble what it would be worth to others less contented than he,—that man is probably the wisest and certainly the happiest of the ten.

MARCUS REED.

THE CHURCH IN THE METROPOLIS.

NEARLY sixteen years ago Professor Freeman contributed to these columns an essay concerning the status of cities and boroughs, which had been suggested by the grant of charters to Birmingham and Dundee.¹ In connection with the former some doubt had been felt, whether an English town, which was not the seat of a bishop, could have the rank of a city. Although all scruples have been removed entirely by the Order in Council constituting the Bishopric of Birmingham on January 12th of this year, still it may not be inopportune to recall briefly Freeman's reasons against the objection, and note later developments since the date of his article.

From very early times a town, which was of sufficient importance to be described as a city, was considered to be a suitable place for the see of a bishopric. But the legislation of Henry the Eighth, by which he sought to constitute a number of new bishoprics, embodied a reversal of that idea. The towns were first to have the bishopric placed in them and then to become cities. The Act thus furnished strong support to the contention that see-towns alone were entitled to be designated cities. Henry's scheme was only partially carried out, but Chester, Peterborough, Oxford, Gloucester, and Bristol, in which he founded bishoprics, have ever since been called cities. So it happened that in course of time the great commercial centres, which

grew up and attained importance in different parts of the country remained simply towns, while comparatively small places enjoyed the rank of a city on account of the presence of a bishop.

Henry's intentions, which expressed the mind of the reformers of the Church of England, remained little more than a pious aspiration. For three centuries nothing was done to strengthen the organisation of the Church by the division of dioceses in spite of the tremendous growth of population. It was not until a few months before the accession of Queen Victoria that the collegiate church of Ripon became the cathedral of a new diocese. The question whether the town was on that account entitled to be described as a city was not settled at once and caused some confusion. In 1865 the opportunity was taken, in passing an Act relating to the supply of gas in the town, to set all doubts at rest by inserting a clause that "From and after December 31st, 1865, the city, borough or place corporate of Ripon shall for all purposes be styled 'the city of Ripon' and shall have all such rank, liberties, privileges and immunities as are incident to a city." In the meantime the collegiate church of Manchester had also become the centre of a diocese in 1847. Uncertainty existed there also for a time and with awkward consequences, until the letters patent were granted on March 29th, 1853. Southwell, where the Bishop is established in a small village, is the only exception among the recent new dioceses to the rule of conferring the

¹ CITY AND BOROUGH. MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, May, 1889.

rank of city upon the see-town. Letters patent were issued to St. Albans, Liverpool, Newcastle, and Wakefield within a short interval after the publication of the Orders in Council creating the new dioceses.

It was a few months after the last-named was formed in 1888 that a charter was granted to Birmingham, which, after many vicissitudes, has now obtained a bishop. Leeds and Sheffield received their charters in 1893, and Bradford and Kingston-upon-Hull in 1897; but these great cities of the north do not seem in a hurry to put the finishing touch to their dignity. Sheffield and Hull merely afford titles for suffragans to the Archbishop of York. Financial and legislative difficulties in forming new dioceses have led to an extensive use of suffragan bishops. The result is a series of patchwork arrangements without any guiding principle.

The Metropolis was constituted into a separate county by the Local Government Act of 1888, but its size prohibits the application of the principle that dioceses should follow counties. By the London Government Act of 1899 a number of bodies differing from anything previously in existence were created, and introduced a certain amount of order "into the hopeless London mess," as Freeman once described the municipal organisation of the Metropolis. The City of London retains its independence and ancient prestige, undiminished by the twenty-eight new metropolitan boroughs which surround it on all sides. But even among them there is one of which the status differs but slightly from that of the City. Westminster was the seat of one of the bishoprics constituted by Henry the Eighth, and was accordingly created a city. Although the bishopric was dissolved after a few months, its existence was sufficient to justify the claim "once

a city, always a city." Accordingly after the passing of the Act in 1899 the Crown confirmed Westminster in its ancient rank. Why, since the Chapter of Westminster has for some time included a bishop, the opportunity has not been taken to revive the Bishopric of Westminster, is one of those ecclesiastical puzzles which are insoluble to the lay mind. On a somewhat lower plane will be the borough of Southwark, which, following the placing of a bishop's seat in the collegiate church will no doubt be made a city. The present metropolitan borough of Southwark includes the old parish of Newington in addition to the ancient borough, which has had a complicated history. Until the year 1327 it possessed a separate Corporation. But then the City of London obtained a grant by which the Lord Mayor was constituted Bailiff of Southwark. This arrangement did not last for long, and the borough again became independent, but the City regained control in 1550. From that time it has always maintained some connection with the City, though the terms of the relationship have constantly varied until, at the present time, it is mainly of a financial character.

It has been claimed that the constitution of the new diocese of Southwark will be the most important piece of Church organisation carried out in the Metropolis for a thousand years. The claim suggests the question whether the existing arrangements are commensurate with the importance of the Metropolis of the British Empire? Ecclesiastical historians tell us that only an accident prevented an archbishopric from being established in London at the outset. Certainly there is good reason for the contention that the formation of the Metropolis into a separate ecclesiastical province is the only arrangement which at all

corresponds with its size and unique position in the world.

Seventy years ago the principle that London should be dealt with as one homogeneous whole was recognised by the Ecclesiastical Commission, which made an extensive re-arrangement of diocesan boundaries. It had been urged strongly by Lord Henley in his plan of Church reform. The Commissioners stated in their report that, in arranging the diocese of London, their great object had been to bring the Metropolis and the suburban parishes under the jurisdiction of the same bishop. Accordingly they fixed the boundaries of the diocese to correspond with the area defined by the Central Criminal Court Act of 1834. For the South London portion it was necessary to take districts from the dioceses of Winchester and Rochester, besides several parishes under the peculiar jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. These recommendations were not carried out until some years later. Another Royal Commission, which reported in 1855, proposed the formation of a diocese of Westminster, but it was naturally felt undesirable to sever any portion of the Metropolis. The objection would not be valid if the diocese of Westminster were one among several bound together in the province of London. But it should have prevented the severance of the South London parishes in order to carry out the arrangement which, for the last quarter of a century, has outraged all geographical and historical considerations by attaching them to the diocese of Rochester.

It is only within the last few years that South London has obtained recognition as a component part of the Metropolis. The history of that area furnishes one prolonged record of neglect and ill-treatment. During the Middle Ages it was, as one may say,

the rubbish-heap of the Metropolis. Anything not required on the north bank of the Thames was obliged to take refuge on the south, whether it were butchers' slaughterhouses, disreputable amusements, or tenements for the poorest classes. Even the association of Shakespeare with Southwark, if it ever existed, must have been due largely to the fact that the play-actors were expelled from the jurisdiction of the City. Then came a time when evil-smelling factories found it to be a convenient situation, and some of them still remain in Southwark and Bermondsey. With the nineteenth century began that great increase of population which still continues with almost unabated rapidity. The estate in Walworth, for example, which is now being rebuilt by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, was laid out at the beginning of the century with instructions to the lessee to cover the ground with houses as quickly as possible. In the course of years the inner districts have been so filled up that it seems impossible in some parts for more people to be crowded upon the land. The older residents take their flight outwards to the vacant spaces around the metropolitan boundary. Every day the majority of the people stream forth from their homes to work in the central parts, so that South London has been well described as the dormitory of the Metropolis.

In all departments of life recognition is being accorded in an increasing degree to the fact that the area of the county of London is the natural one for administrative purposes. The Education Act of 1903, and the Guildhall Committee to deal with the Unemployed problem, may be mentioned as recent illustrations of the policy in its application to matters of primary

importance to the people of London. Why then should not the organisation of the Church be placed upon the same basis? Circumstances have compelled its recognition as regards the Church's share in education by the appointment of a committee by the Bishops of London and Rochester to act over the whole area; but there appears to be considerable hesitation in giving a hearing even to plans for its thorough and practical application.

At present the plan of organisation on the north bank of the Thames is an entirely voluntary one made between the Bishop and his three suffragans. It is beyond the present purpose to consider its effect from the churchman's point of view as regards its suitability for the working of the Church, though considerable doubt seems to be felt upon that point. To the plain man it is a constant source of confusion that the bishop, who is called the Bishop of London, has no concern whatever with nearly two millions of the people who live in London. If, further, a man has any regard for historical considerations as to the position of a bishop in past ages of the Church, he is at a loss to find any situation corresponding to that of the Bishop of London, who pretends to oversee nearly four million people. As a matter of fact he divides the greater part of his duties among the suffragans by allotting to them separate districts, so that they have a quasi-territorial jurisdiction. Actually, therefore, though not nominally, the Bishop of London, as regards the Metropolis on the north bank of the river, holds the position of an Archbishop. When

Londoners can release themselves from the fetters of prejudice it may be possible to effect an arrangement which shall be guided by some sound principle and do justice to South London. In the meantime the formation of the diocese of Southwark will be certainly a step in the right direction. Until the people of West, North and East London are prepared to recognise the South as one of themselves, it is inevitable that the extra-metropolitan portion of Surrey to be attached to the new diocese should be looked to for the sympathy and assistance which may be expected from those who dwell in more favoured surroundings.

There is, of course, the further question as to the sub-division of the Metropolis when it has become an ecclesiastical province. It is clear that the boundaries of the dioceses must follow those of the boroughs, though at present public opinion is so ill-informed on the subject that the suggestion of a bishop for each of the twenty-eight would be regarded as a subject for ridicule. Under present circumstances that would be as much at one extreme as the existing arrangement is at the other. It is quite certain that one bishop among about nine hundred thousand people, which is the present proportion, is ridiculous. But whatever may be the desirable sub-division it is necessary first to obtain recognition of the fact that the county of London containing twenty-eight boroughs should be one area for ecclesiastical as much as for other purposes for the well-being of the people.

C. E. A. B.

THE PUNKAH-WALLAH.

IN England they look upon India as the birthplace and home of Romance ; they talk of the glamour of the gorgeous East, and, wrapped in the cloudy atmosphere of the North, fondly picture to themselves an Orient of sunshine and mystery, where nothing is what it seems, and in everything lies more than meets the eye. But they are wrong, hopelessly wrong. The East is the home of Truth unveiled and unashamed. She sits in the market-place in the full glare of noon, and men pass her without even a sidelong glint of the eye ; and Destiny writes for every man his doom daily in league-long letters across the morning sky. He cannot choose but read. Consider yonder potter trudging wearily along the high road that runs in front of this apology for a barn, called a bungalow. I observe him from the verandah. His wife, child on hip, and household gods in a well poised basket, jingles along meekly in his wake. The man is a potter ; his personality is summed and exhausted in so many words. His forefathers must have made pots for untold generations back, and his sons will pound the clay so long as his seed endureth upon earth. He is a potter from and to all time. I know he is a potter for the same reason that the Sicilian poet's friends on their country walk recognised the tuneful Lycidas to be a goatherd, namely, because he looked exceedingly like a goatherd. It is even thus that I recognise that potter. He cannot possibly be a prince in disguise, or a Dalai Lama flying from the wrath to come, or anything other

than that which he seems at first sight.

There is no romance in the East, no concealment, no mystery. So I mused but a short month ago for the hundredth time. I know better now.

The day had died in a typical hot weather sunset smouldering in the West. I lay in a long chair, and thought of daffodils and soft meadow flowers, cloudy April mornings, and the white may lying in drifts over the green plain between Islip and Iffley. Flying foxes, singly and in dark companies, floated like lost souls out of the flaming sky, and, wheeling, settled to feed among the fruit trees of my compound.

The air was breathless. But no,—a dust-devil on the white road was making strenuous efforts to be born. At first, one saw only a tiny focus of whirling dust, a gyration as it were, immaterial, and absolute, a spinning zephyr, now failing, now waxing again ; then, more sand and a lazy leaf or two were snatched into service ; and lo, the thing had form and had begun to dance. To and fro it swayed and pirouetted and gained in power and stature from moment to moment, no devil as yet, but rather a lissome slave dancing at the bidding of her master. She swept off the road through a gap in the dusty mangoes ; her feet touched the open country and the sand of the bare desert, and in a twinkling she became a roaring fiend, her head in the clouds and her feet tearing the panting earth. A hapless young azalea tree is touched, stripped naked, and wrecked. Then the invisible lord of

sand-storms and Djinns gave the order and the dance suddenly ceased. Leaves and twigs dropped dead from where they had whirled in the high heaven, and silence fell once more, the silence of the Indian hot months.

The man that pulled the punkah from behind my chair was evidently fast asleep. The uneven tugs at the cord told as much. Something held me back from waking him for sleep was in the drowsy air. There was a shuffle in the dust outside and the sound of tired feet slipping from travel-worn shoes that clung to the sole and dropped tardily. Then I became aware of a female figure advancing softly across the front of the house. A pair of eagle eyes, felt rather than seen, probed the gloom of the verandah until they rested on the limp Englishman in the long chair. The owner of the eyes paused as if in hesitation, craned a skinny neck this way and that, finally, stepped forward with a salutation and sat down on the stone plinth at my feet.

We looked at one another. A striped squirrel slid down the verandah pillar, against which the seated woman leaned, and progressed in jerks towards the latest fallen crimson blossom of the Gold Mohur tree at my gate. The treasure seized, one heard the sound of nibbling across the dusk. Calmly my visitor stared at me, and leisurely after the fashion of the East I contemplated her. She wore a short green jacket and an accordion-pleated skirt of dull red: she might be any age between thirty and fifty; but of one thing there could be no doubt: she came from Rajputana. The proud set of the head, the swinging gait, the action of the hips in walking, all proclaim the Rajput and are foreign to our doughty beauties of the South. As for her face, breeding and character marked

every feature. She must have been very handsome in her youth, but somehow the contemplation of her present expression made one pity her husband.

The punkah ceased to oscillate, and snores, furtive at first but rising to a shameless pitch of resonance, came from behind my chair. The syrupy air, warm and thick with odours, seemed to pour into the verandah with deliberate intent to stifle. Then the woman spoke, and at the sound of her voice the snores died in a choke and the punkah began to move with the energy of repentance.

"Presence," she said, "I am a poor old woman, whose home is far from here, for as you may see from my dress [here she spread out the pleats of her faded skirt], I do not belong to this country but to another country." She paused and I felt the gimlet eyes watching for the effect her words might produce.

"I see," said I, "I am not blind nor am I an idiot. But how is it that a lady of noble family and one so highly educated [she had spoken in the purest Persian-Urdu] is tramping the world like a beggar, without attendants and having abandoned all modesty. This is matter for wonder."

She laughed, showing magnificent teeth in the shadow. "That," she said, "is my affair, oh, my son!"

The downright brutality of this answer was disconcerting. I had used towards her the honorific form of address. She had replied in the mode of speech suitable, according to the grammars, to intercourse between parents and children, masters and servants, and jailors or judges and criminals. Englishmen in the East are not accustomed to this mood. Also I myself am a judge.

The cultured voice continued, with a sudden and insulting return to the language of courts and ceremony.

"Lofty Portico of Justice, let it not be thought that this female slave is come on an idle errand, to thrust a written petition before the eyes of the Presence or weary him with chit-chat in the twilight. I come to tell a story, ay, and bringing news."

The little demon of quotation prompted me.

"O nightingale! bring me tidings of the Spring."

I sang. She took me up with alacrity and completed the couplet, mouthing the Persian vowels with a confidence that only a sound classical education could have afforded.

"But as for evil news, let the Owl bear it away."

It was true then that *Purda-nishin* ladies lightened the long *Zenana* days with study of *Hafiz* the graceful and *Sa'adi* the almost divine.

"I rejoice," she said, "in that my happy star has led me to the abode of the Presence, who is evidently a youth of superior attainments, a very *Joseph*, not one to drive the widow from his gates, but rather such a one as, having heard her tale patiently, will dismiss her with a gift. Listen, then, to the story of an ungrateful son of mine."

"Lady," said I, "ungrateful sons are many and all alike. What have I to do with your son?"

"Even this," answered she readily. "The Presence had a mother and doubtless at times forgets her. Then would my son be, as it were, kin to the Presence, since the wise have well said,

—Kind fly with kind
Pigeon with pigeon, hawk with hawk.

Who knows but that even now the halls of the Presence shelter my son!"

It was too hot to argue, too hot even to call for an iced drink, in short, it remained only to close one's eyes and submit. It occurred to me that the *punkah-man* was pulling steadily and with more than usual regularity and finish.

"Know, then, that we people come of a respectable *Rajput* clan, and that a nephew of mine is *Police Inspector* in the service of the *Sircar*. As for me, I am a widow; three villages I own in fee simple, and I have an only son. The Presence is ignorant of marriage customs among us *Rajputs*, but he will understand that the boys of my family marry with none but the girls of a certain other family, for such is the rule among us. Now of that other family remains but one girl, and my son is the last marriageable male of my clan. It is, therefore ordained by the gods, and very necessary, that these two should marry, otherwise, our line will be as extinct as the *Phoenix*."

She settled her back against the verandah pillar and an eaves-dropping squirrel fled in sudden panic among the rotten rafters. I grunted assent to her views.

"Destiny," she continued, "had marked my son for advancement. He was a diamond among sons. He went to the *Mission-i-School*, and the *Padre Sahib* commended his virtue and industry. For his maps painted in vermilion and indigo he won a reward. The science of numbers he knew to perfection, so that he would often confound his teachers by his questions as well as by his answers. As to his beauty—"

"Over his head, by reason of his intelligence
The star of pre-eminence was shining."

I had been trapped into a second quotation. The old woman snapped

her fingers as mothers do when the foolish or malicious praise their children in their presence.

"So the time came when he must marry the only daughter of the other branch of the Rajputs. Now it seems to me that the Padre Sahib in the Mission-i-School had induced a devil to enter into my son, then a stripling of fifteen but well grown, for when the week of weddings came round, my son fled to the jungles and refused to come home. Then there was contention between him and his family for many a month, and though we put drugs into his food, that, having stupified him, we might marry him willy-nilly, yet he would vomit these up again and then rage like a must elephant. He said 'I am a grown man and will marry whom I please.'"

"Oh abominable!" I groaned. The conduct of this unruly son was really most unconscionable.

"Yet in those days he lingered about the village, the companion of outcasts, it is true, but still under my eye, and I hoped, for we mothers are a sanguine race. But not long ago he disappeared, and the manner of his going I will now relate to the Presence.

"There lived in a neighbouring village a Thakur, addicted beyond measure to hunting. Many deer and swine had this Thakur killed, and bears also and leopards not a few, but the desire of his heart was to slay a tiger, for he would often boast of an evening, sitting among the lads upon the village assembly-place, that if God sent a tiger across his path, he would surely bring the skin home, and feast all the village from sweeper to Brahmin without favour. One day this windbag saw my son in the fields and would sharpen his wit upon him, being aware, as was the whole country side, of the youth's disinclination to marry. 'Oh such and

such a one,' he shouted,—I cannot, in the holy ear of the Presence, repeat his words. My son heard, but made no reply. Ingrate though he be, even in his madness he was never a fool. Not long after the Thakur Sahib made great feasting over the betrothal of his daughter to a neighbouring Thakur. A hundred Brahmins he fed within his house, and men of other castes feasted in scores, caste by caste, sitting in rows along the verandahs and in the courtyards, and extolling the liberality of the Thakur Sahib. Then my son took a calf of the sacred village kine and painted it in turmeric and black and scarlet to resemble a tiger. Observe Presence! his science of painting maps in the school had turned his heart to mischief and sacrilege. In the dark of the night after the third day of the feasting, he tied the coloured calf to a tree upon the village boundary. Then, when all were merry within, he sent a worthless man to rouse the Thakur crying out: 'A tiger has come; oh master, save us and our cattle!' My son had previously gone round the village byres scaring the cattle by howling like a wolf, until they lowed and broke loose in terror. The Thakur Sahib called for his gun and, attended by a great concourse, went forth to slay the tiger. He saw the painted calf, and the feet of his intelligence were caught in the snare, so that he slew the sacred animal, firing not once nor twice, but until all his ammunition was spent. Then when the Brahmins, his guests, saw that he was polluted, they went away from his presence silently and would feast no more with him, and the low-caste men laughed immoderately at him, and the father of the bridegroom took his son home. So the Thakur Sahib's face was blackened; and being outcasted he prayed the holy men to hasten to fix

the fine that would make him clean again. To make a long story short, he paid them seven hundred rupees so that the latter feasting was even greater than the former. But it was an angry host that paid the score, and he swore, holding the tail of the sacred cow, that, if he caught my son, he would have him flayed alive, law or no law. And since that day no one has looked on the face of my son,—an arrant rogue, an unlucky accursed child, a limb of the evil one."

The storm of her indignation swept me along. "A hard-baked, twice-cooked knave," I echoed; "a shameless son of shame, one better dead than alive, without hope of emendation, a consorter with vagabonds, wholly damned."

When we two had finished abusing her son, a silence fell between us. Then the old lady rose upon her feet, a commanding figure in the gloom. "Sahib," said she, "were I to find my son to-night, what punishment, think you, would his villany merit?"

I thought until my head began to swim. It was hard to fit this crime to the Procrustean bed of the Indian Penal Code. "He must go home with his mother," I answered lamely.

At that instant the punkah came to an abrupt full stop; the punkah man sprang to his feet and seizing my knees, crouched, an abject figure between the projecting arms of the long chair. He lifted up his face to mine, and even in the dim light I could see his features working pitifully. Then in a high-pitched croak the words burst from his throat and — was I dreaming? — he spoke in English. "Sir," he said, "Honour! Lord! let me stay. 'To err is human to forgive divine,' Poet Pope,—Mission School,—study English three years,—all forgot,—all forgot!"

The croak ended in a queer sort

of sob, but now the man was pouring out a torrent of supplication in the vernacular. Let the old woman his mother be sent away: he would stay and serve me faithfully as clerk, orderly, anything, all his life; but go back with her he would not. Exhausted by his vehemence he stood up and threw a despairing glance around. The lamps were lit in the dining-room behind us and all the doors open. A semicircle of servants cut off retreat through the bungalow. Silently they had mustered, and in silence they stood from dog-boy to butler in a serried line across both doorways, to see the game at bay, doubtless. There was no hope in that quarter. In front, the old woman stood in a patch of lamp-light, her eyes ablaze and her face quivering with the excitement of victory. You may see such a look on a Persian hound when for a brief moment he faces the breathless jackal before leaping in to make an end of the hunted creature.

A bullock-cart with jangling bells was approaching along the high road. In and out through the dusty mangoes the white loose-limbed bullocks came on at a swinging trot, and were brought to a halt opposite the gate of the compound. It was very dark, but there was light enough to mark the high shoulders and stag-like heads of the thorough-bred Gujerāti cattle under the yoke, as they tossed their milky necks till the copper bells filled the evening with noise.

The strategy of the old lady filled me with admiration. A Napoleon in an accordion-pleated skirt, she had planned out her campaign even down to the details of transport, and forced events to move in strict conformity with a prearranged programme. "Come, my son," she said "it is the will of the Presence." But the youth stirred not a limb in response.

Perhaps, thought I, a little bluster may move him, so I descanted in angry tones on the preposterous idea of remaining a bachelor, on the impiety of deferring the begetting of a son (who alone can save a Hindu's soul from hell), and on the advantages of married life. But the youth, without turning his head, merely asked, why, all this being so, the Presence himself had not taken a wife.

"My son," said the old lady, "thine own trotting bullocks wait for thee, even Ganesh and Shiva, thy darlings."

He turned a yearning gaze at the beautiful creatures glimmering at the compound gate. "But," he argued, "if I go home the Thakur Sahib will either have me slain or ruin me in a court of law. I cannot go."

His mother laughed loudly. "Not so, my diamond. Thine own cousin is now Inspector at the Police Thana. Blood holds by blood, and what can the cow-killing Thakur do? Besides, it is known to me that he keeps four guns while his licence is only endorsed for two, and for this there is a heavy fine before the Judge Sahib. Will the Thakur risk losing guns, licence, rupees, and honour all at once?

Come; I myself have packed thy bundle while thou wert pulling the fan for the Presence ere the sound of thy mother's voice roused thee from sleep."

The truant son heaved a deep sigh. He stepped off the verandah and stooped at his mother's feet until his forehead touched the dust. "I am coming," he said.

An attendant (it was not one of my household) appeared with a bundle in his hand. Mother, son, and servant moved silently away to the gate, and ascended the ponderous family cart. The driver gave the hollow click of the tongue that all bullocks know, and soon the sound of bells had died away in the darkness.

"Karim," said I to my bearer at dinner, "who is this new punkah-wallah behind my chair?" Karim answered that it was a poor relation of the dog-boy's who had hitherto held the (honorary) post of scullion in the Presence's kitchen.

"Are you sure you are speaking the truth?" I said.

With some surprise he affirmed that the case was as he had related; but I have my doubts.

C. P.

KURDS AND CHRISTIANS.

Of late years the Kurd has more than once made his appearance in the newspapers of Europe; but such reports tell us little of his manners and customs, except that he has a habit of killing Armenians, and some readers of them may be curious to know how this stage-villain occupies his time, when not professionally engaged. They will scarcely be able to gratify their curiosity by means of personal observation, for it is unlikely that Kurdistan will for the present be included in the range of the most enterprising organiser of world-travel, and they may therefore be willing to have the report of a traveller who has spent some months on the outskirts of Kurdistan and seen something of the Kurds themselves, and a good deal of their neighbours and hereditary foes. Besides the Armenians the Kurd has Christian neighbours of another and less known race, the Nestorian Syrians, who live in several districts of the Kurdish mountains, both on the Turkish and the Persian side. From these, and from one or two Europeans resident among them, and from personal observation the materials for this paper have been derived. The Syrian informants came from all parts of the mountains; the personal observation was limited to the district of Azerbaijan, the Persian province to the east of the Kurdish mountains, and to some outlying parts of the mountains themselves. As its title implies, the paper deals not so much with the Kurd himself as with his relations to his Christian neighbours.

In all regions adjacent to his own the Kurd is without doubt the most conspicuous feature of the landscape. He and his doings, though in themselves not often interesting or original, have such a direct bearing on the life of his neighbours that he is seldom long out of mind, and few conversations pass without some reference to him. For his variety is almost as infinite as that of the English climate, though, like it, he is only variously bad, and as his vagaries import life and death, and not merely comfort and discomfort, they have an interest for anyone who minds dying. Nor is he so impartial as the sky. It is true that he makes no difference between the just and the unjust, but if he has any Christian neighbours, he usually prefers to visit them rather than Mussulmans. This is not from any religious scruple. Being a Sunni, he naturally dislikes the Persian, who is a Shiah, and despises him rather more than the Syrian Christian, as being a greater stranger and a worse fighting man. His preference for Syrian loot comes from prudence, for he knows that any little violence done to Christians will not greatly distress the Persian Government and will commend him to the Turk. He is not in great fear of either, but thinks it foolish to run unnecessary risks. When he can rob a Christian and get thanks for it, it would be quixotic to rob a Mussulman and risk unpleasantness. But he is not pedantic. When there is any good reason, such as a feud or a tempting chance of plunder, he does not spare the Mussulman. Several Mussulmans

were robbed or killed last year upon the high-roads of Azerbaijan, and on the Turkish side Sheikh Sadiq of Shamdinan was waging a little war with Turkish troops, doubtless for some good end. Nor does Kurd spare his brother Kurd; feuds are so plentiful that it is difficult to hold an army of Kurds together long before they begin to plunder one another.

Thus the Kurd's preference for Christians is evidently due not so much to prejudice as to convenience. Yet it is marked enough to make his doings even more interesting to them than to his other neighbours. To the Mussulman he is only one of the unpleasant possibilities of life, but to the Syrian in many districts he is a constant and pressing danger. The Kurd, seen or unseen, is the permanent background of the picture. He and the physical landscape together dominate feeling, and the latter without him would look quite different. What by itself would be only a barren valley sprinkled with rocks, and rather bad going for your horse, loses much of its dulness when you look behind each rock for a possible Kurd. It is long odds that you do not find him, but still the possibility diminishes *ennui*.

From this point of view the traveller has much reason to be grateful to the Kurd, and even the native whom he raids gains something by his presence. No doubt familiarity blunts all sensations, but still the constant possibility of being robbed, ruined, or killed must tend to stimulate existence. My acquaintance with the Syriac language is incomplete, but I have not discovered in it any equivalent for "being bored." And in a more serious way the Syrian owes something to the proximity of the Kurd. To carry one's life in one's hand is a wonderful preservative against vulgarity and other ignoble

faults. Some forms at least of cant and self-deception are blown away by the presence of danger.

The advantages of having a dangerous neighbour are very clearly illustrated by the difference between the Syrians of the plains, who are little molested by Kurds, and those of the mountain. The difference is such that the doubt will rise in the mind which is the better state, the comparative comfort and security of the plain or the bitter hardship and danger of the mountain. It seems brutal to ask the question, especially if one knows and cares for the hard-pressed mountaineer; but it will be asked, for there can be no doubt which conditions breed the nobler race. Push it to an extreme; suppose that the mountain stock is at last exterminated, as it very well may be, and that the others survive and thrive; still the doubt is not quashed. If it is better for a man to die nobly than to live and degenerate, is it obvious that it is better for a race to survive at all costs? If the mountain Syrians should come to this, the race would end with honour, though their fame would not be widely spread, and with all their faults they would be as much martyrs as many in the Calendar, for it is always open to them to obtain such security as the country affords by turning Mussulman and being merged in the Kurds. As much may be said of those who are killed now, for the Kurds are glad to welcome a man who will turn Mussulman and come over to them. The claim may seem exaggerated, for Syrians who die fighting Kurds have not much likeness to the martyrs of the *Acta Sanctorum*. The persecution, as we have seen, is only religious in an indirect way; and in any given case the Syrian probably feels himself to be fighting for his hearth rather than for his faith; though he is

still far from forgetting that he is a Christian fighting against infidels. But in a larger view he has some claim to be called a martyr. When one considers the century-long pressure of such perilous conditions, and the perpetual temptation to purchase security by turning Mussulman, the constancy of the Syrians is astounding. And it is genuine loyalty to their faith which has kept them Christians. In many districts they have become assimilated to the Kurds in dress and manners, and often mix with them pretty freely in quiet times. Every man can speak Kurdish, sings Kurdish songs, and uses Kurdish words in conversation. There is no antipathy between the races strong enough to keep them apart, if the religious motive were wanting. In certain parts of Turkey indeed they lived almost amicably a few years ago, before the customary divisions of the country were abolished by the Turkish Government and the Armenian massacres made the persecution of Christians a habit. Even now one is often struck by the familiarity which exists between the two races, and the ready way in which a Syrian will do justice to the good qualities of any individual Kurd. In spite of bloodshed the Kurd is to the Syrian, not an alien, or a monster, but a neighbour and a man very much like himself; not perhaps to be much loved or trusted, but perfectly intelligible.

The relations between the two races vary very greatly in different districts; for there is much diversity of character and habits between the several tribes of Kurds. In the first place there is the distinction between nomadic and settled tribes. There is a popular impression that all Kurds are nomads, but this is incorrect. Certain tribes are regularly nomadic, and wander with their herds far into

Asia Minor and into some parts of Persia; but the rest, and the greater number, have settled homes. They are only nomadic in so far as they go up into the mountains with their flocks during the summer and live in tents. But the Syrians in the mountains do so no less. Of these two kinds the nomadic Kurds have the worse reputation for robbery, as is natural, but even the settled Kurds vary not a little both in character and appearance. A Syrian will draw distinctions between them, and each tribe seems to have its peculiar reputation. There are probably not more than one or two Europeans who have any real knowledge of the characters of the different tribes, though I believe that some enthusiasts from Germany have visited the country to study it ethnologically and philologically. But such visitors can only gather stray marks of distinction. Thus I learnt in one place (the plain of Soldus to the south of lake Urmi, where there are many Kurdish and a few Syrian villages close together) that the Kurds there were addicted to burglary, a form of theft lower in the scale than the customary raid, and that they are dangerous when disturbed in their occupation; so much so that the people of the village where I slept, though very poor, had clubbed together to maintain two armed watchmen. As a special attention these were posted for the night on the roof above my head. This was more to my honour than comfort, for the sight of them drew the village dogs round the house and kept them barking till dawn, banishing the sleep earned by a ten hours' ride. Moreover the said guards appeared in the morning to suggest a requital of their services.

A little while before some of these burglarious Kurds had broken, or rather climbed, into the house of a

village *agha* to steal his cattle. They were able to proceed at leisure, for one of them was posted on the roof to command the exit from the house, but unhappily they could not open the gate of the yard or break it down, for the place is almost a castle and the outer gate is strong. Not to be balked, they hauled up the cows on to the roof by means of buffalo chains and let them down outside. Then they tried to hoist the buffaloes themselves, but found them too heavy, and so went off with the cows alone. It is reported that the *agha* who was robbed was so gratified by the perseverance of the thieves that he offered a reward of fifty tomanas, and exemption from punishment if they would come to claim it. The thieves evidently thought the offer deceitful, for they did not come.

The Kurds of this district are much despised by those of other parts and despise them in turn. Their villages are miserably poor and they are said to be more than usually oppressed by their *aghas*. At the time I reached the place, in May, they were preparing to start for the summer pastures and the plain was full of the black tents which figure in all stories of Kurds, and the roads were blocked with sheep and lambs.

Only a day's ride from this place, in the district of Sajbulak, one comes to Kurds of quite another stamp. They are not only unlike the last-mentioned, but unlike all current notions of what a Kurd should be. They live, or a great part of them, in a town, and for this neighbourhood the town is large and prosperous, and the inhabitants look well-to-do. Both the town and its people remain in my memory as one of the pleasantest sights of all that country.

I was told that these Kurds of Sajbulak were "more noble" than

those of other districts, and their looks confirmed the report. Kurds, for all their formidable reputation, have usually much more the look of an oppressed than of an oppressing race. Only the *aghas* break this rule, and that justifies the impression; for it is reported that they do oppress their people grievously, so that the ferocious Kurd, like the henpecked bully, has a hard life at home. And their appearance corresponds with their life. The type is not prepossessing. The features are usually pinched, the moustache thin, the lower part of the face too small, and the chin in many cases retreating; often the nose too is defective. As one sees them coming down from the mountains to do their marketing, they often look peculiarly poverty-stricken, dejected, and shabby. Patches and rags are too common in Persia to excite attention, but there is something in the air of the Kurd which makes his shabbiness more felt. The habit of tying a handkerchief over the head and under the chin to keep off the cold, which is common to both Kurds and Syrians, is unfavourable to martial dignity. Kurds when travelling, are nearly always armed with rifles, but their carriage does not suggest the swash-buckler; they have a furtive, uneasy look, rather than a swagger. There is that in their faces which suggests that it is better not to meet them on a dark night, but in the open they do not inspire fear. Their cattle are like them, for they too look very hungry and depressed, as they go limping along under sacks of corn and hay, or hung round with wooden chests and domestic utensils for their master's house. As a rule the Kurds on such occasions travel in parties, some on foot and some mounted, and even when there are only two, they almost always prefer to ride and tie. They do this for

tactical reasons, in order that, if attacked, they may have the advantage both of cavalry and infantry.

Of course an agha and his followers present a very different appearance both in dress and features, but such is the appearance of an ordinary Kurd.

In Sajbulak, however, the type is different. The men as a rule are better looking, better dressed, and of a bolder carriage. The cast of face is similar, but their features are less pinched and their expressions more open. The men are often decidedly handsome, and the children are beautiful and winsome. Kurds in general are as fair-complexioned as Europeans, and these were conspicuously fair. Their hair, however, is usually dark, but I have been told that there is a tribe of Kurds elsewhere who are fair-haired. The trait most common and noteworthy after those already mentioned is the form of the eyebrows, not heavy but clearly marked and conspicuously arched. This gives something feminine to the faces of the younger men.

The costume of this district, and also of Solduz, is peculiar. The men's trousers are only divided up to the knee, in some cases not so high, and to make walking possible they are proportionately loose. Even so they produce a very short step, but they are said to be comfortable for riding and that is of more moment, as the country is famous for horses and the local nobles pride themselves on their studs. In the evening all horses are taken down to the river outside the city for a bath. There is a flat and open, though stony, space between the wall and the stream, and here the owners or the grooms gallop their horses and show them off before they enter the water; and the connoisseurs saunter out to watch. I did not see any of the finest studs, but there

were some handsome horses there; it was humiliating to see my own poor travel-worn beasts brought down in their turn, and I was rather glad to know no Kurdish.

The rest of the male dress here differs little in shape from that of other Kurds, except that most men wore a kind of quilted shirt with horizontal stripes of different colours without the usual open waistcoat; but the dress generally was more gaily coloured and very much cleaner than elsewhere. For trousers white was the favourite colour, and it was usually clean; for the rest of the costume blue and bright yellow were the most popular, the latter especially for the children's dresses. Most of these wore loose shirts of flowered cotton of the boldest and brightest colours, but they were harmonious. To an eye accustomed to the faded and dingy, though picturesque, remnants which imperfectly clothe the Mussulman youth in the streets of Urmi and the neighbouring villages, these brightly clad children were a gladdening sight. Had one come straight from an English alam, they would have been too dazzling. Their manners, too, were much in contrast with those of English children, for they stood and looked gravely at the stranger without uttering a word. Their elders did likewise, and never even scowled upon us as the Mussulmans of many places do upon the infidel. It was altogether unlike one's home-formed expectation of the Kurdish town, and no less unlike the picture formed on experience elsewhere.

To find a Kurdish town at all, though there are others besides this, was a surprise; still more to find its inhabitants prosperous, and for that region orderly. And the town itself was at least as well-kept and built as most others in Azerbaijan. It

has a large bazaar, where, besides the ordinary commodities, are sold some local specialities; among them slippers and other objects of dyed leather, and ornamental saddle-cloths of a kind of carpet-work. The streets and houses are not much better than elsewhere, but the city has a wall and towers, which, though built only of sun-dried bricks (like most fortifications in Persia), are not too much decayed to make an imposing front on the slope of the hill which faces towards the river. And the place is finely situated; surrounded, but not closely shut in, by high hills, and itself lying round the slopes of a lower hill, on the summit of which is an open space used as a parade-ground, and having a goodly outlook over the city and the broad swift river flowing along one side between banks well-wooded for this part of Persia. The approach to the gate by which I entered was delightful and most unexpected. Crossing the river by a ford we entered a deep shady lane with high banks, topped on the one side by a hedge of roses and on the other by *sinjiya* trees. I never saw another lane in Persia so green and sheltered. And just then it was a refreshing sight, for the day was hot, and the road from Solduz lies over steep and unusually dry and stony hills, where even in May the scanty plants and grass were already brown, and a few birds, tortoises, and innumerable beetles were the only company.

It was pleasant to find that the inhabitants do not belie their prepossessing looks and the beauty of the place. My entertainer for the two nights I stayed there was a Syrian, educated by the American Mission, who now is engaged on an independent attempt to convert the Kurds to Christianity, supported by a very modest subsidy from a lady in Eng-

land. The attempt sounds hazardous, for there are no Europeans in the place, and very few Christians of any kind. But he told me that he did not think the danger great. The governors, who are appointed by the Central Government and usually come from other parts of Persia, have always been friendly to him and many of the Kurds themselves stand by him. His occupation is well known, and he has even held public disputation with the doctors of the Mussulmans. On one occasion, when he had been questioned by them about his faith, a part of his audience declared, "this man is an infidel and we ought to kill him," and for some time after others in the city were inclined to take the same view of their duty; but both in the assembly and outside many of the Kurds took his part, and he has hitherto escaped unmolested. Their action is remarkable, for it can scarcely have had any other motive but personal liking and humanity. If he were a European, they might have been swayed by prudence, but the death of a Syrian would make no great stir. The affair seems to show an unexpected liberality and tolerance in the Kurd, though it certainly would not have ended so in all parts of Kurdistan. It was still more noteworthy, perhaps, that some of his defenders were moved, if his account was correct, not merely by magnanimity, but by a genuine desire to discuss the matter fairly and let him do justice to his case. He avers that he has converted several Kurds of note, some of whom, including a sheikh, have openly professed Christianity, and others are secret converts. But it is perhaps less remarkable that he should have made a few conversions than that many Mussulmans should be willing to listen to him and genuinely curious to hear of his faith.

Yet in this the people of Sajbulak are not unique. I learned from another Syrian, who is engaged in similar work among the Mussulmans in Maragha, two days' ride from there, that they are even more friendly than the Kurds of Sajbulak. In Maragha the people are not Kurds, but of the same Turkish-speaking race as the other Mussulmans of the plain, and my informant, who like the first mentioned was my host, told me that they were not only tolerant towards him, but actually friendly, and that most people knew him by sight and saluted him in the street, as indeed I was witness. He also told me that the Mussulmans there were generally friendly to the Christians, Syrian and Armenian, and treated them fairly, whereas in Urmi and some other towns they have to submit to many small insults and annoyances. Among other things he said that in the bazaar here the Mussulmans actually sell as good things to Christians as to others and do not charge them more, which he evidently thought a mark of singular liberality. Moreover, it seems that he often holds friendly discussion with many Mussulmans of the best class, including one or two of the religious dignitaries, and that they are well disposed to listen. He mentioned others of the priests who were hostile, but they were a minority and he seemed not to fear them. He added a thing more surprising than any of the foregoing. He keeps for sale a stock of Gospels, and other parts of the Bible, in Turkish and Persian, and he said that from his sales he believed that most houses contained one or other of these publications.

This statement is startling, and very much conflicts with most reports of the attitude of Mussulmans towards Christianity. The state of things both at Sajbulak and Maragha must be ex-

ceptional, but it is well attested. The witnesses seemed thoroughly honest, and although this impression of their character will naturally not convince any one who asks for proof of a statement so unexpected, the nature of the assertion is the best evidence of its truth. It is hard to find any motive which could lead either witness to make it if it was false. If they wished to magnify themselves and to excite sympathy, they would naturally exaggerate the hostility of the Mussulmans and the danger to themselves. Zeal may have made them over sanguine, but this is an error to which Syrians are not prone, and it was not so much their hopes for the future (though they had them), as their accounts of the present, which were remarkable. Perhaps they felt a little harmless vanity in showing what they had achieved and how well they were received by Mussulmans of influence; but the very fact of their presence, though their employment is known, and their evident sense of security testify that their statements are true in the main. It was interesting and almost touching to notice in them a sort of local patriotism, an anxiety to do justice to the good qualities of the Mussulmans round them; and this is the more remarkable because neither of them were natives of the towns in which they live, but came from the district of Urmi; and they concurred in asserting the superiority of their present neighbours to the Mussulmans of their native place. This report, let me add, coincided with all I heard there.

Sajbulak is unfortunately rather the exception than the type; a unique oasis of Kurdish culture and enlightenment. And even so its enlightenment is not yet quite of a Western kind, though I heard that some of the Kurds there claim to be descended from the English;

a startling report, more interesting to the student of character than to the ethnologist. It is hard to say how they came by the notion, and I could not hear that they had any definite tradition of an immigration; nor is it likely that they have, for the time of their immigration must have been remote. No doubt the story springs from a desire to connect themselves with what they believe to be a great and warlike race. It is pleasant to find that the name of England is still respected in these lands, though her political influence has waned, and there is no doubt that Kurds, and, so far as I could see, Persians also, regard us with more respect than most European nations and attribute to us more manly qualities.

English prestige in Kurdistan owes something to a former British consul at Van, Major (then Captain) Maunsell. Some years ago, it is reported, he was attacked by Kurds; and his party, except one black *cavass* and the interpreter, both still attached to the consulate, fled at once. The latter was wounded at the beginning, but the consul kept the *cavass* beside him to load his spare rifle, and having put his helmet on one rock, lay down behind another and fired. When he had killed four of his assailants, the rest retired. This incident is not yet forgotten in Kurdistan, and has probably been of service to Englishmen travelling in the neighbourhood.

But Sajbulak, as has been said, is an oasis, and we must now turn back to a region where the Kurd appears in his more familiar rôle of robber and slayer of Christians. Most of the tribes in the mountains bordering on the plain of Urmi are not kindly neighbours either to the Syrian Christians who dwell among them, or to the Mussulmans of the plain. Their presence always makes travelling a

little unsafe, and during my short sojourn there several parties were waylaid and robbed, and some killed. As a rule these were mere acts of brigandage, such as may happen in many parts of Persia, and the perpetrators are not always Kurds. The thing most noteworthy is the smallness of the plunder which suffices to invite robbery. The people waylaid are often poor, and have nothing but their clothes and perhaps a few silver pieces; so much so that the word used for such robberies, in Syriac at least, means properly to *strip*, for it is the custom to strip the person robbed to his shirt, and let him go. If there is no resistance and no feud, the Kurd usually does no more than this, so that most natives who have travelled much about the mountains have undergone the process once or twice. Europeans are less often attacked, and as a rule they are handled still more gently. In some cases of which I heard, the Kurds stripped the servants, but either left their masters unmolested, or took from them their valuables without violence. In such circumstances a party surprised by Kurds sometimes does best to submit quietly, when resistance would be desperate.

But even the lives of Europeans are not always respected,¹ and to the native the experience is always dangerous, as one singular case will show. Two Mussulman camel-drivers were killed and their bodies left by the road, but the robbers took nothing but a few sacks from the backs of the camels, having poured the grain they contained into the road; and even the sacks were old. As the motive for robbery was so very minute, it was conjectured that the robbers had had some quarrel with

¹ An American missionary was killed and mutilated by Kurds last spring.

the camel-drivers who had passed that way last, and took their revenge on the next who came within reach. It appears that this kind of vicarious revenge is not unusual.

Another small robbery, which took place recently, illustrates local manners equally well. Two buffaloes loaded with raisins, the property of a well-known and prosperous Syrian, were carried off by Kurds. As the robbers were known, some men went up to the village of the small chief, a notorious bandit, by whose men they had been taken. The envoys recovered the buffaloes, but not the raisins, which had already been eaten. Probably the Kurds were unwilling to provoke the owner too far, as he was supposed to have influence with the English Mission, which represents to the Kurd the majesty of the English name, and keeps friendly relations with several of the Kurdish chiefs.

But the end of the story is more interesting. Shortly after, the chief in question with some dozen of his followers came down to the village of the owner of the buffaloes and requested of him hospitality for the night, which he was bound by custom to grant. They stayed for the night and were peaceable and very friendly. Their visit was not intended to add insult to injury, but to show that they bore no ill-will for what had passed, and wished to be agreeable.

This kind of precarious but not unfriendly intercourse represents the normal relation between Kurd and Syrian. There is mutual mistrust, but intercourse is frequent, and such incidents as this do not lead to permanent hostility or violent indignation. They are accepted as natural and customary, and when some sort of satisfaction has been given, a peace is patched up. For many purposes the services of Kurds are often employed by Syrians and Europeans. They

serve as letter-carriers, and as guides and escorts upon mountain journeys, chiefly because they can pass with less danger of attack and their presence is a protection against other Kurds of friendly tribes, though of course their usefulness may be curtailed by feuds. They are not always the most trustworthy of guides, and are quite ready to practise tricks and raise impediments in order to secure money. But experienced travellers are prepared for this, and trust themselves to them without much fear. Pertinacity and a bold face break down these obstacles, and more serious danger is not much to be apprehended, unless the country is unusually disturbed.

The inferior Kurd can sometimes be cowed. In one case an unarmed European, with only one servant, overcame a party of Kurds, who had come to rob him, with the aid of nothing but his whip and a harangue delivered through the mouth of his servant. His assailants were so overwhelmed that they were induced at last to kiss his hand and ask pardon. This he refused to grant, and subsequently appealed to the authorities and had them punished. It is fair to add that their submission was probably not due to mere cowardice, but to the power of English prestige and the fear of heavy punishment for violence done to a European. When complaint is pushed home by an energetic consul, a Turkish governor, if he has power to do so, will sometimes inflict punishment on offending Kurds. If the culprits are not to be caught, he will at least send soldiers to burn the nearest village. Sometimes, too, even Syrians, if they have influence enough, can obtain redress for robberies committed upon them; and raiders will be compelled to restore sheep or cattle. But this is not common, partly because the beasts

have usually been dispersed or eaten before they can be recovered, and still more from the weakness or unwillingness of the authorities. That in spite of these things so much can be done, goes to show that Kurds are less bold and less desperate than their reputation, and could probably be reduced to order with far less effort than the subjugation of the Caucasus cost Russia, or than the hill tribes of India are costing the Indian Government. The present British Consul at Van told me that the Kurd reminds him in habits and character of the Pathan, but seems inferior in courage, physique, and ferocity.

But their dangerous side is not fully represented by these petty and customary robberies. In times of feud they do mischief more serious than mere robbery, as I will presently show, and only their private dissensions prevent them from being more formidable than they are. When a chief arises able and energetic enough to make himself despotic and crush his rivals, he has little to fear from either the Turkish or the Persian government, and can oppress without control.

Such a chief is the present Sheikh Sadiq of Shamsdin (or Shamdinan), a district just over the Turkish frontier in the mountains south-west of Urmi. He is at present decidedly the most powerful and the most feared man in all the region near him, and even Europeans take some pains to avoid his country. The Turks could not crush him very easily, still less the Persians, but as a rule he avoids a serious breach with either. Like a wise Italian prince of the fifteenth century he strengthens himself and encroaches where he can, and sometimes impudently, but he avoids unprofitable quarrels. A brush now and then with Turkish troops cannot be avoided, but he knows how to

escape a serious war. He is reported, and the report is too probable to be false, to have agents at Stamboul, who satisfy the Porte of his good intentions by the most natural means.

He plays off his neighbours against one another. In 1903, as he had on his hands an affair with the Turks and did not wish for trouble at home, he was for the time most friendly to his Syrian subjects. A few years ago, affairs being in a different state, he had one of their bishops murdered and mutilated with his nine companions. He has seized the land of a second and expelled him from the country by giving stringent orders for his death. A third, the Metropolitan, he keeps by him as a useful agent, and compels him to indite letters at his dictation, after the manner of the old-fashioned school-master, to say how happy he is. This is convenient in many ways. It enables him to meet any complaints against his treatment of Christians by producing the unimpeachable testimony of their own bishop, to make profit of any influence which the said bishop possesses, and to hold treasonable communications without incriminating himself. In the winter of 1902-3 a letter signed by the Metropolitan was brought to the Russian Mission in Urmi, professing the desire of the bishop and his flock to join the Russian Church. To give the letter greater credit, it was carried by Kurds attired in Turkish uniforms, of which the sheikh has a large provision; but the men were recognised in Urmi.

The object of this move was not evident, but we conjectured that the sheikh has an eye to the future, and like some other notables, wishes to make influence with Russia in a safe way. To him, as to all natives of the country, the presence of the Russian Mission has a political much more

than a religious significance. This result can hardly have escaped the senders of the Mission, though some of the missionaries themselves are probably innocent of any worldly aim. The other Missions, English, American, French, and German, may probably be acquitted of a conscious political purpose; but however pure their motives, it is always difficult to persuade the natives of their complete sincerity, and indirectly they must have a national importance, for the prestige of their country is affected by their actions and their character. Unfortunately, too, their activity and success in protecting their adherents are looked on sometimes as a measure of the power of their several countries. To the single-minded missionary this fact is a stumbling-block and a temptation, but a statesman cannot afford to ignore it. Spiritually it is well for English missionaries that their government loves them little, and it may be a mark of grace in the government itself that it refrains from using them for political ends; but there is no doubt that this virtuous abstinence costs our political influence dear.

However, the sheikh, if report be true, seems to think even English friendship worth cultivating, for in 1903, when the Persian duty on tobacco was raised to seventy-five per cent. and the custom-house refused to be bribed at a reasonable rate, there was a rumour that he had written to the English ambassador in Stamboul and offered to send all his stock of tobacco for sale to English merchants. In return for this favour he would no doubt expect a little friendly use of British influence, but we who heard the rumour hoped that it was true and that this priceless occasion might not be let slip, for the sheikh's tobacco is not a thing lightly to be rejected by a

wise nation. The Englishman, returned from that happy neighbourhood to his native land, sadly wanders from one tobaccoist to another and finds no solace. Your boasted "Arcadias" and such like are crude and impure compounds to a palate attuned to the insinuating delicacy of Shamdinan tobacco, brought in leaf straight from the mountains and cut before your eyes to prevent admixture. At home we buy what is called Turkish tobacco; there is no such name there. Men distinguish district from district and village from village. Only a few miles, some slight variety of soil or cultivation, make a wide difference in the tobacco. No self-respecting smoker, if he can help himself, will use the tobacco grown in the Urmi valley; but the tobacco grown a few miles off, in the mountains just over the Turkish frontier, is the most prized of all, though there are differences of quality even there; that of Nochia contends for the supremacy with that of Walto. A large part of the best district falls within the dominions of the sheikh, and supplies him with a fine revenue, for he compels all his subjects to sell their tobacco to him, and it is only by stealth that any escapes his hands. Hence his annual harvest of tobacco reaches to hundreds of camel-loads, and his favour is worth cultivating.

He has another fine source of income. A few years ago he seized some country which commands one of the main routes of pilgrimage to the holy place of Kerbela, and has since levied toll on the passing pilgrims, who number thousands. This audacious impiety illustrates his character, and its impunity attests his strength. It would be easy to collect stories to illustrate both points, for many are current in the country, where his name is daily in every

month. Some of them relate to treachery and violence practised upon other Kurdish chiefs who have opposed him. They may well discourage opposition, but one or two of his neighbours are still bold enough to oppose him, and even gain temporary successes. In the autumn of 1902 there was a battle, in which several hundreds were engaged, between his troops and a smaller chief Bedru Khan Beg, of whose doings mention is made elsewhere. By the account of one of the combatants, a Syrian subject of Bedru's, this engagement ended in a glorious victory for his side. It is to be feared that the sheikh will not be content to let things rest so. A few months after, when he had encounters with the Turks in the direction of Mosul, it was reported that he had again had the worst of the fighting; but such distant skirmishes do not shake his power.

Of the Christians under him it need not be said that they are oppressed and powerless. He prevents the visits of Europeans and, so far as he can, the opening of schools in the Christian villages. Happily he is too intelligent to exterminate profitable subjects, for if he desired to do so, they would be helpless.

But such a despotic power as this is unusual in Kurdistan, and we will turn to a district and to events which better illustrate the normal state of the country, where the Kurds themselves are usually divided and the petty chiefs are at feud. These last words call to mind a noteworthy distinction between Kurds and Syrians. The latter are the more democratic. In speaking of them one uses a local name, "the men of" such and such a village or district. But Kurds, if they are specified by any addition,—and usually they are spoken of only as the Kurds, or by the tribal name,

as the Begzadi or the Herkai—are described by the name of their chief. This distinction indicates a real difference of manners, for the headman (called *malik* or *kokaia*) of a Syrian village has not the rights or the powers of a Kurdish chief and cannot oppress his fellow-villagers in the same way, and often has less personal influence than some other member of the village.¹ So likewise Syrian feuds are not between chief and chief, but between village and village. Among Kurds the ascendancy of the chief is much greater, and there is a very visible outward difference between him and his poorer followers. Nevertheless he is not, except in such cases as that of the Sheikh of Shamedin, despotic, and may be forced to act against his will by his followers.

Some very recent events show well the normal state of most parts of Kurdistan. In Tergawar, a mountain district about three hours' ride to the west of Urmi, there was much disturbance in the spring of 1903. The district, though hilly, is cultivated in many parts, and full of small villages not very far apart. Many of these are inhabited by Syrians only, and in others Syrians and Kurds live together, but the Kurds altogether greatly outnumber the Christians, who when fully mustered can raise at most a thousand fighting men. Nevertheless they can as a rule hold their own, unless the Kurds, which seldom happens, unite to attack them. For the Syrians of Tergawar are at least as warlike as the Kurds, and the men of one large village, Mawana, have a formidable name, and their chief warrior Bajan, who

¹ The *malik*, it should be noted, is not like the *agha*, the owner of a village. In some districts the village is owned by a Muslim, who appoints the headman. In some Turkish districts the appointment rests with *Mar Shimon*, to whom some villages pay a small due.

holds a rank in the Persian army, is feared by all Kurds, as is testified by the fact that he is reported once to have taken prisoner eight Kurds single-handed.

In the time I speak of, when the snows had melted, and men began to take out their flocks to pasture, a quarrel rose between some Kurds and the Syrians of Balulan, a village near to Mawana, both laying claim to pasture in one spot. The two parties stood on opposite hills, and when the altercation grew hot, one of the Syrians fired, and wounded one of the Kurds, who unfortunately was a favourite son of their chief. There was no more blood shed that day, and it was hoped that the chief would consent to take blood-money and drop the feud. But after some negotiation he at last refused, and a few days later word came to the city that the Kurds were gathering to attack Balulan. A European who was there at the time counted close on three hundred, and these were not all. The Syrians, as we heard afterwards, had only thirty men with guns in the village. The story of the fight which followed reached the city soon after by the mouth of some of the combatants.

The Kurds attacked late in the afternoon and the fight continued till sunrise the next day. At the beginning the Syrians went in a body to the church of Mar Tuna (St. Thomas) in their village, and paid their vows to the saint and invoked his assistance. After this, as they told us, they felt confident of victory. The attack, as is usual, was gradual, both parties using cover. There were no heavy losses, but at last the Kurds made their way into the outskirts of the village and burnt one or two houses, and the defenders were hard pressed. They were relieved at the right moment by a reinforcement of

twenty men from Mawana, who took the Kurds by surprise, and killing several, forced their way in. Their charge, and the shout they raised, so shook the Kurds, who did not know the size of the reinforcement, that they presently retired, and the village was saved for the time.

The losses were small. The Kurds owned to fourteen men killed, and may have lost more. None of the Syrians were hit, except two women, who were wounded accidentally. The smallness of the losses diminishes the dignity of the victory; but none the less it was a good fight, and if the Kurds had got in, there would have been enough of Syrian dead. The relieving party at least might boast of their achievement. For twenty men to set off to the relief of a place besieged by several hundred, is almost impudent. The reason of their small number was that Bajjan, their proper commander, was at this time excommunicated by his Church by reason of the misdoings of a scandalous son, and so could not lead his men out as usual, but permitted the departure of a volunteer force.

For a little while after these doings the Syrians in Tergawar were jubilant, and declared that the Kurds were so cowed that they scarcely ventured to lead out their flocks to pasture. But more cautious people felt the matter would not end so pleasantly, and just at the end of May the trouble came. One evening news came down to the city that all the Kurds of Tergawar had risen, that they had burnt several villages, and that fifteen Syrians had been burnt alive; and finally that the Sheikh's men were coming over the border to help. On the following days parties from Tergawar kept coming down to the city, and we learnt more accurately what was happening.

The story of the Sheikh's coming

was false, but it was true that all the Kurds of the district had risen, and they must have numbered some thousands. A party of them came down and carried off some sheep of the Mawana men. On news of this a force started from the village in pursuit of the raiders, and this time it was headed by Bajan. It pursued for some miles, till it found itself in danger of being overwhelmed and began to retire. At a village named Shibani one of the Syrians was hit and killed, and thirteen or fourteen of his companions stayed behind to hide the body for fear it should be mutilated. Bajan called on them to follow, as he could not stay to protect them, but they did not obey and were cut off in the village by the Kurds. The village, which is inhabited both by Kurds and Syrians, belongs to a brother of Bedru Khan Beg. It is reported that when the Kurds came up to Shibani this man, as owner, gave them leave to burn the village. They attacked the part in which the Syrians were, and fought them from house to house, and at last burnt or suffocated the remnant by means of lighted straw thrust in at the door and the hole in the roof. This was the burning of which we had heard. It was not a bloodless victory. It is said that one of the Syrians killed a deacon who had been down to visit the Mission a week or two before, shot four Kurds, and was himself shot by the last before he died.

The rest of the Mawana men got home with difficulty, Bajan leading his horse, which had been shot in two places. About the same time the Kurds came down on several smaller villages in the neighbourhood of Mawana. From one of these they were turned back by a party from Balulan, but afterwards reached it by a circuit and burnt it. It is said that one or two women were burnt

alive in this or one of the other villages, probably not by design, but because they feared to come out, the rest of the inhabitants having already escaped. In the course of the next few days several other villages were burnt or looted, most of them being empty, for the inhabitants had fled with their portable property towards the city. The panic extended beyond Tergawar, for one village close to the city was raided, from another on the opposite side sheep were carried off, and several others were threatened. Families coming down to the city for refuge were seen on all the roads.

Meanwhile Mawana was threatened by the main body of the Kurds. Men had come in from some of the nearer villages, so that it had a garrison of about three hundred men with guns; but they were short of ammunition and could not have resisted a steady assault. Happily the Kurds delayed attack, and armed parties of Syrians made their way down to the city and gathered cartridges as best they could. These were hard to find, for the Mussulmans refused to sell to Christians, favouring the Kurds; but gradually they acquired a stock, part of which was secretly contributed by the Governor of the city. Fearing the charge of favouring Christians he dared not give them openly, but sent them out to a village on the way to Tergawar and privately instructed the men of Mawana where to find them. At last they were strong enough to hold their own, and the Kurds feared to attack. Moreover, when they had been out a little while, old feuds revived and they began to loot one another's villages, and this hastened their dispersal. Thus Mawana escaped for the time and the Kurds dispersed. It is interesting to note that the garrison of Mawana received one unexpected reinforcement. One day I met some

Kurds outside the city and made enquiries who they were. It appeared that they belonged to a tribe which was at feud with the Kurds attacking Mawana (the Begzadi), and were going up to help the Syrians. This they actually did. As they were only a small party, and were taking the weaker side, this was sportsmanlike behaviour.

The events of this little war are thoroughly characteristic, especially its futile conclusion. The indecision and disunion of the Kurds are the only safeguard of the Syrians, and saved them then as often before. Nevertheless the issue was serious enough, for not only were villages destroyed, but the standing crops were injured, and this will mean present famine. Moreover the war was more bitter than usual, for the Kurds were mutilating the dead, which is beyond their usual practice, and though peace has been patched up the district is still so unsettled that it seems doubtful whether the Syrians will be able to retain their homes in it.

The behaviour of Bedru is not the least characteristic part of the matter. He has long been on friendly terms with the English Mission, and some three months before the fighting in Tergawar a member of the staff went up with me to pay him a visit in the mountains, as he had frequently desired to show us sport. The country was then deep in snow, but for the first part of the way we were able to ride; higher up we had to lead our horses through drifts waist-deep, a good preparation for the next day's work. We slept at a Syrian house in the village with the members of the family and some of the domestic animals, and at sunrise next morning went up to Bedru's house, where we found him with a party of Kurds and Syrians, all carrying guns and ready to start. He is a very tall

man, handsome and powerfully built, but spare. A Syrian friend had warned us that we should have hard work, for "Bedru was like a bear," indifferent to cold and fatigue; and he looked as if this were true. There was a short delay, for the Kurds condemned my English boots as useless and sent to the village to procure a pair of native shoes of rough wool, which proved most excellent in slippery places. They are tied on with strings and not only catch the ground firmly, but keep the feet thoroughly warm, though of course the snow comes through them at once. About four hours walking through the mountains brought us to the post where we were to lie in wait for the wild sheep, which were the game we had come to hunt. Men had been sent up to drive them towards us, but the herd took off down another valley and we never saw a head. The walk home included a partial wetting in a stream bridged by treacherous ice, and an unspeakable scramble up the course of a snow-slide, the only practicable way up the side of a precipitous valley. Another hunt was promised for the next day, but in the morning, somewhat to our relief, Bedru sent word that he was a little tired and would not hunt that day. Instead he invited us to call on him. He received us well, and by way of contrast to our yesterday's experience, we sat for several hours in a room heated to suffocation by an iron stove. Our host was much gratified by the present of a large many-bladed knife, and declared that he would rather have had it than a gun; he certainly had guns enough, for he showed us an armoury of excellent rifles of European make. The conversation turned chiefly on a feud between two neighbouring villages and on the Syrians under him. He declared that he found them excellent subjects and

knew that it was to his interest to treat them well. Yet he was evidently a faithful Mussulman, for having asked us the time and heard that it was past twelve, he hurried from the room without apology to say his mid-day prayers. On his return he caused us to be regaled with an Arcadian luncheon of roast potatoes, followed by cream and honey; the potatoes he politely skinned himself and handed to us. We left him with good-will and a feeling that his professions of friendship for us and for the Syrians were not insincere. In the evening we were gratified by fresh evidence of his appreciation. We learnt from a Syrian that, when we were expected at his house, Bedru was in conference with some Sayyids who had come up on business. They, hearing of our approach, declared that they would not sit in a room with infidels. Thereupon Bedru, to save their scruples, turned them out of the house, informing them (with doubtful truth) that we were much greater people in our country than they in theirs.

This visit left in our minds a kindly feeling for our host, and his share in the subsequent fighting distressed and somewhat perplexed us. He still professes friendship for the Christians, and his friends declare that he is sincere and was forced into the war by his men, and especially by his brother, but it is believed by others that he was the chief instigator of the attack. His real mind is not to be fathomed. His professions are not merely hypocritical, for his Christian subjects themselves declare that he treats them well and are his warmest advocates. His desire to retain the friendship of the English Mission is no doubt also genuine, and it is probable that any visitors would be as hospitably received by him as we were. But his friendship, if genuine, is doubt-

less partly politic, and in the case of a feud it does not hinder him from taking the side of his own people, or from sharing their desire for vengeance. This is natural enough, and in this his attitude probably resembles that of other Kurdish chiefs of the better sort. At the best, his character is ambiguous.

But, if rumour be true, there are some few chiefs whose good deeds are less equivocal. Of these I know only by report, but one story received on good authority well deserves to be recorded, and makes a pleasant relief to this sombre tale of Kurdish manners. It is said that at the time of the Armenian massacres the Kurdish chief of a district overlooking Armenia, having heard that massacres were threatened in the plain below him, took horse at once and rode down to the *kaimakam* of the district and requested that there should be no massacres there. When the *kaimakam* was evasive, he reinforced the request by stating that if any massacres were permitted he would bring his men down from the mountain and attack him. This threat saved the Armenians in that neighbourhood. Unhappily I cannot record this worthy's name. The story throws some light on the efforts of the benevolent Ottoman government to stay the hand of the blood-thirsty and uncontrollable Kurd.

There is one district in Kurdistan where the usual relation of Kurds and Syrians is reversed. Of this I can only speak at second-hand, but my information was full and trustworthy, and the state of things is too unique and interesting to pass without record. On the upper course of the Zab there are some mountain valleys inhabited chiefly by Syrians. The name of the district is Tyari, and the country is so inaccessible that the inhabitants are independent of all government and fear neither Turks

nor Kurds. There are in some places a few yards of level and cultivated land along the river-bed, but beyond this the mountains rise precipitously on either side. The houses are not gathered in villages, but perched at intervals along the side of the valley. In spite of the precipice, the people practise agriculture. They have orchards in the bed of the river, and build themselves minute fields on the slope by enclosing a space with walls and filling it up with earth brought down from a distance by the women. And these fields yield abundantly, for a narrow rocky valley grows intensely hot in summer and acts as a forcing-house. The fields produce a crop of wheat and a second of millet; and the vineyards and orchards thrive no less. Besides this the people have flocks and even a few oxen for ploughing, but horses are unknown, for they cannot face the mountain road, and mules are the only beasts of burden used. In spite of the fertility of the land, the people are poor, for at the best fields a few yards square produce no surplus, and there is little means of raising money to buy commodities from outside.

But if poor, they are not humble. They account themselves the most aristocratic branch of the Syrian people, and look down on the rest, above all upon the dwellers in the plain. Moreover among the Tyarai themselves family pride is strong, and the jealousy of the different stocks is the cause of feuds and has proved a great impediment to European travellers. Here, as elsewhere, pride of birth has both good and ill effects. It causes quarrels and fosters idleness, for the Tyarai are said to despise manual labour and leave it to the women; but on the other hand it delivers the people from any tinge of servility and makes them high-spirited and honourable after their own code. Theft, for

instance, is held utterly shameful. A Tyari boy in the school, suspected of theft, merely replied, "Rabbi, it is impossible — I am an *Ashirat* (freeman)" and thought no other defence necessary.

Highway robbery indeed is scarcely held dishonourable. But this is not so much robbery as an act of war. Any stranger who enters the country is regarded as an enemy until he has proved himself a friend; and the taking of his goods is the milder form of protest. A stranger whose character is more suspect, is likely to lose his life. For this reason Tyari is seldom visited by strangers, and Turkish officials do not venture there. Once or twice a *zaptieh* has been foolish enough to enter the valley, but he has not returned. Of one of these it is related that when he had come to a house, the men retired and left the women to deal with him. When he had eaten, they put him to bed, as is usual there, in a large sheet of thick felt, one side of which serves for mattress, and the other is folded over as a coverlet. When the *zaptieh* was asleep, the women quietly sewed up the open side of this felt bed, and so secured him that he could not struggle. After this he was not seen again, but his body might probably have been found in the Zab.

Another foolish *zaptieh* ventured a little while ago to stop two Tyarai who were coming down from the mountains, and proposed to take something from them. One of the two was afterwards taken and imprisoned at Mosul for the murder of this *zaptieh*, but after some time he was released, as nothing could be proved against him.

Such acts as these are not to be called murder, for anyone in Turkish uniform is to the Tyarai an enemy and a spy, and it is a public duty to

destroy him. And the Tyarai can do more than kill zaptiehs. Though they have only matchlocks against rifles, they hold their own with the Kurds, and have repelled Turkish expeditions. At the worst they can leave their houses and take to the mountains, and when they do so the enemy is most in danger. For the paths into the valley often admit only one traveller at a time, and the defenders have only to wait until they reach a difficult point, and then cut them off.

Once indeed their fastness was penetrated, by Bedru Khan Beg, that formidable chief, who about sixty years ago massacred many thousands of Christians in Kurdistan, and among the rest, a large proportion of the Tyarai. But it is now long since their valleys were invaded.

From what has already been said, it will be seen that they are not only independent, but unruly. Yet they are not altogether lawless, for they obey a customary law of their own, which is said to be partly based upon the canon law of their Church. To their Church and to their religion they are hotly loyal, and I am told that they will not suffer a man even to utter a word against either. Yet it need scarcely be said that their idea of Christianity is imperfect, and the priests are little better instructed than the rest. It was either from Tyari or Tkhoma, a neighbouring district, that a priest wrote to the members of the English Mission to express his gratitude to them and his regret that he was unable to help them by teaching in a village school, because he was too ignorant. But as he could not do this, he begged them to let him know if at any time they desired any obnoxious person, who might travel through the district, to be waylaid, and promised that he would attend to the matter with zeal.

Another trifle illustrates the simplicity of priestly morals in Tyari. Priests are forbidden to drink more than three cups of wine, and they observe the rule; but in Tyari the cup in common use is a huge bowl, and so the restriction is not severely felt. Happily it is reported that Tyarai can carry incredible quantities of wine, although it is drunk new. The people are not drunkards, but on such occasions as a wedding feast the party sit down to a jar of wine about as large as a hog'shead, and finish it in the course of a day or two. Even they cannot carry this unmoved; but it is reported as a peculiarity of the Tyarai that they grow loving over their cups, while the men of Tkhoma grow quarrelsome.

To make the picture complete it should be added that in Tyari there are a few tame Kurds, to use the native epithet.

An account of Tyari and the neighbouring districts is to be found in Sir Henry Layard's *NINEVEH AND ITS REMAINS* (chapter vii. of the abridged edition). He visited it just at the time of the massacres above mentioned, and his description of the havoc wrought is heart-rending. Read beside that tragic history, the account here given of the same people seems indecently light-hearted, but fortunately the Tyarai of to-day, with all their hardships, have a happier lot than their fathers. Yet the story reminds one that Kurdish persecution of Christians has sometimes been a more terrible thing than might appear from these pages; and in that instance, at least, the blame lay with the Kurds and not with the Turks. Nevertheless it does not invalidate the statement that Kurds and Christians can at times live in comparative amity. The sympathy of the Kurds in Tkhoma for their Christian neighbours, which he there mentions, bears out the asser-

tion. The discrepancy is not hard to explain. The ordinary villagers of one district, whether Kurds or Christians, living the same life, and having similar interests, often brought into contact and united by ties of locality, naturally acquire a fellow-feeling for one another. The mere business of living is too absorbing to leave much space for religious animosity. But the Kurd, like other men, can be stirred into fanaticism, and when roused is capable of greater brutality than most. Such was the case in the time of Bedr Khan Beg, whose brutality Sir Henry Layard appears to attribute to fanaticism. It may easily be supposed that a man of such power and influence, if he happens himself to be fanatical, communicates his own fury to his followers. In short the Kurd is habitually a robber, but only occasionally a fanatic.

Before quitting the subject of Kurdistan, let me append a few detached stories which illustrate local manners. Most chiefs of importance maintain a Jew in their village, who conducts his master's finances, and also trades on his own account, supplying the people with exotic goods. One of these Jews, who had some property, was robbed by a neighbouring chief, and went to his master to entreat him to recover the stolen goods. The chief replied that this was impossible, but that he would be most happy to go himself and rob the other chief's Jew, if this would be a consolation.

Another story shows the Kurd in a more heroic light than we have yet seen. Unfortunately it has a very legendary air, but it is still current in the neighbourhood, and the suspected details may be only the embellishment of a true story. There is a precipitous hill overlooking the

plain of Solduz, and it is said that this was once the stronghold of a predatory Kurdish chief. The story goes that he acquired the place by the very same trick by which Dido acquired the site of Carthage, the device of the ox-hide. Perhaps this detail has been imported from abroad, but its occurrence in this very remote spot is noteworthy. However he acquired his fortress, this chief at last made himself so unbearable that an army was sent to subdue him. The fortress was impregnable, but after a long siege the besiegers contrived to cut off the water-supply by the aid of a mule, which, having been kept without water, was turned loose and detected the source of the spring which flowed underground into the citadel. When this was blocked, the Kurd, after throwing the non-combatants over the precipice, went out with his men and died fighting. The story is a very cento of familiar incidents.

The following story is of recent date and the hero of it is a chief whose district lies near to Urmi. Being unable to collect a debt from a neighbouring chieftain, he put forth a notice that he would give a reward for the head of any Sayyid in the dominions of his debtor. The Sayyids thereupon put such pressure upon their own chief that he paid the debt. This expedient seems to show a sense of humour. I believe it was the same chieftain who, having attended a conclave with a number of Mullahs and Sayyids, was heard to remark during the proceedings, "There are a great many asses here." This perhaps can hardly be called humour, but it created a sensation. A little freedom of the same kind might expedite the proceedings of more august assemblies.

F. R. KARP.

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THE TOLL OF THE BUSH.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. GIRD, who was everyone's friend, had partialities of her own. Her power in the settlement was a thing remarkable and apart. No ordinary interchange of mutual sentiments and amenities explained it, for the amenities were merely sources of amusement to Mrs. Gird, and her sentiments were her own. It was not that she supplied a spring of compassion that might soothe if it did not materially alleviate suffering, for the waters she administered were tonic and not seldom bitter with the bitterness of death. But a largeness of nature covered all. No vagaries of the human machine astonished her. There was no pettiness in her reproofs, no narrowness in her awards. Wrong, no doubt, she often was, but it was with the large wrongfulness of humanity. Yet Mrs. Gird had her partialities. To the young and the beautiful her heart turned instinctively, and with none was she on more intimate terms than Eve Milward. And Eve, recognising that it was so, gave her in return a wealth of love and sympathy defiant of all obstacles.

Mrs. Gird was not free with her kisses, but she embraced Eve Milward and looked at her keenly. "Sad and twenty," she said. "How's this?"

"How is Mr. Gird?" Eve asked.

Her hostess paused before replying, and her face stilled to calmness. She undid the buckle of the girl's saddle, pulled it off and, releasing the horse from its bridle, looked with significant eyes at the questioner.

"It has been a long road," she said, "but the end is not far away now."

"Oh, Mrs. Gird!"

"Ah, my dear, I understand that you do not know what to say. Why say anything? There is nothing to be said. His was a fierce vitality—the vitality of a man struck down in the heyday of his youth and strength. It has taken ten years of torment to quench his spirit, but the work is nearly done. Ten years of smouldering agony, and even now I do not know whether to thank God or curse Him."

Eve had paid her visits and, until the return of Geoffrey from the section, had come to spend her time with Mrs. Gird. The sun still found its way into the clearing, though the shadow of the high bush on the margin was gaining rapidly on the sun-dried paddock. They went together to a log in the cool shadows. Before them the land rose in a bank of tree ferns, vivid with the new season's growth. Higher up stood a huge rata in full flower, its top, where it caught the sunlight, appearing as though freshly dipped in blood, its lower branches clotted in deepening shades of crimson and purple

till they were lost in the undergrowth. Over the emerald sheen of the tree ferns spread a faint blood-coloured stain from the scattered stamens of the rata flowers.

With a little shiver Eve turned to her companion and put her arms round her. "I am sorry for you, Mrs. Gird," she said gravely. But the elder woman made no sign. "Who can tell," Eve continued in the same voice, "why God has afflicted you like this—you and him of all people? Who can tell why God permits such things to be? But I believe that He will recompense you in the end,—if not in this world, then in some other. He must; it is incumbent on Him, or there is no justice anywhere."

Mrs. Gird smiled gently as she took the girl's hands. "Let us talk of something else, dear," she said; "of life and its fulness, of the paradise that is in the gift of these soft fingers. Tell me about yourself."

The desire for self-revelation that follows the tender emotions stirred in the girl's breast, yet she was silent.

"Is there nothing to tell?" Mrs. Gird asked. "No fresh scalps? No new lovers?"

"Old loves are the best," Eve replied smiling, but averting her face from the other's keen scrutiny. "Every day I find myself looking back with greater tenderness on poor Mr. Linkworthy. He was so nice, so considerate, so heart-broken, and now so married."

"What about our friend the new minister?" Mrs. Gird asked, keeping to the point. "He always speaks of you in terms of the highest admiration."

"Is it a breach of confidence to speak of these things?" asked Eve.

"I cannot see why, so long as it is not done from the housetop."

"Well, Mr. Fletcher proposed to

me. He was very urgent, and put his case, as it appears to me, extremely well, but—"

"The case did not appeal to you?"

"Not at the time, but afterwards it has seemed to me better than I thought, and I don't know really what might be the upshot of a second display of its good features."

There was a chill levity in the girl's tone which rang unpleasantly in her listener's ears. "Is there any chance of such a second display?" she asked.

"An exceedingly good one, I fancy. In fact, that was where the urgency revealed itself. Mr. Fletcher was by no means pressing for an immediate reply; on the contrary, he refused, I think, to take one, and he spoke of the results of a second, or perhaps even a later proposal, with a confidence in which I by no means shared. Still his judgment was possibly better than mine."

"Why do you speak like this, Eve? Do you love the man?"

"Well, since you ask me—no; though I like him well enough, and as a minister I have the very highest opinion of him."

"My dear child," Mrs. Gird said bluntly, "when a woman marries she marries a man and not a profession."

"Yes, of course. Still it is Mr. Fletcher's profession which forms the inducement in this case. It is the case of the reed seeking support from the bank, the vine and the oak, the—the rata and the rimu."

"Your similes are plentiful but dissimilar," Mrs. Gird said. "Do you know the story of the rata, for instance? How he lodges no larger than a speck of dust in the fork of the rimu, how he germinates and sends down roots and puts forth branches until finally—" Mrs. Gird ceased speaking, and Eve, following the direction of her gaze, saw in the heart of the tortuous rata branches

the dead trunk of the throttled rimu which had nursed it into being.

"What is the meaning of your parable?" she asked more soberly.

"It is capable of various interpretations, but let us take the one you yourself suggested. There is the profession dominating all, and there is poor human nature squeezed out of existence."

"What of that, if the thing supplanting is more beautiful than the thing supplanted."

Mrs. Gird turned impatiently aside. "Don't let us confuse our minds with this rubbish," she said. "There is nothing so misleading as a simile, because in contemplating its justice we are apt to lose sight of the fact that it merely illustrates in place of supporting an argument. And this is serious. There is nothing more serious in life than this. We must grapple it with both hands and discover its nature. Eve, be sincere, be your own self and help me. Why should you desire support of that kind? Religious support, I suppose you mean. What has happened to you?"

But Eve, despite her real desire to become confidential, found a difficulty in overcoming her present mood of indifferent levity. "Theologically," she said, "I am unsound; my faith is weak, and my credulity is gone in the wind. Surely it is in accordance with the order of things that we should seek to bolster up the weaker side of our natures." Then she added with compunction, as her gaze met the other's, "Forgive me; I can't help myself."

There was sincerity there at all events, and Mrs. Gird determined on other tactics. "Well, we shall not get that straight, apparently," she said. "But what about Geoffrey Hernshaw? Has he also met refusal?"

"Mr. Hernshaw is among the few

who have not honoured me with a proposal," the girl replied lightly, but there was a trace of uneasiness in her manner.

"Have you ever given him the opportunity to do so? Well, not exactly that; but have you never checked him when it seemed he might be likely to consider the occasion suitable?"

Eve picked up her gloves and stretched them between her fingers. "I believe," she said, truthfully at last, "that Mr. Hernshaw would have proposed to me to-day if I had permitted him."

Mrs. Gird could not conceal her disappointment. "Is there no chance for the poor fellow?" she asked, her eyes on the girl's downcast face.

"There might be," said Eve. "I can't say; I do not know my own mind."

There was that in the hesitating speech which drew forth to the full the maternal instincts of the elder woman. "My dear," she said, "it's a pity you have no mother, for just now and here she would have put her arms round you and all would have been right. I might have had daughters of my own if—well—I am an old woman, not so old as years go, but very old in experience, and wise in the knowledge of the pitfalls and snares that are set all over the valley of life. It may be that, if you could confide in me as you would in your mother, I could give you that in return which is worth having, if it be only a rough woman's sympathy; and it may be that, in telling what you know of your mind, you will come to the knowledge of that which is at present concealed from you."

"Dear Mrs. Gird, it is not that I do not wish to tell you, for I do, but I have a strange difficulty in speaking. Perhaps it is the intuition that things are bad, and that no amount of con-

sidering can put them straight. But you shall judge. You have asked me about Mr. Hernshaw." The girl hesitated, and her manner took on a charming diffidence, while the colour mantled slowly in her cheeks. "I like him extremely well; I suppose I may say I—love him. At least there is no man for whom I feel anything comparable with what I feel for him, but"—and the colour receded from her cheek—"there is a serious difference of opinion between us, so serious that, were it the only obstacle, it would still, I am afraid, be a barrier we could not pass. He is an agnostic."

Mrs. Gird's countenance had changed momentarily during this speech, but she now sat up with a great deal of cheerfulness. "So am I," she said; "so's everyone, or something akin to it. What does it matter?"

Eve shook her head. "Don't you see," she said, "that a difference of that kind is vital; that nothing can overcome it; that it must ultimately drive us apart as completely as the poles, as well in this world as the next? One may agree to differ on a thousand subjects, but not on this one; one may change one's opinions on a thousand points, but not on this. For this goes to the root. Other differences depend on the point of view, on the soundness of the reasoning, but this is beyond reason; it involves the fate of our souls, and may not be disregarded."

"Stay a moment, young lady," said Mrs. Gird shrewdly. "I believe a few minutes back you confessed that theologically you were unsound, that your faith was weak and your credulity gone in the wind; that, I think, was the flippant manner in which you described your religious shortcomings. Am I to understand that, in the face of this difference—which, mind you, is vital—between

yourself and Mr. Fletcher, you are debating whether or no you should immolate that gentleman on the altar of marriage?"

But Eve was not to be bantered from her train of reasoning. "If I have confessed that I am not so firm in my beliefs as I would desire to be," she said, "I know at least that a marriage with Mr. Fletcher, whatever disadvantages it might otherwise possess, would place me beyond the possibility of any further retrogression."

"And Mr. Fletcher is willing to take the risk of himself falling from his high estate? But of course he is. And you? Might it not by the same reasoning be counted as righteousness on your part to lend a helping hand to poor Geoffrey?"

Eve smiled reflectively and a soft light grew up in her eyes.

"However," Mrs. Gird went on quickly, "we can deal with the obstacles better when they are all before us. Now for the second."

"The second?"

"I understood you to say there was more than one. Let us have the whole case against Geoffrey Hernshaw, and then we will take the items *seriatim*."

Eve moved uneasily, her mind busy with the scene of the morning. Again she saw the figure of the strange man, erect on the verandah, his eyes glittering, his face full of a triumphant mockery. Again she heard the fatal passionate words that seemed to breathe in one breath love and despair, "The compassion you might extend to any hunted creature." Hunted! Her cheeks grew hot. What story that was not shameful could account for that word! If there were not guilt in Geoffrey's countenance, there was mastery in the face of the other. Then the evident shrinking from her questions.

the complete silence he had maintained as to the incident, and its singular effect upon him. Was it fear? Afraid, and of a man! In a country where, through the primitiveness of their lives, all men are of necessity compelled to face danger in one shape or another, it is only to be expected that the natural aversion of women to pusillanimity in the opposite sex should be accentuated beyond the ordinary, and the mere thought that the man she loved allowed himself to be held in subjection by another brought a curl of contempt to the girl's lips, while it brought also a pang of distress to her heart. Yet surely the thought did him an injustice. Afraid he may have been, but not with any mere physical fear.

Mrs. Gird awaited in silence the result of the girl's reverie, her eyes scanning her face with wondering curiosity.

"I know of no other obstacle," Eve said at last; "but I have reason to think there is something I might consider one if I knew it. That sounds ungenerous I know, but I cannot help it; the suspicion has been forced upon me."

"What reason?" Mrs. Gird asked surprised.

"I doubt if I ought to mention it even to you, Mrs. Gird," Eve replied hesitatingly. "My discovery of its existence was an accident, and the discovery was not pleasing to Mr. Hernshaw. If," she added slowly, "it concerns something he desires to conceal, I have certainly no right to speak of it even to my nearest and dearest."

"Pooh," said Mrs. Gird, "there is nothing wrong with Geoffrey. I will wager the thing is a mare's nest, that it can be explained in a few words. But I'm all in the dark. It seems you trust neither of us, and at least

we have this in common, that we are your lovers."

"I will trust you, Mrs. Gird," the girl said, with more resolution; "and the mere fact that I do so should be an indication that I trust him. It was this morning, while we were passing M'Gregor's store, that the thing happened. There was a man there, a stranger—but I cannot explain it. He knew Mr. Hernshaw; he seemed to denounce and challenge him, and Mr. Hernshaw knew him, recognised him. There was nothing said, but there was an effect of something said which, had it been spoken, would have been dreadful to hear. Do I give you an idea of the scene? Mr. Hernshaw seemed to shrink away as though from a blow—that was at first. Afterwards he looked straight at the man and passed him without a word. But it is hopeless to try and make you understand the effect it all had on me. I was so startled that I spoke without thinking, and it was then Mr. Hernshaw alluded to himself as hunted. I believe I made an effort to discover what he meant. I gave him an opportunity to explain the scene, but he did not do so. That is all—except that the stranger was not alone. Andersen was with him."

"Andersen!" Mrs. Gird exclaimed sharply. "And this happened at M'Gregor's store? What was the appearance of the man?"

"He was a dreadful creature, cruel and vindictive-looking; but I seem only to remember his eyes."

"Fair or dark?"

"Fair. Yes, I recollect, he had a brown beard."

Mrs. Gird's eyes wore an introspective look. "It is curious at least," she said musingly; "but don't let us jump to conclusions. After all, there are a thousand things which a man might find a difficulty in explaining to a girl. Even the best of men—

even your paragon of virtue, Mr. Fletcher, might not be disposed to have his past laid bare in every particular. And Geoffrey is a good fellow, isn't he?—a warm-hearted, sensitive, intelligent, sweet-tempered man. They're not common, my dear, and sometimes that sort gets into scrapes quite easily. Supposing—it is only a supposition—there had been something in his life which we, no less than his present self, would prefer not to have been, shall we ignore the present and remember only the past?"

"That depends," said Eve slowly. "There are some things it would be impossible to forget."

"No doubt, and do not regard me as a special pleader on behalf of what is criminal and vicious; but the sins impossible of forgiveness are not for Geoffrey Hernshaw."

There was a note of reproof in the elder woman's voice, and the girl recognised it with a heightening of colour.

"After all, Mr. Hernshaw's affairs are no concern of mine," she said; then with a sudden surrender she cried: "Oh, why am I so hard, so cruel, so suspicious!"

Mrs. Gird knew and smiled tenderly upon her, but she offered no explanation. "Come into the house," she said; "I have something to show you."

Eve rose and followed her hostess. In the bedroom she came to a standstill and pointed to a picture on the wall. It was a small engraving, such as might cover the page of an illustrated paper. To the right and at the back, infantry and horsemen were moving forward in extended order, men falling and shells breaking overhead as they moved. To the left the trenches of the enemy, the point of attack, poured forth a torrent of lead. In the foreground was a peasant, an aged man, ploughing with a team of horses. His hands, holding the reins,

knotted themselves strongly round the haft; his calm eyes looked straight ahead.

"How singular!" said Eve. "What does it mean?"

"Common-sense, my dear," said Mrs. Gird.

CHAPTER XIX.

If the innumerable prayers offered up by a suffering and desiring humanity were of a sudden to receive fulfilment, it is probable that the recipients would be less full of thanksgiving than of surprise at the unforeseen consequences of their action, while were the favour belated, it is inconceivable but that the surprise should be largely flavoured with annoyance.

Mrs. Andersen was past the stage when any reform in her husband's conduct was prayed for, or even desired. So when Lena conveyed to her the subject of Mr. Wickener's message, and it seemed that her old prayers had at last received attention, there was far from being any corresponding feeling of gratification in her breast. "Let him keep his money," she said roughly. "We can do all right as we are."

But the money was not returned, nor were the sums that dropped in subsequently, all at the hands of the same courteous and agreeable messenger. In consequence the appearance of the family improved greatly. In course of time the whole of them became clothed, and it was thus possible to distinguish the males from the females, a matter which had for years presented an insoluble enigma to the settlement. Out of the enigma emerged, it may be said, a girl a few years younger than Lena, four sturdy boys, and another child, as yet nondescript, all dowered with their mother's clear skin and fine features,

and their father's blue eyes. Mrs. Andersen herself had shared in the improvement. She no longer hung listlessly at the door, indifferent as to appearances both in her person and her surroundings. Her good looks returned, and a young woman in fact, she began shortly to suggest that fact by her appearance. The male settlers, who had been in the habit of nodding hurriedly and passing by on the other side, now drew closer and lifted their hats. The women showed a tendency to place her name on their Sunday afternoon visiting-lists, and only Mrs. Gird shook her head and waited with misgiving for the catastrophe. It was not long in coming. The heart expands rapidly in the sunshine, and whereas in the shade of poverty growth is slow and subject to relapses, in the light of prosperity it comes rapidly to a head. So, while poor Lena, in the hope of her father's complete reformation, filled the house with singing, her mother was rapidly making up her mind to a course of action which must make his success or failure a matter immaterial to her.

"Mr. Andersen," said Wickener one day in his lightest tones, "I have been guilty of a little subterfuge with regard to yourself and your family, as to which it is due to you that I should offer an explanation and an apology." He paused, glanced at the other, reflected a moment, and went on. "I have already pointed out to you that your case has a weak spot, and I will now tell you wherein that weak spot consists. You have left your family for some considerable time past without means of support. Pardon me, I beg of you; you shall have your say by and by. Now a woman, a good-looking woman,—and Mrs. Andersen is certainly that—without means of support is, owing to the inherent villainess of human nature, subject to

special temptations over and above those which are provided by her own disposition. For that excess of temptation you and you only are responsible; understand me,"—Mr. Wickener's voice stiffened slightly—"you only. Now, to put the matter on a correct footing, I have ventured,—impertinently perhaps you will consider—to present your family from time to time with sums of money; not very great amounts, but sufficient at any rate to keep the wolf from the door." He paused, looked at Andersen, who was scowling darkly, smiled a little, and continued with increased gaiety of manner. "These sums, Mr. Andersen, I have,—very reprehensibly no doubt in the interests of truth—represented as coming from you, as emanating, in fact, from a fond husband and devoted father as the result of stern manual toil. As such and such only the offerings I speak of have been received."

Andersen's frown turned slowly to a look of bewilderment. "You haf done dis," he said; "for why?"

"My object I have already explained. I desired to put your little affair on a proper footing. I desired that your wife should have no temptations other than those which are inseparable from her nature. She is now, through your good conduct, in that happy position; and henceforth, if she falls, her blood will be on her own head."

Andersen stared at his companion, the muscles of his face twitching.

"I am a rich man, Andersen," Wickener went on reflectively,—"*rich beyond the dreams of avarice.*" He stopped, plucked a fern frond from the ground, and crushed it with a sudden fierce ruthlessness between his fingers. "And I can afford to gratify my little whims and make my little experiments. But in this case I have thought twice, and I have resolved to

The Toll of the Bush.

stay my hand. I will be frank with you, completely frank. You have a daughter; she is young, she is beautiful, she is charming; if it were possible for me to think so, I should say that she is also good." He rose to his feet. "But," he continued quickly, "however that may be, for her sake I abandon the experiment. Now, listen to me. Go back. Get up now from where you are sitting, don't stay to bid me good-bye, turn neither to the right nor the left, but go back—back into the house where your wife sits, and it may be—who knows!—that you will not be too late."

But Andersen looked up at him shamefaced and sat still.

"Stay," said Wickener, "you shall not go back empty-handed, but as a man and a conqueror. Here,—now, lose no time."

With the *here* was extended a little roll of bank notes, and then at last Andersen rose trembling to his feet. He seemed moved to the utmost of his nature, and with the simple action of a child dashed the tears from his eyes.

"Gott for effer bless you, Mr. Wickener," he said hoarsely; "but no, dat I cannot do. I am a villains, a beast, a drunk, but also I am a man. I vill not take your money, Gott forbid! I vill not go back to mine wife with the false in mine hand; dat is lies. But I vill go from here now as you say, and I vill waark; waark is plenty for me, and soon then I vill go back as you told me, but dis ting I cannot."

"Fool," said Wickener savagely, "take it—what is the trash to me? It will buy nothing, it will keep nothing. Do you think Fate will wait your convenience? Pay me back if you will, but take it now and go."

"I cannot," said Andersen. "Shall I buy her faith with anudder man's money? No, by Gott!"

Slowly Wickener, his eyes fixed on the other's face, drew back his hand and restored the notes to his pocket.

"Have your way, then," he said. "You are a fool, and you lose the game. Perhaps it was not worth winning. Console yourself with that reflection when your time comes if you can. Shake hands, Andersen. God knows the human race is a set of damned fools, especially the men; but it can't be helped, and it is of no great consequence anyhow. Nothing matters,—after all, it is a happy thought that nothing does matter. Make a note of that. We may shake up the box of tricks till the details rattle like the devil, but the game plays itself out to the predestined end and Death cries *Domino* every time. Rattle it as you will, the game is in the box. That's fatalism. You have chosen to go against the pieces. It has been tried, millions have tried it; but go on. Good luck to you, and good-bye."

Within twenty-four hours Mrs. Andersen had taken the irrevocable step, and Wickener's wisdom was justified.

Lena had been sent on some trivial pretext to a distant part of the settlement, and she returned home to find the house cleaned and swept, but empty of its inhabitants. At first the girl glanced round with no suspicion of the truth. The absence of the children was unusual but not inexplicable. Going into the room which she shared with her younger sister, she was struck by a sense of difference, of a bareness in her surroundings. She returned quickly to the living room, then to her mother's bedroom. Her heart sank like lead in her bosom. A blindness came to her eyes; she felt sick and faint, and groped through the gathering

darkness to a seat, sitting huddled and trembling, sick with shame and horror. Even the presence of death might not so have wrought on her susceptibilities. All the wearing apparel in the house save her own had disappeared. The nails in the walls and doors were empty. That no word or act of hers should interfere with her mother's intention she had been sent out of the road, cozened with a lying message. Her mother's last word had been a lie.

"God forgive her," said the poor girl, "God forgive her! I never can."

She got unsteadily to her feet and went blindly, her hands before her, to her own room. There she threw herself on her bed, face downwards, recklessly, but in a moment she was up again.

No, no; she was mad; she was dreaming; it could not be; God was not so cruel. The bare walls stared at her in mockery. Every empty nail struck sharply to her heart. Suddenly something white on the dressing-table attracted her—a letter, a sheet of paper, hurriedly folded and bearing her name. Clutching it, the girl returned to the bed, and endeavoured to steady her trembling nerves. For awhile the black characters writhed like centipedes across the sheet, then slowly they settled themselves and began to convey a meaning.

I have done my best [wrote her mother], and I can bear it no longer. Forgive me if you can. It was for your sake and the children's I listened to him first, but afterwards—well, I have told you that. He has a room for you, Lena, if you will come, and you shall have everything you want. He is a good man. But if you are going to desert us there is money in the cracked teapot in the cupboard. You need not be afraid to take it, 'tis your father's. What will you do? Oh, dear, do not be hard on me!

The end was blotted and smudged,

and the whole composition showed evidences of hurry and agitation. But to Lena these facts made no appeal. To her the note was bald, brutal in the overwhelming confirmation it offered of the shameful and terrible fact. The *Do not be hard on me* might as well have been addressed to a stone, for all effect it had on the girl's outraged feelings. Gentler thoughts might come with time, but there was no room for them now. Again she threw herself on the bed, her face on the pillow, her hands clutched in the counterpane. Everything was over; the worst had happened; welcome death, death the healer, the consoler. Darkness settled rapidly on the house. One by one the stars came out and shot their slender rays through the uncurtained window. Hour after hour she lay almost motionless, her eyes wide open. When she moved at all it was to bury her face in the pillow in an agony of shame.

"God forgive her, God forgive her! I never can."

Her feet and hands grew cold, the blood raced in her temples. Every aspect of the dreadful business whirled and struck through her brain; her father, Robert, her friends, her acquaintances—the effect of the news on each of them. Robert was lost. She had lost him. That was all over—all done with. But if love were lost, what was left? The question shot away unanswered into the blackness.

"Why did I let him love me? I knew, I knew; but it was so sweet, and now I have hurt him. Oh, poor Robert! God forgive her for that; I never can. And it can't be undone; nothing can undo it. God Himself could not undo it even if He would. If I live I shall have to face it." Suddenly she sat up in the darkness, dashing the hair from her eyes. Her

breath came and went in hurried, fearful gasps. "Soon—to-morrow—in a few hours. Oh, I can't, I can't! It is too much!"

She slipped her feet silently to the floor and stood listening guiltily in the darkness. Presently she began a cautious move forward towards the living-room. A few steps brought her to the door. She could see dimly now, but the floor was heavily shadowed, and her foot striking some obstacle it moved noisily. As the sound died away, another arose outside the house, a quick footstep, followed by a rap on the wall.

The girl stood rigid, listening.

"Lena!" said a man's voice eagerly.

There was no answer.

"Lena, is that you? Speak to me; it's Robert."

The silence was unbroken.

"Dear! Are you there? I know everything. Beckwith has been to me."

Still there was no movement within.

"Lena, Lena! Listen to me. Let me see you. Let me speak to you. Oh, my darling, what are you doing in there alone? I heard you move. Answer me."

A faint rustle; a sound as of small objects being shifted hurriedly but with an attempt at noiselessness from place to place.

"Lena," he went on with increased anxiety, "let me hear your voice, just one word. Are you angry with me? I have come at once, as soon as I knew. I have not deserted you,—like the rest. I love you, Lena. You are mine now,—only mine. Nothing could make any difference in that. Only say one word."

No word was said.

"Then if you will not come to me, I must come to you. Answer me, dear. I am determined. Will you force me to break in the door?"

"Robert."

"Yes, Lena."

"Go away. I do not love you."

"That is the first lie you have ever told me, Lena. Come out and say it with my arms round you, if you dare."

"Leave me alone. I want to be left alone. I do not want ever to see you again."

"I shall never leave you alone. What are you doing there without a light?"

"I do not want a light. I want nothing but to be left alone."

"You shall never be alone again. Come out to me or I shall come and take you."

"You shall never take me. I will kill myself first."

Then in a flash there came on Robert the meaning of the silent house, the darkness, the faint noises as of searching hands. On all strong natures the imminence of danger acts like a tonic. The nerves steady themselves for resistance, the muscles brace themselves for action, the intelligence becomes acute. So, in less time than it takes to state, Robert's plan was made. He ran his hands lightly over the door and drew back.

"Lena," he said from the increased distance, "if I go away now, will you promise to go straight to bed?"

What her answer was he never knew, for in the next instant he had thrown himself with all his weight on the door. The wooden latch snapped like a carrot; there was a crash as the door swinging back struck the window-frame, splintering the glass in the sashes. A chair, galvanised into activity, hurled itself against the opposite wall, and the girl was in his arms.

"Lena, you are mine. I have a right to take my own."

"I never will be yours. I do not love you. I have another lover."

He kissed the rebellious lips fiercely into silence. "So much the worse for the other then," he said; "for when I lay hold I never let go."

"No, no; it's a lie. I love you. You are splendid; you are my hero, my master; but I will never marry you."

"We shall see," said Robert, and bore her from the dark house into the dim starlight.

"I will take you to Mrs. Gird's now. If you will not walk, I shall carry you." Suddenly he began trembling, and the girl slipped through his arms to her feet. Still he held her, his hands shaking as with palsy.

"Robert, Robert, what is it?"

"Nothing, Lena," he said in a shaken whisper; "I was thinking. It's the slip-rail—I forgot to put it up. I was thinking of going back to do it, but I didn't go, I came straight on."

There was a silence.

Gradually Robert's strength returned and with it the fixity of his purpose.

"Lena, will you do as I tell you?"

"Yes, Robert; in everything but the one thing."

He took her hand and led her out of the paddock down the road on to the bush track. Three times during the journey he stopped, put his arms round her and kissed her passionately. She offered no resistance.

"You are mine. I will go to the Registrar's office to-morrow."

"I will never marry you, Robert."

Again he asked, "Do you love me, Lena?"

"Yes, with my whole soul."

"You cannot live without me."

"I will try."

Then for the last time he said: "You are mine, doubly mine. I won you to-night. You cannot go back to that other lover."

"No. Robert, were there any bullocks near the slip-rail?"

"Never mind that. You are going to be a good girl. You will do as I tell you."

"In everything except the one thing."

He set her down on a log and went away to acquaint Mrs. Gird. It was some minutes before he returned. He lifted her and kissed her again. "Are you a good girl now?"

"I will never be good."

"Kiss me."

She obeyed.

He led her to the house, passed her to Mrs. Gird and went silently away. Lena tried to speak, but words refused to come. She wanted to apologise, but how to do it she could not remember. Mrs. Gird led her without speaking to her own room, put her in a chair and began to unlace her boots.

Lena complained querulously. She did not want to go to bed. She wanted to lie down anywhere.

Her hostess continued disrobing her in silence, and soon the task was complete. Frozen, motionless, she lay in the elder woman's arms.

"Sleep, darling, and you will be better."

"I can't sleep. I do not want to sleep; I want to think."

"Then let it be of the sweet days that are coming. Let it be of forgiveness and compassion. Child, do you guess what your mother suffered all these years?"

"Mrs. Gird, I have no mother."

"Little one, can you pray?"

"No, no; let me be."

"That will I not. Come closer to me. Do I not know what suffering is?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE bloom of enthusiasm had worn off the religious revival at Rivermouth; there had even been a considerable backsliding. As a fire cannot be kept going without fuel, so an enthusiasm of

this nature fails when the supply of converts is exhausted. The Maoris were the first to drop off; singly and in two and threes they retired yawning and in search of fresh excitement. The band seceded in a body. It came about in this way.

One of its prominent members having occasion to visit the Kaipara chanced on the departure of a contingent on its way to South Africa. The little town of Helensville was lavishly decorated in honour of the event. The heroes of the hour (six in number) were being triumphantly conducted to the railway station amid the cheers of the crowd and the braying of the local brass band.

What was that martial, that divine air? The dusky bandsman's heart bounded in his breast. He also was a patriot. He also was prepared to meet the hereditary foe Kruger in single combat. Great feelings entail action. The bandsman stepped forward into line, placed his instrument to his lips, struck the right note and launched impromptu on *The Soldiers of the Queen, my lads!* It was the triumph of music over matter. For two days he remained in the township, studying the new airs; then he returned home.

The band met that night; the new music was played and received with delicious enthusiasm.

"Boys," said the Prominent Bandsman, amid the wildest excitement, "religion no good. That the ol' fashion'd. Patriotisnt!—that the ferra!"

And patriotism, as exemplified in martial airs, was the vogue from that hour.

Pine, who, through his conversion taking place somewhat late in the day, had never joined the band, was left out in the cold by these manoeuvres of his tribesmen. He had had the foresight to repress any religious cravings on the part of his family,

and thus while the less thoughtful of the converts were growing daily leaner and sadder, he remained cheerful and well fed. Clothes, however, were another matter, not forthcoming without money. Pine's boots had reached that stage of decrepitude when repairs become no longer possible. Something had to be done and soon. He stood for some time outside the local boot-shop, gazing longingly on the numerous specimens of the shoemaker's handicraft exposed for sale. The prices were marked in plain figures, but how to obtain the sums mentioned was not so clear. Pine, however, was never lacking in courage, and after one or two glances through the open shop door, he walked cheerfully in and seated himself in the workshop.

Howell was quite accustomed to being watched at his work, so he merely glanced over his spectacles at his visitor and went on with what he was doing.

Pine watched the deft fingers with little clicks of admiration. "By gorry!" he exclaimed at last. "Te pest ferra you makit te poot."

"Good boots, eh?" said Howell.

"Te pest! You makit all dese poots!"

"Every man jack of them," said the shoemaker, not uninfluenced by the other's admiration.

"I tink you te pest pootmaker. Dese other ferra makit te poot no good. You te pest, I tink so."

He got softly to his feet, and with many ejaculations of astonishment and admiration, perambulated the shop, feeling the leather and expatiating on the ingenuity of the white man at every step. At length he came to a standstill before a pair of watertights.

"Num'er ten, I s'pose so," he remarked.

"Tens, yes."

"I tink dese poots fit me," Pine said tentatively.

"Just about your size, I should say," replied Howell, sharpening his knife to cut a fresh strip of leather.

Pine kicked off his uppers and squeezed himself slowly down into the watertights. "Te pest!" he remarked when the feat was accomplished. "How you look?"

"First-rate! Couldn't fit you better if they were made for you."

"I tink I take dese poots," said Pine. "How much the utu¹?"

."Thirteen and six."

"Py crikey, te sheap poot! Dirteen and hikipene! I s'pose one poun'."

"No," said Howell, with a virtuous shake of the head. "Thirteen and sixpence is the price."

"Py gorry, te gooroo poot for te little money! I tink I take dese poots. I pay to-morrow."

"No, you don't," said Howell. "You pay now."

"No money dis time," said Pine; "but s'pose to-morrow—ah, prenty money!" He waved his hand to indicate the magnitude of the revenues that were falling due to him at the time mentioned.

Howell picked up a thumbful of sprigs. "No money, no boots," he said inflexibly.

Pine sat down on the bench, and extending his legs, regarded the watertights critically.

"I tink too small," he said presently.

"I can stretch them for you," suggested the bootmaker.

"If stretch, I tink soon bust. No gooroo te leather, p'raps so. You makit all dese poots?" he enquired coldly, casting an indifferent glance round the shop.

Howell admitted the charge.

Pine shook his head. "No good your poot," he said. "If wet, soon

bust; if dry, too hard. I tink no one puy dese poots. Why, you make more!"

The shoemaker's little eyes shone fiercely over his spectacles.

"S'pose half-crown," said Pine finally; "ah, I take."

"Go away," said Howell, incensed.

Pine removed the watertights, clicked disparagingly over them, and resumed the tenancy of his own property; then, with a final glance of disfavour at the shoemaker's wares, he lounged into the street.

It was midday, without a cloud to intercept the intensity of the sun's beams, nor a breath of wind to temper them. The river lay like a sheet of glass, returning tint for tint the colours of the sky. Some distance off the shore a yacht lay becalmed, her white sails spread in invitation to the reluctant breeze. The beach was all but deserted. No sound issued from the houses, or through the wide doorways of the stores, or even from the hotel. Only from the schoolhouse among the trees there came a continuous hum, which on long listening developed into singing. On the far end of the beach Mallow was rolling up his fishing-net, which had been spread out to dry in the sun. All the activity of the township seemed vested in his sole person, and as though ashamed of this divergence from his neighbours, he sat down in the middle of his labours and took out a pipe.

Pine meditated joining him, but the beach was long, and being low-spirited at his recent failure, he sat down where he was. The yacht afforded a pleasant resting-place for the gaze of an idle man, and despite the fact of its being becalmed there were more evidences of activity about it than were discoverable elsewhere. Figures were moving about, busying themselves with the ropes, and pre-

¹ *Potoo*, price.

sently the white sail slid down and disappeared from view. Then a dinghy at the stern was pulled alongside, and two figures stepping into it, it began to make for the shore. The hollow sound of the oars in the rowlocks, and the voices of persons conversing, travelled clearly across the still water. Pine soon identified one of the occupants of the boat. He belonged to the county township, and did the lion's share of carrying on the river. The other man was a stranger. Pine had all the curiosity of his race as to strangers, and rising to his feet, he sauntered down the beach in the direction of the approaching boat, arriving in time to put his hand on it as it reached the shore.

"Hallo, Pine! Good-bye, Mr. Wickener. Start back first streak of daylight in the morning. I'll knock you up at the hotel, unless you care to sleep on board."

"I should prefer it," said Mr. Wickener, "if it would not inconvenience you too much."

"Not a bit. Well, ta-ta; see you again."

Mr. Wickener turned to find the Maori regarding him with great intentness.

"Your name Wickener?"

"That is my name," Mr. Wickener replied smiling.

"Where you come from dis time?"

Mr. Wickener indicated the upper river.

"You belong a New Tealan'?"

"No, sir, I am from England."

Pine regarded him with exhaustive earnestness. "Where your wife?" he asked.

The Englishman moved restively, but continued smiling.

"You leave your wife up to your place in Inglan'?"

"Really," said Mr. Wickener, "your interest in my family affairs is flattering to the verge of embarrassment."

Pine regarded him with intense thoughtfulness, taking in every peculiarity of his person and every detail of his attire. A sparkle of gold in the Englishman's teeth attracted him, and he craned his neck to obtain a second view. "You got te false tooth?" he asked frowning.

Mr. Wickener looked musingly at his inquisitor. "Now," he said *sotto voce*, "I understand the genesis of 'Why, why,' 'How, how.'"

Pine stepped sideways to observe a ring on his victim's finger. Then he subjected him generally to a searching stare that sought to tear the mystery out of him. The very apotheosis of curiosity was in that keen, rolling scrutiny. In its earnestness was summed up all the imperative necessity for knowing on which the existence of his savage ancestry had depended. "Where you buy that hat?" he asked.

But Mr. Wickener thought it was time to bring the inquisition to a close. "Where did you buy those boots?" he retorted.

Pine acknowledged the shaft with a backward step and a dusky blush. He had been hit in a vulnerable place, and he regarded the stranger for the first time with respect.

"Your name is Pine, I think?" said Wickener in his turn.

"Dat my name. All same Inglis' pin."

"Ah! Hence the pointedness of your attack. Now, let me see. So this is Rivermouth." The Englishman looked smilingly along the sultry beach.

"That the hotel," said Pine. "Dat the good hotel, my word."

"By all means," said Wickener amiably. "Let us go there."

"You got te money?" Pine inquired cautiously, with the idea of avoiding misunderstandings.

"I probably have an odd shilling;

at any rate, the responsibility of the visit shall be mine."

Pine led the way for a few steps with alacrity, then came to an abrupt halt, struck by a disconcerting recollection. He had taken the pledge.

"Come along," said the Tempter, pausing and jingling a pocketful of coins.

Pine saw the necessity for rapid thinking. The pledge had been taken on the impulse of the moment without due forethought; it had never included the possibility that an Englishman with a pocketful of money should offer to treat him. Plainly the matter had been misrepresented; this was not in the bill. So far as paying for drinks out of his own pocket was concerned, certainly and by all means nothing should exceed the rigour of his teetotalism in that respect, but in this case the responsibility was clearly with the other party.

"All ri," said Pine cheerfully, "I come."

They entered the silent hotel, where, after repeated knocking, some one was found obliging enough to serve them; then they returned to the beach.

"What you do now?" Pine asked.

"Now," replied the Englishman, "I have a visit to pay. I want to see Mr. Fletcher."

"Mita Fretchah!" exclaimed Pine, drawing back. "My gorry! I tink p'raps you tell him I not total dis time."

"I am a pattern of discretion," Mr. Wickener replied. "It is possible your name may not be mentioned."

"Dat te best," said Pine innocently. "Why for you go see Mr. Fretchah?"

Mr. Wickener returned smilingly to the landscape. "A charming spot," he said; "so restful, so Rip-van-Winkleyan. Where does Mr. Fletcher reside?"

"I show you. He live Mr. Mallow's place. That ol' man Mallow along te beach. He te small rangatira but te good fisherman. Sometimes ago his wife was say: 'You go get tree, four schnapper for te brekfas.'" Pine cleared his throat and his eyes began to roll. "When he get out he look an' see he leave all his bait ashore. He only got one small pipi, all same's dis,"—Pine indicated a cockle-shell on the beach with his dilapidated boot toe. "But ol' man Mallow he te pest fisherman. He tink a big tink, den he say: 'Good 'nuf!' First he catch te pakerikeri, dat te small ferra fish, all same's sprat; den te pakerikeri catch te kahuwai, an' te kahuwai te good bait mo te schnapper. By'm-by te boat so full, he sit on te side and put out big hook for te shark. Plenty big ferra shark come along dat times, an' ol' man Mallow he catch 'em seven an' tie 'em all round te boat. By'm-by Missus Mallow come along down a beach an' she see ol' man Mallow pull for th' shore like te debil after him an' dirteen big ferra whales comin' in over'm bar. Ol' Mallow he pull an' pull an' soon he tumble out on a beach like he dang'ously dead. 'My glacious!' he say; 'dat pipi te strongest bait ever I seen it.' He te good fisherman, my word!"

Mr. Wickener nodded his appreciation of the story. "I have done a little fishing myself," he said, glancing at the stolid back of Mr. Mallow, who sat over the half-rolled net, his eyes fixed in contemplation on the river. "So this is the place?"

"I go talk to ol' man Mallow," Pine said. "By'm-by I see you again."

Mr. Wickener was received by Mabel Mallow, who spoke of Mr. Fletcher as absent, but likely to return at any moment. Meantime she invited him into the parlour, gave him a comfortable chair, and adjusted the sunblind.

"Mr. Fletcher is somewhere in the township," she said, smiling at the visitor, "so that he is sure to be back to lunch. It is not often one can speak so certainly about him."

"Then I am fortunate," said Mr. Wickener. "I should be sorry indeed to miss him, having travelled a considerable distance with the express object of seeing him."

Mabel could think of nothing to say, so she smiled again with additional sweetness and straightened an antimacassar on the sofa.

"I am an old acquaintance of Mr. Fletcher's," said the gentleman, his eye on the girl's well-proportioned figure; "though, as I have not seen him for some considerable time, my visit is likely to take him by surprise. I presume he is quite established—one may say domesticated here?"

"It depends on what you mean by domesticated," Mabel returned roguishly.

"At least," said Mr. Wickener, smiling, "a powerful incentive to become so is not lacking."

No girl had a keener ear for a compliment than Mabel, but she was not anxious just at that moment to allow herself and the parson to be connected in the stranger's mind. She rewarded the speaker with a dazzling glance as she said: "Mr. Fletcher

perhaps finds his incentive a little farther away than Rivermouth."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Wickener, pricking up his ears.

"At Wairangi, for instance," Mabel continued in the same tone.

Mr. Wickener started slightly, and a look of intense reflection gathered in his eyes. "Just so," he said musingly, "just so."

"There is Mr. Fletcher now," Mabel cried suddenly, as a shadow passed the window. "I will tell him you are here."

Left alone, Mr. Wickener rose, crossed the room once or twice rapidly, his mouth twitching, his eyes glittering. There was something dæmonic and deadly in his tread, and it is probable that Mabel, had she come upon him now, would have had a difficulty in recognising the smiling visitor of a few moments before.

A strong step in the passage brought the restless movements to a standstill, and Mr. Fletcher, hat in hand, appeared in the doorway of the partially darkened room.

"Good-day," said the clergyman. "I hear you wish to see me."

Then he looked at his visitor; his sombre, handsome countenance stilled suddenly, and he stood like a man turned to stone.

(To be continued.)

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A CRITIC.

JUST a year ago there appeared in these pages an appreciation of Matthew Arnold's poetry, and to that some account of his criticism seems a fitting complement, not only in so far as his theory may illustrate his practice, but also as indicative of how he endeavoured to influence his age with more direct purpose and through another medium.¹

A critic's relation with his age offers us a very interesting problem. How far is it possible for him to be of it, in sympathy with it, and yet to be inspired by other ideals than its own? On the reconciliation of these contraries depends the success of the critical functions, for without the first his criticism must be powerless, that of a professed enemy; and without the second it must be valueless, the criticism of an age by itself. And there is yet another aspect of the question which should not be forgotten,—his differences from the present should vary in the direction of the future, rather than in that of the past, if his work is to attain to any real influence; for the labour, even of the keenest intellect, is ineffectual unless it is aided by some great current in human life and thought; and a man, however gifted, perhaps only attains to genius in proportion as he represents tendencies still unexhausted.

This is one problem, at least, which we have to consider in regard to the criticism of Matthew Arnold, where we find it indeed presented

definitely enough. His criticism, however consistent, as we have been recently told, in its development, is inconsistent in the composition of its parts, some agreeing scarcely at all with others. There met in him, in temporary reconciliation, two very different types of criticism, not at all evenly displayed, but still each undeniably existent, as if he too knew something from his own experience of what he described as "this strange disease of modern life"; I mean neither in "its sick hurry," nor its "palsied heart," but in "its divided aims." For while so much of his criticism was almost solely directed to the attempted restoration of the Greek ideal, in the persuasion that it alone could give the future creative age to which he looked forward, "the wholesome, regulative laws of poetry," and while he was so often employed in the measurement of modern poets by classical standards, yet his praise of disinterestedness, his theory of culture, his advocacy of moderation and flexibility of judgment, were to fall in with the beginning of a new movement which would cast doubt over his, and all men's, knowledge of the *best*, and which would prescribe to who knows how many generations a steady contemplation of the whole field of literature, analysing, comparing, classifying, without regard for better or worse, until at length the secrets of creation shall be made known. His work thus offers two distinct sides,—the formulation and presentment of a definite, exterior literary ideal, unchanging and unchangeable, together with the conception and

¹ MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POPULAR POET; by W. A. Sibbald. MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE, March, 1904.

expression of an idea of human development leading to transitory theories, only "relatively truer than those which they displace."

These two aspects correspond to the two main varieties of criticism, which have only been differentiated from each other in recent years. Criticism may apply itself to practice; it may confine itself to contemplation. The first function, as guiding practice, we all know well, for the writings of English critics from Dryden onwards have familiarised us with its processes. The practical, or judicial critic, as he has been called, begins with an ideal, his conception of the best in literature, and proceeds to judge literary art according as it attains to or falls short of his requirements. This is an eminently practical method: it shows us, provided we can accept the initial statement of what is the best, just where a writer fails and where he succeeds; and, if we ourselves desire to attempt the practice of literature, it shows us also just what we should endeavour to accomplish and what to avoid. It gives us the dividing line between the good and the bad, between what men will be disposed to prize and remember, and what will have at most a false, trivial, and evanescent interest.

That, then, is the practical method; but there is another, which has been called, by no means unjustly, the scientific method. This proposes no immediate, practical object at all; it desires to know, not what ought to be, but what has been and is. It is engaged accordingly in noting and classifying the mere facts of literature. The good and the bad, for their own sakes, interest it not at all, for it is recognised that the appearance of literary excellence is produced by a fixed relation existing between the reader and the work; and to determine this relation is not to

determine the limits of the good and bad, which must vary with every individual. If the *ILIAD* be presented to Professor Newman and to Matthew Arnold, the one, as most of us will remember, finds it written in a style garrulous and quaint, the other, in a style eminently direct, rapid, and noble. So, for the present at all events, scientific or contemplative criticism does not take upon itself the solution of so difficult a problem as that of the positive goodness or badness of a work of art; it would avoid formulating, even to itself, any ideal, because that would injure its free contemplation of literature taken as a mass, and concentrate its feelings of literary pleasure on one part, and its feelings of literary disgust on the other. It recommends no methods, but analyses all; it praises no school, but explains, or attempts to explain all; it keeps, so far as possible, aloof from action, and confines itself to a precise statement of the literary actions which literary artists have at all times accomplished. Instead of seeking rules for the writer's guidance, to which he may yield obedience or not as he pleases, it seeks laws which every writer must infallibly obey.

There cannot of course be the least possible doubt as to which was the really prominent side in Matthew Arnold's criticism. In spite of certain discordant notes in his teaching, which shall be considered later, he had, if anyone ever had, a definite, precise, exterior ideal, which he applied to the judgment of literature, to the delimitation of the good and bad, to the education of practical rules, with that delicacy, that attention to the *shade*, in which the art of such criticism above all consists. However much he might recommend a colourless cosmopolitanism to others, he himself remained essentially Eng-

lish in the practical nature of his views, though with the ability to take at times a wider view of practical matters than is usual with us; in spite of everything which he might say or think, it was given to him no more than to others to escape from the subtle, all-pervading influences of race and period. An instant's consideration will show us how really practical his writings and his theories were. Culture cherishes in us our "best self," and makes of us the best, indeed the only good, citizens. One of his most charming books consists of advice to the future translator of Homer, in which one point at least, his recommendation of the Authorised Version of the Bible as the standard of diction, has been proved singularly felicitous. The literary need of the age is criticism, he tells us; and why? Not entirely to satisfy the curiosity of knowledge, of comprehension; but partly also because the young writer needs "a hand to guide him through the confusion, a voice to prescribe to him the aim which he should keep in view, and to explain to him that the value of literary works which offer themselves to his attention is relative to their power of helping him forward on his road towards his aim,"—so we learn in the Preface to his Poems of 1853.

One feature of this work is that it leads naturally and inevitably to some practical end; it shows us what we should do; we cannot read it without drawing conclusions relative to our future action. But action requires some sort of certainty, of probability at the least; and we demand of him who tells us what we should do, an appearance, if no more, of authority. The true leader of souls should, as Taine justly observed, regard life from some elevated position, from which it must seem as if he

could perceive the eternal aspect of things better than ordinary men can. "I retire more and more from the modern world and modern literature," we read in one of Arnold's letters, "When I hear of some new dispute or rage that has arisen, it seems quite historical." In this, no doubt, there was a touch of exaggeration; but it suggests the source of his power, his capacity of seeming one who was endowed with superior and certain knowledge, in a way which is confirmed by the Preface aforesaid.

I know not how it is [he there says], but their commerce with the ancients appears to me to produce, in those who constantly practise it, a steady and composing effect upon their judgment, not of literary works only, but of men and events in general. They are like persons who have had a very weighty and impressive experience: they are more truly than others under the empire of facts, and more independent of the language current among those with whom they live.

The actual truth of this declaration cannot be discussed here; but it is sufficient that such converse with classical, and above all with Greek literature, so sublime and sculptural (if the word may be allowed), most assuredly soothes the mind by carrying it into an atmosphere in almost all its qualities different from that of our modern life, and at the same time seems to offer that exterior station from which the achievements of this modern life may be calmly, if not quite justly, judged. One need scarcely quote Arnold's many condemnations of modern poetry; he had, perhaps, too many faults to find, and, not content with merely pointing out where the moderns had sinned against Greek light, endeavoured, both by precept and example, to lay the foundations of a criticism which should deliver

from these faults the great creative age still to come. All this he did by placing the works of modern poets beside his ideal, and noting where they fell short of his standard with a singular delicacy and subtlety. Let us examine this ideal a little more closely, and try to estimate its actual value for us, the men of the present, and its chances with our children, the men of the future.

The source from which Matthew Arnold drew his ideal was, as we have seen, the Greek, that which has supplied every literary artist, since the rediscovery of the classical world, with a model for him to imitate or with a rival for him to surpass. For the last four hundred years, every well-educated man, every one, that is, who can pretend to judge of literature, has begun his education with their study; and after long and earnest contemplation Arnold, too, perceived in them what seemed the perfection of literary form. Brought up in old Rugby and unreformed Oxford, his earlier years were steeped in the sentiment of a fervent devotion to Homer and Sophocles such as we nowhere find to-day. Compared with such men, and by their standards, all their successors would seem barbarians; the sanest, most cultured individuals of the later world would seem but ill-balanced and incomplete. Nowadays we do not pretend to decide whether the advocates of classicism or of romanticism are the wiser; but it is indisputable that, until quite recent times, there has always been a goodly proportion of the leaders of European culture who have thought and acted as if there were no possibility of question in the matter, as if they were in truth the humble, distant followers of the Greeks in all matters which refer to the practice of the arts, to taste and knowledge of beauty.

That also was Matthew Arnold's belief, the basis of his criticism.

This is evident enough in almost every page he wrote, from the beginning to the end of his critical career, which was, as has been said, singularly consistent in the course of its development. In his earliest known critical work,—the *Preface* of 1853, written when he was just over thirty—we read :

Achilles, Prometheus, Clytemnestra, Dido—what modern poem presents personages as interesting even to us moderns, as these personages of an "exhausted past?" . . . And why is this? Simply because . . . the action is greater, the personages nobler, the situations more intense: and this is the true basis of interest in a poetical work, and this alone.

A little later he compares the poetic practice of the ancients and the moderns.

The radical difference between their poetical theory and ours consists, as it appears to me, in this: that with them the poetical character of the action is itself, and the conduct of it, was the first consideration; with us, attention is fixed mainly on the value of the separate thoughts and images which occur in the treatment of an action. They regarded the whole; we regard the parts. With them the action predominates over the expression of it; with us the expression predominates over the action. Not that they failed in expression . . . but their expression is so excellent because it is so admirably kept in the right degree of prominence; because it draws its force directly from the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys. . . . We have poems which seem to exist merely for the sake of single lines and passages; not for the sake of producing any total impression. We have critics who seem to direct their attention merely to detached expressions, to the language about the action, not to the action itself. . . . They will permit the poet to select any action he pleases, and to suffer that action to go as it will, provided he gratifies them with occasional bursts of fine writing, and with a shower of isolated thoughts and images.

And lastly, he says, the young poet,—for this Preface has an eminently practical application — will learn of the Greeks,

How immeasurably superior is the effect left by a great action treated as a whole, to the effect produced by the most striking single thought, or by the happiest image. As he penetrates into the spirit of the great classical works, as he becomes gradually aware of their intense significance, their noble simplicity and their calm power, he will be convinced that it is this effect, unity and profoundness of moral impression, at which the ancient poets aimed; that it is this which constitutes the grandeur of their works and makes them immortal.

Of all this, perhaps, the newest thing is the peculiarly persuasive manner in which the conclusions are stated. Many men before Matthew Arnold had felt and proclaimed the artistic supremacy of Greece, although very few, I think, had been able to penetrate so far into the heart of Greek poetry, and feel its power and charm so deeply, so effectually. How deeply and effectually he felt them is shown in such passages as this from the delightful lectures on Homeric translation.

For Homer's grandeur is not the mixed and turbid grandeur of the great poets of the north, of the authors of *OTHELLO* and *FAUST*; it is a perfect, a lovely grandeur. Certainly his poetry has all the energy and power of the 'poetry of our ruder climates; but it has besides the pure lines of an Ionian horizon, the liquid clearness of an Ionian sky.

Here is the literary incarnation of his ideal, the Greek of Homer and Sophocles, "who saw life steadily and saw it whole," who were most fortunate, for they succeeded "in entirely effacing themselves, and in enabling a noble action to subsist as it did in Nature."

But our ideals are always tending to affect our practice, and enter into

our action. They represent that to which we aspire, not only for others, but also for ourselves; and so Arnold's ideal was the measure of his own poetical practice as well as of his criticism. On one occasion events conspired to remove all counteracting influences from its operation, and the result was *MEROPE*. Few, one supposes, even of Matthew Arnold's constant readers, ever read this drama; perhaps scarcely any at all re-read it, however much it may be, as he wrote to his sister, "a specimen of the world created by the Greek imagination." "This imagination," he goes on, "was different from our own, and it is hard for us to appreciate, even to understand it; but it had a peculiar power, grandeur, and dignity, and these are worth trying to get an apprehension of." The total failure of *MEROPE* is truly enough explained in the latter part of my quotation. The same experiment had been even more elaborately attempted, and by a man of supremely great intellectual power, by Goethe; but beautiful as his *IPHIGENIE AUF TAURIS* is, there would be something obviously faulty with a criticism which should place it above the incomparable *FAUST*. In truth, both *MEROPE* and *IPHIGENIE* are too successful to succeed, too Greek to reach the modern world effectually.

Arnold had written :

The externals of a past action (the poet) cannot know with the precision of a contemporary; but his business is with its essentials. The outward man of *Cedipus* or of *Macbeth*, the houses in which they lived, the ceremonies of their courts, he cannot accurately figure to himself; but neither do they essentially concern him. His business is with their inward man; with their feelings and behaviour in certain tragic situations, which engage their passions as men; these have in them nothing local or casual; they are as accessible to a modern Poet as to a contemporary.

This surely is one of those half-truths which are so misleading. The modern poet, as Goethe found, can only reconstruct the feelings of the distant past after a long and toilsome effort of constructive learning. If the past is to be artistically presented so as to arouse the sympathies of the present in their highest form, that past must be falsified, at least from the historical point of view. MEROPE was so unfortunate as to appear about the same time as one of these brilliantly successful falsifications, the ATALANTA IN CALYDON, which in spite of its profound dissimilarity bore to it some superficial resemblance. "Swinburne's poem," Arnold wrote to Conington, who, by the way, not uncharacteristically preferred MEROPE, "is as you say: the moderns will only have the antique on condition of making it more *beautiful* (according to their own notions of beauty) than the antique: that is, something wholly different." Does not this true saying, and the fate of MEROPE, go to suggest the true value to us of Arnold's concrete ideal? The Greeks were indeed,—no one with any knowledge of them could think of denying it for a moment—a unique people, possessing a wonderful conception of beauty which we can still learn to appreciate (and so extend our knowledge of the beautiful) if we pursue its study with earnestness and perseverance. But human life has changed greatly since the Greeks decayed; it is still changing; we cannot doubt that it will continue in this unceasing process, and that Western stability is, if not impossible, at least indefinitely far away. And just as our human life has varied further and further from the primitive type, so too has the human ideal of the divine and beautiful. It has developed, and it will develope, side by side with life itself; so that not only the taste of

the present, which may be criticised as defective easily enough, but the taste of the future also, from which there is no appeal, must vary more and more from what it was. Greek beauty, less fair to us than to the Greeks, must prove less fair to future men than to us.

It was here, one cannot help feeling, that Matthew Arnold betrayed something of that lack of balance, that failure in impersonality, which he condemned in others. As a man, he seems in this modern world somewhat too cold, too self-contained, for complete comprehension and sympathy. But this very quality would place him in more perfect sympathy with verse whose tones themselves have grown less ardent since the time when men would faint in reciting them. Perhaps it was a combination of "the historical and the personal fallacies," against which he warned others, which led to this close union between himself and what remains to us of Greek ideals, blinding his eyes a little too much to the beauties of later singers. For as human life becomes more complicated, the simplicity of Greek poetry becomes less expressive, its symbols less full of meaning. And so, when Arnold concludes that Greek poetry is the standard and pattern of all time, when he measures it against modern poetry, against something, that is, entirely different, with other aims and other virtues, something that cannot profitably be compared with Greek poetry by reason of its extreme dissimilarity, he himself becomes undeniably guilty of dogmatism and inflexibility. No good purpose can be served in measuring Shakespeare's virtue by that of Sophocles, still less by that of Homer: nor in declaring that the English dramatic poet comes as far behind the Greek epic poet as imperfection after perfectness. For Sophocles

would be as open to criticism from a modern point of view as Shakespeare doubtless is from the Greek; and to us moderns, Hamlet and Faust are more interesting personalities than Achilles or Clytemnestra or Prometheus, just because from the Greek point of view these are so peculiarly interesting and because, to us who are not Greek, their interest is something artificial, the fruit of long effort and reflection. And so perhaps we may reply not unfitly to Matthew Arnold's exaltation of the Greeks in the words of Guicciardini's criticism of Machiavelli: "We do not live in the days of the Greeks and Romans."

This is one aspect of the matter which tends to prevent this conception of poetic art appearing quite true to us, who are so different from the Greeks. Another is Arnold's exclusiveness. It surely is not true to regard Milton and Dante as the only superlatively excellent poets of the modern world. They alone of later poets, he says, are the constant depositaries of the "grand style." Shakespeare possesses it only in flashes. These are very frequent, Arnold admits; but for all that, it was not his assured possession.

Then again Arnold's abnormal sympathy with Greek ideals leads him sometimes to forget the peculiar advantages which are conferred by the death of the language in which a work is composed,—relative freedom from appearing quaint, undignified, ignoble. That there are grave disadvantages to counterbalance this, no one will deny; its audience is narrowed, its power lessened. But on the other hand, while we can assess roughly the qualities of mind which are displayed in it, questions of style are indefinitely complicated in its favour; and furthermore our opinions are generally formed only

after a longer and more patient study than we commonly accord to other, living literatures, which are beside so much more bulky,—study in the course of which we lose sight of all the oddities, as they seem to us at first or on a slighter acquaintance, and are led to accept whatever may be written in them as natural in the circumstances. Turning then from a prolonged study of the classical literatures, somewhat forgetful of the advantages of the fixity of a dead language, no doubt it is easy, but at the same time it is unjustifiable, to write such a passage as the following:

When Shakespeare says "The princes
orgulous," meaning "the proud princes,"
we say "This is antiquated"; when he
says of the Trojan gates that they

With massy staples
And corresponsive and fulfilling bolts
Sperr up the sons of Troy,

we say, "This is both quaint and antiquated."

This, no doubt, is a perfectly true and just description of Shakespeare's use of these words.

But [Arnold goes on] does Homer ever compose in a language which produces on the scholar at all the impression as this language which I have quoted from Shakespeare? Never once. Shakespeare is quaint and antiquated in the lines which I have just quoted; but Shakespeare—need I say it?—*can compose, when he likes, when he is at his best, in a language perfectly simple, perfectly intelligible.*

This comparison is surely very misleading. It does not refer, as it might seem to do at first sight, to the syntax of the two poets, the invariable directness of the Greek being contrasted with the frequent difficulty and obscurity of the English poet; but Shakespeare, *when he likes, when he is at his best*, chooses words which have not become obsolete, and, when presumably he was not writing at his best, some-

times his words seem quaint and antiquated after a lapse of three centuries! "Homer has not Shakspeare's variations," we read at the conclusion of this passage. But Beaumont and Fletcher's English contains fewer quaint and antiquated words than Shakspeare's; can it seriously be suggested that they are for this reason either better or more equal poets? But the idea appears in all its falseness as soon as it is freed from the confusing misuse of *language* in the sense of *single words*.

But it is an ungrateful task to trace the derelictions of a great critic from the ideal which he professed. It is far pleasanter to regard the manner in which he applied his ideals, with what delicacy, persuasiveness, and almost always with what moderation! Perhaps the best illustration of this is afforded us by his lectures ON TRANSLATING HOMER, from which I have already quoted. There, as he analyses the individual differences between Homer and the three great English translations of Chapman, Pope, and Cowper, it would be difficult to be clearer or more convincing. "To handle these matters perfectly," he says, "there is needed a poise so perfect that the least overweight in any direction tends to destroy the balance." Perfection, unhappily, is impossible, but here he almost seems to have caught "the perfect balance." Possibly we hear a little more than we desire about the eccentricities of Professor Newman; but then this was necessary in order to accentuate the nobility of Homer by the exhibition of something eminently ignoble. Whatever we may think of Arnold's idolatry of the Greeks, it is impossible to rise from the reading of these lectures without a clearer appreciation of the virtue of the *ILIAD*. Is not this one great aim of literary criticism?

"One can only get oneself really accepted by men," we read in one of his letters, "by making oneself forgotten in the people and doctrines one recommends." This object, which in a certain sense is undeniably realised in the Homeric lectures and in so many of the *ESSAYS*, reproduces curiously in the field of criticism that exaltation of matter over form which, in the Preface of 1853, we have heard him proclaiming as the fundamental law of poetry. And here also we find the corresponding characteristics of his style, as well in his prose (at its best) as in his verse, — a studied lowness of note, an avoidance of any high-pitched phrases, in a word, moderation of expression, leaving everything to "the pregnancy of the matter which it conveys." Here as elsewhere he sought his effects in the total result of an evenness of tone, which may at worst be charged with a certain repetition, a lack of variety, perhaps a narrowness of compass. If we take one of his essays, that on Joubert, for instance, we find neither epigram, nor antithesis, nor extravagance of phrase. If he is seldom inspired to high eloquence, at least he is never carried away by his subject; he remains in full possession both of himself and of it. He always speaks quietly, as if confident of making his point by plain common-sense; and hence perhaps comes much of his undoubted power of carrying his reader along with him, and appearing as a trustworthy guide by whom one will never be misled. Above all he understood and could well exemplify,

The precious truth that everything turns upon exercising the power of *persuasion*, of *charm*, that without this all fury, energy, reasoning, power, acquirement, are all thrown away, and only make their owner more miserable. Even in one's ridicule one must preserve a sweetness and good humour.

In truth, regarding the practical, and prominent, side of his critical writings, we feel that it is a living contradiction of his axiom about the prime importance of the matter in art. It is not so much what he says as his manner of saying it that is supremely good. As it seems to us now, criticism cannot propose as its immediate object the propagation of the *best*, because we cannot finally determine what that may be; but when Arnold meets with what seems to him the best,—in Marcus Aurelius, and Spinoza, and Joubert; up to a certain point in Wordsworth, and Byron, and Heine; and even when it occurs in forgotten folk like the de Guérins;—then this criticism interests us profoundly, because it reflects his personality, calm, lucid, delightful with its sense of self-possession and ordered strength.

This, then, is one side, the obvious, the intentional side, of his critical work, with an importance derived, not so much from its aspect as a search after definite truths, as from its beauty as a work of art, as an expression of a character gracious indeed, but with a touch of austerity. The other side, which I wish to suggest, might easily be misunderstood, and its relation with his intentional teaching might easily be misinterpreted. It must be collected from references scattered through his writings, sometimes from those which have professedly little or no immediate connection with literature; but then we must remember also that literature was never very far from his heart. On the former side, he was great by his actual accomplishment; on this latter side, rather by his promise of the future.

We find perhaps the chief indications of this contemplative, truly disinterested attitude in those parts of his writings which deal with *culture*. This, we know, he recommended as a

panacea for every evil from which the nation was suffering, thereby drawing on himself much ridicule from more muscular Liberals, as one might call them. If we do not take into account the precise significance in which Arnold used the word, it sounds to the full as ridiculous as it was ever made out to be; but culture, as he understood it, meant neither classical, nor even purely literary studies; it meant the development of each one of us on as many sides as possible, so as to approach nearer and nearer to that alluring ideal of man perfected, equally and harmoniously developed on every side, who would be able to see things as they really are, or, speaking more accurately, to perceive their true relations one with another. One great application of this was, of course, to the political world; but the qualities which a citizen displays in his political life will also reveal themselves in his attitude to literature. If in politics he does not merely look at the first and easiest side of a question, we may expect him to display the same philosophic turn of mind in his contemplation of literature, and there also admit that there may be several aspects of the same problem. With this we may compare such a passage as the following from the preface to the *ESSAYS IN CRITICISM*:

To try and approach truth on one side after another, not to strive or cry, nor to persist in pressing forward, on any one side, with violence or self-will—it is only thus, it seems to me, that mortals may hope to gain any vision of the mysterious Goddess.

Then again, what are the especial virtues which are encouraged by such institutions as the French Academy? Openness of mind, he tells us, and flexibility of intelligence,—lack of dogmatism, that is, a willingness to admit

that there may be after all no final truth which we can discover, that *right reason* (which elsewhere he blames us for not acknowledging) is perhaps no more than a philosophical delusion; all this, combined with breadth of appreciation, looking lovingly even on what we regard as error. We should be willing to admit, he says somewhere in effect, "the eternal fitness of whatever is." The thought should be correlated with this passage from his Homeric lectures, with its rare and delightful expression of universal sympathy:

And thus false tendency as well as true, vain effort as well as fruitful, go together to produce that great movement of life, to present that immense and magic spectacle of human affairs which from boyhood to old age fascinates the gaze of every man of imagination, and which would be his terror, if it were not at the same time his delight.

This is an attitude towards life very different from that suggested by his narrow, lofty ideal to which few are so fortunate as to attain; an attitude which it surely is not fanciful to regard as an anticipation of the scientific attitude to literature. Here is an object which every man should propose to himself, and which Arnold endeavours to suggest to every spirit,—culture, and its necessity, but with the word employed with no narrow meaning. It is "the pursuit of our total perfection." It means the cultivation of every side of our nature, the creation of a well-balanced mind full of the most certain knowledge, not only of the classical literatures, not only of modern poets, not only of philosophical speculation or scientific hypothesis. "To see things as they really are,"—this is not in truth the counsel of perfection which it appears to a careless eye, but only marks the ideal to which we should, nay, to

which we do, strive to approach, by removing so far as possible the errors incident on imperfect or unequal development. "I hate all preponderance of single elements," he well says in one of his letters, "and all my efforts are directed to enlarge and complete us by bringing in as much as possible of Greek, Latin, and Celtic authors." These words describe his work in what after all may be its truest aspect, that by which for its own intrinsic value it will be remembered. It is not so much when he preaches the superiority of matter to manner; nor when he depreciates modern poetry to exalt the antique; nor when he exhausts the resources of irony in order to cover the objects of his personal dislike with ridicule,—at such times perhaps he scarcely speaks words which men will care to ponder over for their intrinsic truth; but he vindicates his character as a teacher when he penetrates the charm of Homer, when he teaches that culture is nothing definite and final but a state of becoming, the process of the unlimited change from the narrower to the wider spirit, when he marks its flexibility and the passing and provisional character of its judgments; when he describes the action of the soul as an unending search and a passing-on unsatisfied. For this is one of the profound truths of the spirit, which recent times have not indeed discovered anew, but have placed in a newer and clearer light.

It is thus, above all, I think, that Arnold finds a true point of connection with the present and the future. "Flutterings of curiosity, in the foreign sense of the word," he had written, "are among us, and it is in these that criticism must look to find its account." By a curious return upon himself, ironically planned, as it were, by the inscrutable operation of the spirit of the age, he comes to be one

of the earliest exponents of scientific, impersonal thought applied to that criticism of life which is literature. He himself often did not exemplify it; indeed we have seen that he did so on one side only, often turning back to a past ideal, and cherishing the illusion of an infallible right reason, perhaps greatly unconscious of what was his real function and which was the real tendency of things. In spite of this, he marks the beginning of the scientific, contemplative attitude towards literature,—that contemplative attitude which Mr. Saintsbury, for instance, has illustrated in his recent *HISTORY OF CRITICISM*, a work in which, if Arnold had read it, he would surely have found that totality of development and disinterested passion of knowledge which he praised so much and so wisely. To see things as they are, Arnold tells us, we must pursue our total perfection, omitting to cultivate no single side of our intelligence. Here is the germ of what the later critic writes thus:

The plate to which he exposes the object cannot be too carefully prepared and sensitised, so that it may take the exactest possible reflection; but it cannot also be too carefully protected from even the minutest line, shadow, dot that may affect or predetermine the impression in the very slightest degree.

It is here, then, that we find the historical importance of Matthew Arnold's criticism, its preparation for a calmer, saner estimate of literature. On this side, it is his matter which is of the greater interest, whereas, as we saw, on the practical and judicial

side, it is rather his manner, the particular result of a sweet, clear, untroubled spirit, whose greatest difficulty for us is a certain coldness, sometimes almost hard, uttering the essentials of his converse with the familiar, well-loved friends who have written themselves into our lives. He might no doubt have announced the new ideas more clearly, and so become more evidently the leader of a new movement of critical thought; he might have been a little less cold and impeccable, thereby gaining in humanity and sympathy; but still he accomplished his work after his own fashion; and new ideas can never be introduced in their purity, they always need an intermixture of the old. He did indeed foresee the promised land of criticism: he even entered upon its farthest borders; but yet we may say that he did this without knowledge. No doubt it was as well; it would have seemed to fall far short of his expectations. And so, reconciling the disparate factors which every great critic must reconcile for himself, he exemplified the words which he spoke of his own loved university, telling silently upon the mind of the country, preparing currents of new feeling, keeping up his communications with the future. Matthew Arnold's work was not complete and unassailable; but he has kept up his communications with the future, which will find in him not only the preacher of an ideal of beauty peculiarly noble, lofty, and serene, but the unconscious herald also of a great critical attitude.

H. HERBERT DODWELL.

THE FELLOW-WORKERS OF VOLTAIRE.

II.—D'ALEMBERT.

THE great working body which found its spirit in Voltaire and its tongue in Diderot, found its mind in d'Alembert. Often talked about but little known, or vaguely remembered only as the patient lover of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Jean Lerond d'Alembert, the successor of Newton, the author of the Preface of the Encyclopædia, deserves an enduring fame.

On a November evening in the year 1717, one hundred and eighty-seven years ago, a *gendarme*, going his round in Paris, discovered on the steps of the church of Saint-Jean Lerond, once the baptistery of Notre Dame, a child of a few hours old. The story runs that the baby was richly clad, and had on his small person marks which would lead to his identification. But the fact remains that he was abandoned in mid-winter, left without food or shelter to take his feeble chance of life and of the cold charity of some such institution as the Enfants Trouvés. It was no thanks to the mother who bore him that the *gendarme* who found him had compassion on this helpless creature. The man had the baby hurriedly christened after his first cradle, Jean Baptiste Lerond, took him to a working woman whom he could trust, and who nursed him,—for six weeks say some authorities, for a few days say others—in the little village of Crémerie near Montdidier.

At the end of the time there returned to Paris a certain gallant General Destouches, who had been

abroad in the execution of his military duties. He went to visit Madame de Tencin and from her learnt of the birth and the abandonment of their son.

No study of the eighteenth century can be complete without mention of the extraordinary women who were born with that marvellous age, and fortunately died with it. Cold, calculating, and corrupt, with the devilish cleverness of a Machiavelli, with the natural instinct of love used for gain and for trickery and with the natural instincts of maternity wholly absent, d'Alembert's mother was the most perfect type of this monstrous class. Small, keen, alert, with a little sharp face like a bird's, brilliantly eloquent, bold, subtle, tireless, a great minister of intrigue, and insatiably ambitious,—such was Madame de Tencin. It was she who assisted at the meetings of statesmen, and gave Marshall Richelieu a plan and a line of conduct. It was she who managed the affairs of her brother Cardinal de Tencin, and, through him, tried to effect peace between France and Frederick in the midst of the Seven Years War: it was she who fought the hideous incompetence of Maurepas, the Naval Minister; and it was she who summed herself up to Fontenelle when she laid her hand on her heart, saying, "Here is nothing but brain."

From the moment of his birth she had only one wish with regard to her child,—to be rid of him. A long procession of lovers had left her

wholly incapable of shame. But the child would be a worry,—and she did not mean to be worried. If the father had better instincts, — well, let him follow them. He did; he employed Molin, Madame de Tencin's doctor, to find out the baby's nurse, Anne Lemaire, and claim the little creature from her. The great d'Alembert told Madame Suard many years after how Destouches drove all round Paris with the baby ("with a head no bigger than an apple") in his arms, trying to find for him a suitable foster-mother. But little Jean Baptiste Lerond seemed to be dying, and no one would take him. At last, however, Destouches discovered, living in the Rue Michel-Lecomte, a poor glazier's wife, whose motherly soul was touched by the infant's piteous plight, and who took him to her love and care, and kept him there for fifty years. History has concerned itself much less with Madame Rousseau than with Madame de Tencin. Yet it was the glazier's wife who was d'Alembert's real mother after all. If she was low-born and ignorant, she had yet the happiest of all acquirements,—she knew how to win love and to keep it. The great d'Alembert, universally acclaimed as one of the first intellects of Europe, had ever for this simple person, who defined a philosopher as "a fool who torments himself during his life that people may talk of him when he is dead," the tender reverence which true greatness, and only true greatness perhaps, can bear towards homely goodness. From her he learnt the blessing of peace and obscurity; from his association with her he learnt his noble idea,—difficult in any age, but in that age of degrading luxury and self-indulgence well nigh impossible—that it is sinful to enjoy superfluities while other men want necessities. His hidden life in the dark attic

above her husband's shop made it possible for him to do that life's work. For half a century he knew no other home. When he left her roof at last, in obedience to the voice of the most masterful of all human passions, he still retained for her the tenderest affection, and bestowed upon her and her grandchildren the kindness of one of the kindest hearts that ever beautified a great intelligence.

Little Jean Baptiste was put to a school in the Faubourg Saint-Antoin, where he passed as Madame Rousseau's son. General Destouches paid the expenses of this schooling, took a keen pleasure in the child's brightness and precocity, and came often to see him. One day he persuaded Madame de Tencin to accompany him. The seven year old Jean Baptiste remembered that scene all his life. "Confess, Madame," says Destouches when they had listened to the boy's clever answers to his master's questions, "that it was a pity to abandon such a child." Madame rose at once. "Let us go. I see it is going to be very uncomfortable for me here." She never came again.

Destouches died in 1726 when his son was nine years old. He left the boy twelve hundred livres, and commended him to the care of his relatives. Through them, at the age of twelve, Jean Baptiste received the great favour of being admitted to the College of the Four Nations, founded by Mazarin, and in 1729 the most exclusive school in France. Fortunately for its new scholar it was something besides fashionable, and did its best to satisfy his extraordinary thirst for knowledge. His teachers were all priests and Jansenists, and nourished their apt scholar on Jansenist literature, imbuing him with the fashionable theories of Descartes. How soon was it that they began to hope and dream that in the gentle

student called Lerond, living on a narrow pittance above a tradesman's shop, they had found a new Pascal, a mighty enemy of the Archfiend, Jesuitism?

But beneath his timid and modest exterior there lay already an intellect of marvellous strength and clearness, a relentless logic that tested and weighed every principle instilled in him, every theory masquerading as a fact. He quickly became equally hostile to both Jesuit and Jansenist. It was at school that he learnt to hate, with an undying hatred, religion,—the religion that in forty years launched, on account of the Bull Unigenitus, forty thousand *lettres de cachet*, that made men forget not only their Christianity but their humanity, and give themselves over body and soul to the devouring fever called fanaticism. At school also he conceived his passion for mathematics, that love of exact truth which no Jansenist priest, however subtle, could make him regard as a dangerous error.

When he was eighteen he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts and changed his name. D'Alembert is thought to be an anagram on Baptiste Lerond. Anagrams were fashionable, and one Arouet, who had elected to be called Voltaire, had made such an alteration of good omen. D'Alembert went on studying at the College, but throughout his studies mathematics were wooing him from all other pursuits. The taste, however, was so un lucrative, and the income from twelve hundred livres so small, that a profession became a necessity. The young man conscientiously qualified for a barrister. But he would put his hands only to clean work, and was naturally shy, with the inevitable result that he never appeared at the Bar. Then he bethought him of medicine: he would be a doctor; but again and again the siren voice of his

dominant taste called him back to her. His friends,—those omniscient friends always ready to put a spoke in the wheel of genius—entreated him to be practical, to remember his poverty, and to make haste to grow rich. He yielded to them so far that one day he carried all his geometrical books to one of their houses, and went back to the garret at Madame Rousseau's to study medicine and nothing else in the world. But the geometrical problems disturbed his sleep.

— One master-passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallowed all the rest.

Fate wanted D'Alembert, the great mathematician, not some prosperous, unproductive mediocrity of a Paris apothecary. The crowning blessing of life, to be born with a bias to some pursuit, was this man's to the full.

He yielded to Nature and to God. He brought back the books he had abandoned, flung aside those for which he had neither taste nor aptitude, and at twenty gave himself to the work for which he had been created.

Some artist should put on canvas the picture of this student, sitting in his ill-aired garret with its narrow prospect of three ells of sky, poor, delicate, obscure,—or rich rather in the purest of earthly enjoyments, the pursuit of truth for its own sake. He could not afford to buy many of the books he needed, so he borrowed them from public libraries. He left the work of the day anticipating with joy the work of the morrow. For the world he cared nothing, and of him it knew nothing. Fame he did not want, and he could do without wealth. Poor as he was, there was no time when he even thought of taking pupils, or using the leisure he needed for study in making money by a professorship.

To give knowledge was his work and his aim; to make knowledge easier for others he left to some lesser man. His style had seldom the grace and clearness which can make, and which in many of his fellow-workers did make, the abstrusest reasoning charm like romance. D'Alembert left Diderot to put his thought into irresistible words, and Voltaire and Turgot to translate it into immortal deeds.

At two and twenty, in 1739, D'Alembert began his connection with the Academy of Sciences. In 1743 he published his *TREATISE ON DYNAMICS*. Now little read and long superseded, it placed him at one bound, and at six and twenty years old, among the first geometricians of Europe. Modest, frugal, retiring as he was and remained, he was no more only the loving and patient disciple of science; he was its master and teacher. In 1746 his *TREATISE ON THE THEORY OF WINDS* gained him a prize in the Academy of Berlin, and first brought him into relationship with Frederick the Great.

Two years later, when her son was thirty-two years old and of daily growing renown, Madame de Tencin died. The story that, when he had become famous and she would fain have acknowledged him, he had repudiated her, saying he had no mother but the glazier's wife, d'Alembert, declares Madam Suard, always denied. "I should never have refused her endearments," said he; "it would have been too sweet for me to recover her." That answer is more in keeping with his gentle and forgiving temperament, than the spirited repulse. It was in keeping also with the life of Madame de Tencin that even death should leave her indifferent to her child. She thought no more of him in the one

than in the other. Her money she left to her doctor.

If the studious poverty of the life in the glazier's attic spared d'Alembert acquaintances, it did not deprive him of friends.

Then living in Paris, some seven and thirty years old, the author of the *PHILOSOPHICAL THOUGHTS*, and the most fascinating scoundrel in France, was Denis Diderot. With the quiet d'Alembert, of morals almost austere and of hidden, frugal life, what could a Diderot have in common? Something more than the attraction of opposites drew them together. The vehement and all embracing imagination of the one fired the calm reason of the other. The hot head and the cool one were laid together; and the result was the great *Encyclopædia*.

The first idea of the pair was modest enough,—to translate into French the English *Encyclopædia* of Chambers. But had not brother Voltaire said that no man who could make an adequate translation ever wasted his time in translating? They soon outran so timid an ambition. The thing must not only be spontaneous work; it must wholly surpass all its patterns and prototypes. It must be not *an* *Encyclopædia*, but *the* *Encyclopædia*. Every man of talent in France must bring a stone towards the building of the great Temple. From far Ferney old Voltaire shall pour forth inspiration, encouragement, incentive. Rousseau shall lend it the glow of his passion, and Grimm his journalistic versatility. Helvétius shall contribute, and d'Holbach, Turgot, Morellet, Marmontel, Raynal, La Harpe, de Jancourt, Duclos. And the Preliminary Discourse shall be the work of d'Alembert.

An envious enemy once dismissed him scornfully as

— The Chancellor of Parnassus
Who thought himself a great man,—
and wrote a preface.

Yet if he had done nothing but write that preface he would still have had noble titles to fame. It contained, as he himself said, the quintessence of twenty years' study. If his style was usually cold and formal, it was not so now. With warmest eloquence and boldest brush he painted the picture of the progress of the human mind since the invention of printing. From the lofty heights man's intellect had scaled, there stood out yet mightier heights for him to dare. Advance! advance! If ever preface said anything, the Preface to the Great Encyclopædia says this. Clothed with light and fire that dearest son of d'Alembert's genius went forth to illuminate and to astound the world.

At first, the Encyclopædia was not only heard gladly by the common people but was splendidly set forth with the approbation and patronage of the King. Even the wise and thoughtful melancholy of d'Alembert's temperament may have been cheered by such good fortune; while the sanguine Diderot naturally felt convinced it would last for ever.

Both worked unremittingly. His authorship of the Preface immediately flung open to d'Alembert all the *salons* in Paris, and for the first time in his life he began to go into society. Then Frederick the Great made him a rich and splendid offer, the Presidency of the Berlin Academy. Consider that though the man was famous, he was still very poor. The little pension which was his all was hardly enough, he said, to keep him if he had the happiness, or the misfortune, to live to be old. From the Government of his country he feared everything and hoped nothing. He was only thirty-five years of age. A new world was

opened to him. The glazier's attic he could exchange for a palace, and the homely kindness of an illiterate foster-mother for the magnificent endearments of a philosophic King. Was it only the painful example of friend Voltaire's angry wretchedness as Frederick's guest that made him refuse an offer so lavish and dazzling! It was rather that he had the rare wisdom to recognise happiness when he held her; and did not mistake her for some phantom will-o'-the-wisp whom distance clothed with light. "The peace I enjoy is so perfect," he wrote, "I dare run no risk of disturbing it. . . . I do not doubt the King's goodness, only that the conditions essential to happiness are not in his power."

Any man who is offered in place of quiet content that most fleeting and unsubstantial of all chimeras called fame and glory, should read d'Alembert's refusal to Frederick the Great.

Frederick's royal response to it was the offer of a pension of twelve hundred livres.

In September, 1754, the fourth volume of the Encyclopædia was received by the world with a burst of enthusiasm and applause; and in the December of that year d'Alembert received as a reward for his indefatigable labours a chair in the French Academy. He had only accepted it on condition that he spoke his mind freely on all points and made court to no man. The speech with which he took his seat, though constantly interrupted with clapping and cries of delight, was not good, said Grimm. All d'Alembert's addresses and *doges* spoken at the Academy leave posterity indeed as cold as they left the astute German journalist. The man was a mathematician, a creature of reason. The passion that was to rule that reason

and dominate his life was not the gaudy and shallow passion of the orator.

In 1756 he went to stay with the great head of his party, Voltaire, at the *Délices* near Geneva. The Patriarch was sixty-two years old, but with the activity and the enthusiasm of youth. At his house and at his table d'Alembert met constantly and observed deeply the Calvinistic pastors of Geneva. He returned to Paris with the most famous article the *Encyclopædia* was to know in his head, and a little reminder of his host's, to add thereto a few remarks on the benefits playacting would confer on the Calvinistic temperament, at the back of his mind.

No article in any huge folio dictionary ever brewed so fierce a storm or had consequences so memorable and far-reaching as d'Alembert's article on Geneva. In his reserved and formal style he punctiliously complimented the descendants of Calvin as preferring reason to faith, sound sense to dogma, and as having a religion which, weighed and tested, was nothing, in his own words, but a perfect Socinianism. Voltaire laughed long in his sleeve, and in private executed moral capers of delight. The few words on the advantages of play-acting, which he had begged might be added, had not been forgotten. The Genevan pastors took solemn and heartburning counsel together, and on the head of the quiet worker in the attic in Paris there burst a hurricane which might have beaten down coarser natures and frightened stouter hearts. Calvinism fell upon him, whose sole crime had been to show her the logical outcome of her doctrines, with the fierce fury of a desperate cause. Retract, retract! or at least give the names of those of our pastors who made you

believe in the rationalism of our creed. As for the remarks on plays, why, Jean Jacques Rousseau, our citizen and your brother philosopher, shall answer those, and in the dazzling rhetoric of the immortal *LETTRE SUR LES SPECTACLES* give, with all the magic and enchantment of his sophist's genius, the case against the theatre.

Then on March 8th, 1759, the paternal government of France, joining hands with Geneva, suppressed by royal edict the first two volumes of that *Encyclopædia* of which a very few years earlier it had solemnly approved. The accursed thing was burnt by the hangman; the printers and publishers were sent to the galleys or to death; the permit to continue publishing the work was rescinded; the full flowing fountain of knowledge was dammed, and the self-denial of d'Alembert's patient life wasted. The gentle heart, which had never harmed living creature, fell stricken beneath the torrent of filthy fury which the gutter press flung at him. His Majesty, — his besotted Majesty, King Louis the Fifteenth — finds in the *Encyclopædia*, forsooth, "maxims tending to destroy Royal authority and to establish independence . . . corruption of morals, irreligion, and unbelief." Sycophant and toadying Paris will go with him. Furious and blaspheming, passionate Diderot came out to meet the foe. Dancing with rage, old Voltaire at *Délices* could hardly calm himself enough to hold a pen in his shaking fingers and pour out incentives to his brothers in Paris to fight till the death. To him injustice was ever the bugle-call to battle, but not to d'Alembert. He shrank back into his shell, dumb and wounded. "I do not know if the *Encyclopædia* will be continued," he wrote, "but I am sure it will not be continued by me."

Even the passionate incitements of his chief could not alter his purpose. He had offered sight to the blind, and they had chosen darkness; he would bring them the light no more. That Diderot considered him traitor and apostate did not move him. He would not quarrel with that affectionate, hot-headed brother worker, but for himself that chapter of his life was finished, and he turned the page.

In the very same year he gave to a thankless world his *ELEMENTS OF PHILOSOPHY*; and he again refused Frederick the Great's invitation to exchange persecuting Paris for the Presidency of the Berlin Academy. But there was no reason why he should not escape from his troubles for a time and become Frederick's visitor.

In 1762 he went to Berlin for two months, and found the great King a clever, generous, and devoted friend. But though he continued to beg d'Alembert to stay with him permanently, and promised him whatever he chose to ask, the wise and judicious visitor was wholly proof against the royal blandishments. In the same year he refused a yet more dazzling offer, to be tutor to Catherine the Great's son. He had already in Paris, not only ties, which might be broken, but one tie, which he found insoluble.

In 1765, only two years after this offer had been made and declined, d'Alembert, when he was forty-eight years old, was attacked by a severe illness which, said his accommodating doctor, acquired larger and airier rooms than those in his good old nurse's home. He was moved from the familiar Rue Michel-Lecomte to the Boulevard du Temple. There Mademoiselle de Lespinasse joined him and nursed him back to health.

In all the story of d'Alembert's

life, in that age of unbridled licence, no woman's name is connected with his save this one's. Fifteen years earlier he had made the acquaintance of Madame du Deffand. To the blind old worldling, who loved Horace Walpole and wrote immortal letters, he stood in the nature of a dear and promising son. For many years he was always about her house. His wit and his charm, seasoned by a gentle spice of irony and a delightful talent for telling stories and enjoying them himself, endeared him naturally to the old woman whose one hell was boredom. On his side he came because he liked her, and stayed because he loved Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The history of that *ménage*, of the brilliant, impulsive, undisciplined girl, with her plain face and her matchless charm, and of the blind old woman she tended, deceived, and outwitted, has been told in fiction as well as in history. How when Madame du Deffand was asleep, her poor companion held for herself reunions of the bright, particular stars of her mistress's firmament, and how the old woman, rising a little too early one day, came into the room and with her sightless eyes saw all, is one of the familiar anecdotes of literature.

Long before this dramatic catastrophe, d'Alembert and Julie de Lespinasse had been something more than friends; but now Mademoiselle saw herself cast adrift on the world. She flung it her reputation, and yielded, not so much to the entreaties of d'Alembert's love, as to the more pitiful pleading his solitude and sickness made to the warm maternity in her woman's heart. She nursed him back to convalescence, and then lived beneath the same roof with him in the Rue de Belle Chasse.

Picture the man with his wide,

wise intelligence and his diffident and gentle nature, and the woman with her brilliant intuition and her quick, glowing impulse. To his exact logic she could add feeling, passion, sympathy; his frigid and awkward style she could endow with life and fire. Many of his manuscripts are covered with her handwriting; some she certainly inspired. She had read widely and felt keenly, and her lover had weighed, pondered, considered. For him, who had for himself no ambition, she could dare and hope all. The perpetual Secretaryship of the Academy shall be turned from a dream to a fact! In that age of women's influence no woman had in her frail hands more to give and to withhold than this poor companion, whose marvellous power over men and destinies lay not in her head, but in her heart. The true complement of a d'Alembert, daring where he was timid, fervent where he was cold, a woman's feeling to quicken his man's reason,—here should have been indeed the marriage of true minds.

Oh, I must feel your brain prompt
mine,
Your heart anticipate my heart.
You must be just before, in fine,
See and make me see, for your part,
New depths of the divine!

Yet d'Alembert's is the the most piteous love-story in history. If Mademoiselle had yielded to his passion and his loneliness, she had never loved him. Only a year after she had joined him, d'Alembert, alluding to some rumours which had been afloat concerning their marriage, wrote bitterly, "What should I do with a wife and children!" But there was only one real obstacle to their union. Across Mademoiselle's undisciplined heart there lay already the shadows of another passion.

From the first the household in the

Rue de Belle Chasse had been absolutely dominated by the woman. In love, the one who loves least rules, and d'Alembert was in bondage while she was free. To keep her, he submitted to humours full of bitterness and sharpness, the caprices of that indifferent affection which gives nothing and exacts all. In her hands, he was as a child; his philosophies went to the winds; his very reason was prostrate. How soon was it he began to guess he had a rival in her heart!

It was not till after her death that he found out for certain that less than two years after she came to him she had given herself, body and soul, to the young Marquis de Mora. But what he did not know, he must have greatly suspected. It was he who wrote her letters and ran her errands. Grimm recorded in his LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE the prodigious ascendancy she had acquired over all his thoughts and actions: "No luckless Savoyard of Paris . . . does so many wearisome commissions as the first geometrician of Europe, the chief of the Encyclopædic sect, the dictator of our Academies, does for Mademoiselle." He would post her fervent outpourings to the man who had supplanted him, and call for the replies at the post-office that she might receive them an hour or two earlier. What wonder that over such a character a nature like Mademoiselle's rode roughshod, that she hurt and bruised him a hundred times a day, and wounded while she despised him? No woman ever loves a man truly who does not exact from her not only complete fidelity to himself, but fidelity to all that is best and highest in her own nature.

D'Alembert had indeed in full measure the virtue of his defects. If it was a crime to be tender to her sins, it was nobility to be gentle to her sufferings. He bore and forebore

with her endlessly. Always patient and good-humoured, thinking greatly of her and little of himself, abundant in compassion for her ruined nerves and the querulous feverishness of her ill-health,—here surely were some of the noble traits of a good love. He read to her, watched by her, tended her, and in the matchless society they gathered round them was abundantly content to be nothing, that she might be all.

Their life together in the Rue de Belle Chasse had not in the least shocked their easy-going world. Many persons comfortably maintained that their association was the merest friendship, heedless of that amply proven fact that where people avoid evil, they avoid also the appearance of evil. The eighteenth century, indeed, even if it saw any difference between vice and virtue, which is doubtful, did not in the least mind if its favourites were vicious or virtuous, provided they were not dull. D'Alembert and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse did not fall under that ban. The hermit-life the man had led was over for ever. In her modest room in that dingy street, Mademoiselle held every night the most famous *salon* in Paris.

Most of the *salons* may be exhaustively described as having been nourished on a little *eau sucrée* and a great deal of wit; but to this one wit alone was light, food, and air. Mademoiselle did not require to give dinners like Madame Necker, or suppers like Madame du Deffand; neither for the beauty which, later, was to make men forgive the mental limitations of Madame Récamier, had she need or use. Tall, pale, and slender, with her infinite, unconscious tact, her matchless mental grace, and her divine sympathy, her passage through the social life of her age has left the subtle perfume of some delicate flower.

To be her friend was to feel complete, understood, satisfied. To her, as to a sister of consolation, came Condorcet, marquis, mathematician, philosopher; Saint-Pierre, the pupil of Rousseau and the creator of PAUL AND VIRGINIA; La Harpe, whom she was to help to the Academy; Hénault, whom she had charmed from Madame du Deffand; Turgot, Chastellux, Marmontel. And quietly effacing himself, with that true greatness which is never afraid to be made of little account, was Mademoiselle's lover and the noblest intellect of them all, d'Alembert.

There is no more delightful trait in his character than this exquisite talent for modesty. With his spare form always dressed from head to foot in clothes of one colour, the aim of d'Alembert was both physically and mentally, as it were, to escape notice. True, when he talked, the listener must needs marvel at the breadth, the variety, and exhaustless interests of the mind, its perfect simplicity and straightforwardness. But he did not want to talk much; he liked better to listen. He preferred in society, as he preferred in life, to think while other men said and did.

No social pleasures could either supersede the work of his life, or make compensation for the sorrows of his soul. He had already thrown in his lot with Mademoiselle when he published the most daring of all his books, THE HISTORY OF THE DESTRUCTIONS OF THE JESUITS. Her treachery had shattered his life for five years, when he asked Frederick the Great for a sum of money which would enable him to travel and heal his broken health and heart. In 1770, with young Condorcet for his companion, he left Paris for Italy, stopped at Ferney, and spent his whole leave of absence with Voltaire.

It was an oasis in the desert of the

feverish existence to which he had condemned himself. In mighty speculation, in splendid visions of the future of the race, in passionate argument on the immortality of the soul and the being and nature of God, he forgot his personal sorrows. The mind dominated and the heart was still. What nights the three must have spent together,—Voltaire with his octogenarian's intellect as keen and bright as a boy's, the young Marquis, eager to learn, and d'Alembert with his just mind and inexhaustible imagination—when they could get rid of that babbling inconsequence, Voltaire's niece, Madame Denis, and sit hour after hour discussing, planning, dreaming! The quiet d'Alembert went, as quiet people often do, far beyond his impulsive and outspoken companions in speculative daring. Though there is not an anti-Christian line in any of his published writings except his correspondence, yet the scepticism of this gentle mathematician far exceeded that of him who is accounted the Prince of Unbelievers, and where his host was a hotly convinced Deist, d'Alembert only thought the probabilities in favour of Theism, and was far more Voltairian than Voltaire. It was the old Pontiff of the Church of Anti-Christ who stopped a conversation at his table wherein d'Alembert had spoken of the very existence of God as a moot point, by sending the servants out of the room, and then turning to his guests with,—“And now, gentlemen, continue your attack upon God. But as I do not want to be murdered or robbed to-night by my servants, they had better not hear you.”

The visit lasted in all two months. D'Alembert abandoned the Italian journey, offered King Frederick his change, and returned to Paris.

In 1772 he was made Perpetual

Secretary of the French Academy. He, whose needs, said Grimm, were always the measure of his ambitions, had scaled heights, not beyond his deserts, but beyond his wishes. He was also a member of the Scientific Academies of Prussia, Russia, Portugal, Naples, Turin, Norway, Padua, and of the literary academies of Sweden and Bologna. But if the end of all ambition is to be happy at home, D'Alembert had failed. When the Perpetual Secretaryship was still a new and dazzling possession, the Perpetual Secretary found at home the woman, to whom he was captive soul and body, in the throes of another passion. False to de Mora, as she had been false to him, she was then writing to de Guibert those love-letters which have given her a place beside Sappho and Eloisa and have added a classic to literature. It was D'Alembert's part to listen to self-reproaches whose justice he might well guess, to look into the depths of a tenderness in which he had no share. Once, he gave her his portrait with these lines beneath it:

And whisper sometimes, when this
picture you see,
Of all whom I loved none have loved
me as he.

She herself said that of all the feelings she had inspired, his alone had not brought her wretchedness.

In 1775 de Guibert was married. The marriage was Mademoiselle's death-blow. The fever of the soul became a disease of the body. Sometimes bitterly repentant and sometimes only captious and difficult, now, her true self full of tenderness and charm, and now, reckless, selfish, despairing, d'Alembert's patience and goodness were inexhaustible. True to his character, he stood aside that to the last her friends might visit her, that

to the last she might help, guide, and feel for them.

But though the spirit still triumphed at moments over the body, the end was near. When her misery was dulled by opium, d'Alembert was always watching, unheeded, at her bedside. It was the attitude of his life. When she became conscious, he was there still. Before she died, she asked his pardon; but Guibert's was the last name upon her lips. She died on May 23rd, 1776, not yet forty-five years old.

D'Alembert's grief seems to have taken by surprise many short-sighted friends who had supposed that quiet exterior to hide a cold, or an unawakened, heart. He was utterly crushed and broken. His life had lost at once its inspiration and its meaning. For the sake of Mademoiselle he had grown old without family and without hope. His friends, in that age of noble friendships, did their best to comfort him; but his wounds were deeper than they knew. With a super-refinement of selfishness or cruelty, Mademoiselle had left him her Correspondence. She had not preserved in it one single line of the many letters he had himself written to her, while it contained full and certain proofs of her double infidelity.

He who has lost only those of whose faith and truth he is sure, has not yet reached the depth of human desolation.

After a while, d'Alembert tried to return to his first affection,—that cold but faithful mistress, his mathematical studies. At the Academy he pronounced the *éloge* of Louis de Sacy, who had been the lover of the Marquise de Lambert. For the first time he looked into his heart and wrote, and thus for the first time he touched the hearts of others; the cold style took fire, and beneath the clumsy periods welled tears.

But the writer was consumed to the soul with grief and weariness. This was not the man who could take sorrow as a spur to new endeavour and to nobler work. Before the persecutions which had assailed the Encyclopædia he had bowed his head and taken covert, and the death of his mistress broke not only his heart, but his spirit and his life. From Madame Marmontel and from Thomas, he derived, it is said, some sort of comfort: Condorcet was as a son; but with Mademoiselle's death the light of her society had gone out. The friends who remained were but pale stars in a dark sky. D'Alembert was growing old. He suffered from a cruel disease and could not face the horrors of the operation which might have relieved it. "Those are fortunate who have courage," said he; "for myself, I have none." It was life, not death he dreaded. What use then to suffer only to prolong suffering?

The mental enlightenment he had given the world, the wider knowledge which he had lived to impart consoled this dying thinker scarcely at all. He was to his last hour what he had been when Mademoiselle took ill-fated compassion on his dependence and loneliness,—a child, affectionate, solitary, tractable, with the great mind always weighed down by the super-sensitiveness of a child's heart and a child's clinging need of care and tenderness.

He, whose only reason for dreading poverty had been lest he should be forced to reduce his charities, left, as might have been expected, a very small fortune. Condorcet was his residuary legatee, and made his *élog* in both the Academies.

Diderot himself was dying when he heard of his old friend's death. "A great light has gone out," said he. Euler, d'Alembert's brother, and sometimes his rival, geometrician, only

survived him a few months. And Voltaire, the quick and life-giving spirit of the vast movement of which d'Alembert was the Logic, the Reason, the Thought, had already died to earth, though he lived to immortal fame.

D'Alembert owes his greatest reputation to geometry. But, as Grimm said, in that department only geometers can exactly render him his due: "He added to the discoveries of the Eulers . . . and the Newtons." To the general public his great title to fame lies in the mighty help he gave to that great monument of Voltairian philosophy, the *Encyclopædia*. The Preface was a work for which he had no model. By it he

introduced to the world that book which Diderot produced, and which, except the Bible and the Koran, may be justly said to have been the most influential book in history; which gave France, and, through France, Europe, that new light and knowledge which brought with them a nobler civilisation and a recognition of the universal rights of man.

In himself d'Alembert was always rather a great intelligence than a great character. To the magnificence of the one he owed all that has made him immortal, and to the weakness of the other the sorrows and the failures of his life. For it is by character and not by intellect the world is won.

S. G. TALLENTYRE.

THE ALIEN.

THE King's Speech, delivered at the opening of the present session of Parliament, fulfilled popular expectation with regard to the question of alien immigration. There is a Bill of some sort on the way; and public opinion is tolerably unanimous on the necessity for it. The Government, according to its accredited spokesmen, has no two minds on the subject, and the thing which the Government intends is the important thing just now. Both before and after the recent bye-election for Mile End, which was fought (and won from the Government's point of view) on the alien question, there have been many inspired utterances on the subject. All the speeches seem to indicate that the intended measure will be sweeping and severe. Thus it becomes not out of place now to consider what the Bill may and should do. The alien and his ways are pretty well known to me, and I have a theory or two as to what good legislation can do with them.

The most extreme measures, of course, are exclusion from the country of all undesirables who are known to be such; more careful and far-reaching restrictions on those who endeavour to settle here; and deportment of those who come here and offend against the law more than once or with any frequency. The latter will probably be the most popular suggestion, and the majority of the magistrates whose duties bring them into touch with the alien give it their entire support.

There are a number of questions connected with the alien question

which all who have made any enquiries into the matter confess to be extremely difficult of solution. It can hardly be conceived for instance that a free-trading nation such as ours is at present will be able to successfully take up the attitude of entire hostility to the foreigner. Total abolition of the foreign industrial population is impossible; and any steps definitely taken in that direction would certainly lead to a severe clashing of interests. Yet there are some people who have really advocated this, their attitude being a very convincing illustration of the intensity of public feeling upon the general subject. Some method short of this, however, will have to be found, and herein the Government will have a very good opportunity for meeting public sentiment. If they are wise they will not throw away the opportunity, and I may say that I have good reasons for believing that their scheme will be found to be the pursuance of a certain protective policy with regard to the admission of these people into the country, and to the placing of a systematic check upon them when they are here. These are, in the main, the principal recommendations of the Royal Commission, and that they are sound ones no one who has been brought into personal contact with the alien can have any doubt.

It must not be hastily assumed, as it often is, that the alien and the criminal are necessarily identical. Many aliens,—the large majority of them in fact—come here to obtain a living in a honest way. To say that the criminal instinct is in them,

as it has been said, is only to say that every ill-educated and half-starved man who may have the misfortune to meet with disaster is very liable to overstep the limits of strictly moral conduct. It is merely a sort of truism based on a knowledge of general human nature. Aliens may leave their own country for various reasons. If they belong to the class of poverty-stricken emigrants, knowing no greater necessity than the necessity to live, with perhaps little real religion and even doubtful morals, they are not very terrible dangers in themselves. In most of the things which go to make respectable citizens they are often little worse than many of the poorer members of our own population.

The alien mostly comes here because he wants to improve his position in the world, and believes emigration offers him a chance; because he has been invited to come by someone who has given him an idealised description of the kind of life he can lead when he gets here; or because he has relatives who write to say that they are doing very well and would be glad to welcome him. Some there are, real members of the criminal class, who are anxious to avoid the storms which are gathering on their native heaths, and who embrace emigration as an easy means of escape from unpleasant surroundings, or as an opportunity for visiting more lucrative fields for their peculiar operations. These are the people who should be known, and who should be at once sent back to the place from whence they came. But, as I have said, the majority do not belong to this avowedly criminal class, and more often their coming here is merely some great blunder, made honestly so far as they are concerned, but traceable to people in this country.

This brings me to one of the most important matters which should not be lost sight of when considering this

question of alien immigration; that is touting. Cheap labour touts are, I am convinced, responsible for much of the harm which is done by the alien in this country, inasmuch as they are largely responsible for his coming here at all and for the tragic disillusionment which so often overtakes him. These touts are men with no souls above the hard requirements of business, and are employed by the class of manufacturers whom we freely designate as "sweaters." They are sent out on recruiting expeditions to the most likely places to obtain a supply of that cheap labour which means swelled profits. How they obtain it is relatively a matter of small importance, but it may be said that they are as unscrupulous in the inducements they hold out as are their employers, who are determined to make big profits regardless of any consideration of patriotism or honour. It would not be a very difficult and it certainly would be a wise thing to stop such touting being done in the name of lawful enterprise. It may be that there are some genuine canvassers who go out in search of cheap labour in some of the poverty-stricken districts of Poland, but unfortunately there is ample evidence that a large number of them only deceive the wretched foreigners whom they induce to leave their native countries. It is not until the alien is hopelessly settled in this country that disillusionment comes. The British ratepayer has to pay the price of that disillusionment, for it means increased poor-rates and a heavy expenditure on prisons.

Imagine for a moment what the lot of the disillusioned alien is in this country. He comes here with his wife and family (usually a large one) lured by the prospect of comfort and prosperity which he has never yet experienced in his own life. Having endured all the vital unpleasantness

of the voyage on an emigrant ship, he lands at Tilbury and is at once established in a hovel and set to work on making boots and clothing for the English nation. I may say here that it has recently been estimated by a competent authority that fifty per cent. of West End clothing is made in the East End of London. If he is a capable and fairly careful man he manages to make what seems to him a decent living, for, as is generally known, the alien standard of comfort is much lower than that of the British working man whom he of necessity replaces. Usually the alien does not spend so much on rent as the British subject does. He and his family are apparently satisfied to live in one wretched room, where the Englishman would desire a small house, or at least apartments of three or four rooms. In the matter of food also the alien is more economical. He and his often manage to live in a week on what a single British working man often spends in liquor and sporting newspapers. It never occurs to him that he is being sweated; he is a stranger to the word, and his training has been such that he has never had the intelligence, or the awakening sense of having been wronged, to seek for an equivalent. Probably all he does know is that his life is not so easy as he thought it was going to be when he consented to leave his own country; but he realises that he must make the best of it. Up to this stage our fairly prosperous, average alien is of no great danger to the community, always excepting of course the danger which necessarily exists when a man is found to work harder at a cheaper price than the man who has the birth-right to the work from which he is slowly excluded.

But disaster may come; it does come in many instances, and then the greatest tragedy connected with this

problem commences. For some reason this alien loses his employment, such as it is. He may have been found remiss in something, or after a trial he may have been found to be generally unsatisfactory; he may fail in health (as many do); at all events he is turned adrift. What is he to do? He has no money; he has a large and often helpless family to support; he has no particular trade (in the boot and shoe or clothes factory he was little more than a machine), and he knows no language but his own, which is probably a form of Russian. What can he do in a strange country? Very often he and his drift to the care of local Guardians, and in time he may, or may not, succeed in finding employment. Whether he ultimately finds it or not he is for a time at any rate a burden on the country, a drag in the market, a something with which we should be much better without. If he does not do these things, he begs or he steals. He probably falls in with compatriots who instruct him in the niceties of the criminal business, and by a very simple and perfectly intelligible process of evolution he becomes one of the great class against which the Royal Commission rightly set its face, and at which the British public has long expressed its indignation. He becomes the well-known criminal alien, the indirect creation of the people who first of all assumed the great responsibility of persuading him to leave his home.

Herein lies a great opportunity for the Government. I do not think it would be too strong a measure for a leading clause to be introduced into the coming Bill, making it an offence under the law for anyone to introduce foreign labour of a certain class into this country, who did not at the same time give a binding guarantee that those who engage themselves for such labour shall be honestly maintained

for a certain number of years. The indenture system can hardly be tolerated here, but something approaching it will have to be devised by the Parliamentary draughtsmen if, at the same time that alien immigration is recognised as proper, a check is to be placed upon the number of foreigners in London. Nor should it be found impossible for the employers of foreign labour, especially those who make a systematic practice of employing it, to be compelled to enter into some sort of agreement to maintain for a certain period the men they bring here. This would give the British ratepayer, who in the bulk derives no benefit from the foreigner, a guarantee that the alien was not being imported at the almost imminent risk of expense to the British nation.

There is of course another tout besides the commercial tout. This is the trafficker in immorality, and it is gratifying to learn that he is very often an alien himself. His part in the tragic problem is by no means an inconsiderable one. Disguised under various aliases he manages to keep his real identity concealed, and to introduce into this country, as relatives or servants, unfortunate young women who are destined to lead immoral lives. The police authorities, who should know, say that this class of alien is increasing, and presumably is thriving. No one can deny that people of this class, dangerous and repulsive in themselves and even more dangerous in their influence, should be the objects of some strong protective legislation. It may be said that the picture is overdrawn; I can only repeat that it is based on actual facts and largely on personal experience.

Though all aliens are not criminals, there does exist a great class with the very worst characteristics. However much we may be inclined to sym-

pathise with the often picturesque representative of some unfortunate race seeking a decent livelihood in a strange land, we can never overlook the possibility of his becoming a criminal. And the criminal alien is one of the very worst dangers to the community, for he has methods which are not characteristic of our own evil-doers. The most objectionable of these is undoubtedly his fondness for using the knife. Experience never seems to teach him to adopt English methods. He behaves in the dark streets of London after the fashion of a bloodthirsty, and entirely unromantic, bandit. He stabs as a matter of course. The knife is to him a necessary equipment for meeting the changing phases of his fortune. The newspapers are always publishing accounts of his desperate ways. "Another East-End Stabbing Affray" is a familiar item in the evening papers, and it seems likely that this sort of thing will go on indefinitely unless urgent steps are taken to pluck up the root of the evil. The fact that the existing laws are not adequate to the circumstances must not be blinked at. Our magistrates and judges are practically unanimous about this. They are continually expressing their inability to do that which their common-sense seems to dictate to them, namely, to pack the undesirable foreigners off to their own country. Experience seems to show that it is both expensive and useless to confine them in English gaols; and the very natural question is, why should we bear the expense? That the alien has a certain point of view of his own, as has been recently pointed out in one of the magazines, one does not doubt, but that fact in no way interferes with the force of this simple argument. Undoubtedly deportment is the one sure thing.

As to supervision a great deal could be said. By supervision I mean a thorough examination of those who come here from abroad. Every alien should be made to explain why he comes here and where he is going ; and every possible precaution should be taken to see that he is not a criminal who has shipped himself in disguise. This would not be such a difficult matter as it may appear, and it is a system which would certainly be productive of much good. This supervision should be particularly keen in the cases of women and girls. There is no doubt that at the present time a large number of girls are brought here for an immoral purpose. A little more official vigilance at the docks would prevent them reaching their destination, and it might also incidentally lead to the arrest of the

unscrupulous rascals who make a handsome living out of a vile traffic. There is a mission at Tilbury which endeavours to do good work in this way, but something much more complete and far-reaching is required.

Unless some such measures as have been indicated are put into force at an early date the evil will assume almost unwieldy proportions. It is now rapidly extending itself. One of the most recent official returns shows that the number of alien immigrants for a single month has risen from 4,911 to 5,174 ; and these are aliens who have arrived at ports within the United Kingdom, and are not described as on their way to other places. Figures like these are certainly eloquent arguments in favour of strong legislation.

EDWARD JOHN PRIOR.

CAPTAIN FISHBRIGHT'S MISTAKE.

HAVING thrust a plug into his mouth, the skipper climbed ashore by the perpendicular iron ladder that ran from the quay-level into the mud of the little harbour. He expected nothing to happen. He was forty-eight, stout, red-faced and exuberantly whiskered. Nothing was in the least likely to happen. Besides, he was even yet sheathed impenetrably in tender memories of one he had loved and would never forget. He did not look a romantic person: he did not even swear like one, when occasion demanded emphatic language; and he certainly did not chew tobacco, nor yet expectorate, like one given to languish internally.

But appearances are deceptive.

There was a slight ill-conditioned oil-lamp by the mooring. Its feeble light shone on the snow-white figure-head of the skipper's barque, suggesting, rather than illumining, the soft curves of the lady's bosom. Beneath the figure was a band of fresh vermilion paint a yard broad, which also encompassed the ship; the rest of the hull was black. Those were the colours she had loved in life, red and black. The figure-head on its part was an idealised representation of her, though it had at first gone against the grain to see her from the waist upwards thus ruthlessly exposed to all weathers. And the name MARY ANN PERKINS, always plain on the vessel's broad old-fashioned stern, was the name she had borne in life.

These things were known to all aboard the MARY ANN PERKINS, and the hands as a rule sympathised with the skipper, though not themselves

of so constant a cast. When, for example, the skipper had a very bad swearing fit (and he had them at least once a month) his crew accepted the evil with philosophy. "It's that gal of his'n that's dead," Rhodes, the mate, had declared once for all. At one time the skipper smote Peter Crook hard on the head with a belaying-pin and drew blood, for no particular reason, except that there was a dead calm. But this also was excused him. It was believed fore and aft of the MARY ANN PERKINS that Captain Fishbright had something as like a broken heart as a sailor well could have.

The skipper turned his eyes towards his ship's effigy when he was ashore, as his habit was. Then he tripped suddenly over some chain stuff. He did not fall, but he went through several of the contortions that are the prefatory stages of a fall, righting himself with a horrible sense of discomfort; he had, in fact, swallowed his plug, which was a large one.

"Anythin' wrong, sir?" sang out Rhodes from the deck.

The silence that ensued was devoted by the skipper to a quick, yet thorough, realisation that the plug had actually gone down. Only then did he open his mouth. If the two policemen of Munsey had heard him, they would have felt obliged to arrest him. Even Rhodes made a face; there were several unusual adjectives in the skipper's diatribe, and the blank red wall on their side of the harbour begat echoes. "All that about a bit of rope!" he remarked to the ship's carpenter in a whisper,

when Captain Fishbright's footfalls began again. Rhodes was not aware of the plug; but the skipper himself continued aware of it for a long time. He thought of it off and on, even when he was gripped most amazingly by such thrills of yearning as he thought were never again to visit him,—that is, an hour or more afterwards.

It was thus. Having had his tea, with a bloater, on board the barque, he went ashore at that hour (eight o'clock, land time) merely to drink a glass at THE ANCHOR. He was moderately known in Munsey and moderately respected. That is why THE ANCHOR's barman dared to suggest to him off hand that he might do worse than go and see the play-acting in the canvas tent rigged up in the meadow just outside the town, to westward. "They're a poor lot in themselves, you know," the man proceeded, "but the play's a bustin' strong 'un. Why, they've had to enlist some of our Munsey amateurs, and you know what a blamed set of fools they are in Munsey."

"I've half a mind to report *some* of your fools to the harbour-master," growled Captain Fishbright. He reached for his mug and gulped afresh.

The barman was not quite bold enough to ask if he had swallowed his teeth. "The play's called DOOMED," he added, somewhat hesitatingly; "and the way they stab and kick and drown each other's a caution. The love-makin's only middlin', though; but what could you expect when—" Here the fellow's feelings overcame him and he sniggered profusely over a tankard he affected to be polishing.

Captain Fishbright did not conceal the aversion excited in him by the barman. He had moreover no curiosity as to the source of the barman's merriment. "You look like a jackass

yourself, and you laugh like one," he said, with a surly frown. "Take your money."

Nevertheless, five minutes afterwards, and notwithstanding his uneasiness about the wasted plug, the skipper had paid his ninepence for a middle seat in the tent, and was sitting with folded arms watching the hero being slowly throttled by the accomplished villain. Euphemia, the dumb heroine, did not appear until later. From the moment of her appearance, however, Captain Fishbright was a disturbed man, and in less than half an hour he was volcanically upheaved.

Only to think of it! Fifteen sets of winter storms had passed since he had stood bareheaded and dazed by the grave-side of his Mary Ann, and here he was sitting staring at one who was her living double. There were the same abundant flaxen hair, the same blue eyes, the same,—well, unrestrained gait and buxom form. It only needed the voice; but then this one was dumb. The skipper breathed with relief when a reference to his programme explained why the damsel merely gibbered and worked her fingers in answer to the hero's fulsome offers of his heart. The skipper could have enjoyed smiting that hero with a rope's end or a fist. "It can't be her," he murmured, "but it's a sister ship. Leastways, it's the same thing as Polly herself come to life again."

Euphemia's career in the play was a mournful one. She was sadly misused by the villain. At one time she was hung to a beam, the would-be assassin stealing off with his devilish right forefinger laid conspiratorially across his wicked lips; but the hero cut her down ere she had hung while you could count eight. Yet again almost before she had recovered the breath thus imperilled in her dead body, she was clasped by the black

frooked fiend and hurled shrieking into the river,—which sounded like straw. Thence also she was rescued in time, by the same ubiquitous and careworn, yet amorous, hero. Loud were the cries of approval with which the Munsey populace beheld her thus produced realistically dripping from head to toe, still gasping from the shock, and her pretty flaxen hair in clotted tails. But in the end peace and joy came to her. The villain was shot in the head by a detective, and across his lifeless body the hero (now all smiles through his painted wrinkles) offered her his noble hand. And she, having stooped to place her lips to the hand, then drew the hero's fingers to her heart and fondled them. Wedding bells sounded from the modest orchestra, and an ill-kempt curtain hid the continuance of the ardent embrace with which the play concluded.

All this the skipper saw, while tangled thoughts, longings, and resolutions played within him and sweat beaded his bronzed brow. There were some men near him who laughed at Euphemia and her dumbness, but he paid no heed. To think that this thing should have come upon him after so many years! He felt his heart hammering within him and, whatever his crew might fancy, he had not been conscious that he had a heart since that hurricane of March, 'eighty-five, when he was on deck thirty-two hours without a pause. The skipper's pocket-handkerchief was of clouded crimson silk; he wiped his forehead with it twice, mechanically. What sweet tender ways, considering, she had been wont to have! And she had been fond of parrots, as a seaman's bride should be! This one also might be the same, even as her lines and gear were the same. For the skipper had dismissed as a piece of blasphemy the intrusive fiction that the Euphemia of the play was his

Mary Ann in resurrection; she was too young for that, unless she had lain undeveloping in the grave until the other day. But whatever she was, this new apparition had made a new man of him. Captain Fishbright remembered with secret rapture the £800 he had accumulated in a Building Society and the £1,100 besides, for which he could at any moment sell his vessel. There was a living for two in such an amount of capital.

The stampede for the outer air, after the play, was lively; so too were the criticisms on the play itself. "The rottenest rubbish I ever seed," exclaimed a short-chinned rustic to a friend, as he dropped a hob-nailed boot on the skipper's foot. "And that Euphemia wench, oh lor!"

These latter words were more to Captain Fishbright than the pain to his toes. Hearing them, he sprang erect, caught the astonished rustic by the neck and threw him melodramatically among the disestablished benches. "You're a nice lump of offal to pass an opinion!" he cried, fired with indignation through and through. "Just let me get my hands on you again."

But there was a constable near. "That'll do," said the officer. "No games here, if you please. Clear out, all of you, and think *yourself* lucky I don't lock you up straight, and so I tell you."

This was said to the skipper, who went first purple and then red. But, though thus variegated in hue, he had the wisdom to hold his tongue. Moreover, recollecting himself, he saw the madness of thus brawling when a future as of Paradise seemed opening out to him. He winked both his eyes fast, simultaneously, to recover his balance.

"Now then, move out, will you?" said the constable, not addressing the skipper in particular.

Captain Fishbright then bethought him what to do. "My friend," he said to the constable, "I want a bit of advice"; and he glanced rather shyly (for such a man) at the programme he still held in his hand.

"Well, what is it? I can't stay here all night."

"You're not asked to, that I know of," retorted the skipper, resenting the man's tone. He was used to being king on the *MARY ANN PERKINS*, and, even though love-stricken and on land, abounded in self-importance. "It's just this," he added briskly, in a whisper, observing that the other's mood was even less conciliatory than at first. "I want to come within hail of this craft." So saying, he put his left thumb on the name *F. Pinch*, otherwise *Euphemia*.

Unhappily the skipper's left thumb had suffered by a fallen mast; it was scarcely the thumb of a respectable man, the officer felt convinced. "Oh, that's your game, is it?" exclaimed the constable. "Well, it's none of my business to introduce strangers, and so, for the last time, move on!"

The skipper did move on, but not before he had eyed the other with expanding nostrils and ejaculated, "You stiff-lipped bobby!" The phrase was not quite a criminal offence, but that it annoyed the officer was evident. It was no doubt well for the skipper that he no longer delayed to leave the tent.

Outside, in the dispersing crowd, his earlier passion came back upon the skipper with springtide force. He would not let this vision of felicity slip from him; he could not do it. Then he laughed constrainedly. Of course that was so. Why did he not think of it before? Play-acting people had rooms in which to change their clothes. *Euphemia*, when she left the stage, was in a sorry state of grime, rags, and smeared tears. She

was bound to be still on the very premises of the tent. The skipper's heart fluttered afresh as he made his way to the hinder part of the canvas where a plain binnacle lamp hung over a doorway with *Private* on a board above. "I'm on this tack till I die," he told himself solemnly.

With hoarse laughter a tawdry woman and a man came through the doorway towards the starlight. Behind them was another person, an individual with two-thirds of a yard of gold watch-chain across a very large plaid waistcoat, a sharp, short beard, and a big cigar in his mouth. Even the skipper, whose experience of itinerant mountebanks and their ways was small, knew him for the owner of the troupe. And so he accosted the person, with absurd humility considering his own physique, importance, and glorious desires. "I guess," he said, "I'm right this time, and I'll feel downright thankful, sir, if you'll bring me and one of your young women together."

The proprietor's waistcoat heaved. "My young women, eh?" said the man, with a chuckle, "Well, go on, let's hear."

"It's this 'un, *F. Pinch*," said the skipper, meekly, for he understood the power of this large plaid-waistcoated object.

But at the word the latter fell into a rage, so that he dropped his cigar. "That guzzling idiot!" he cried. "I tell you the ugly mawkin—" He was about to explain that *Euphemia* had narrowly missed spoiling the play and causing the canvas top of the tent to be pulled upon the heads of the crowd; but the skipper did not wait for the sequel. His soul boiled into instant fury when he heard this abuse of her who, he firmly believed, was meant to be his heavenly treasure on earth. He smote the large man in the face and

did it a second time, stifling the cry that half burst from the large man's lips. And while he smote he used language familiar to the ears of Rhodes and those on board the *MARY ANN PERKINS*, but not quite common in Munsey. He would indeed have continued the assault until he had the insolent carrion prostrate at his feet, but that he was hindered.

A whistle had sounded and then an answering whistle, followed by a double grip of the skipper's arms. "This time to the lock-up you go for sartain, my beauty," said the voice of the constable whom Captain Fishbright had already irritated.

There was no avoiding it, without forcible resistance the advisability of which seemed doubtful. "You may be Captain Mackerel, for all I care," said the injured constable, in comment on the skipper's proclamation of his rank. "You're a drunk and disorderly this night, whatever sort of a captain you may be in the morning." And so it was. Sadly bewildered, the skipper soon found himself under lock and key in a poor, cold sort of room. He spent much of the night conjecturing about the girl's christian name. Upon the whole, he hoped it was Fanny. There was not, however, quite so much rapture in these conjectures as there might have been. At times Captain Fishbright was overcome by the indignity of his position, and raved at the four walls of his cell.

Shortly after the September dawn had fully declared to him the barrenness of his prison chamber, he was visited carefully by the constable in charge, who from the threshold warned him not to worsen his case by violence.

"Come in, man, come in," said the skipper harshly. "I'm not all that of a fool."

"Oh, you're not, aren't you?" re-

joined the other, as if surprised. "Well, Captain Fishbright, sir, I'm glad you're yourself again. I've made enquiries, and there seems not much doubt you're who you said you were."

"Not much," said the skipper, with a curious smile in which a plain man would have had difficulty to discern the element of pathos. "When am I to be let out?"

But at this the constable could not help lifting his sleeve to his mouth. The skipper burst out at the sight like a West India tornado. "What the ——" The door was banged upon him before he had half relieved himself.

At nine o'clock, having rejected breakfast, he was invited to come forth. There was a strange constable as well as his earlier visitor. They had a substantial trap, in which he was to occupy the middle seat and be driven to the Court at Whitecastle. "I'm to be tried like any blackguard, am I?" enquired the skipper, halting in the porch.

"My dear sir," began the Whitecastle officer, a man of worldly wisdom, "human nature can't always control itself and——"

"Then," said the skipper, with raging eyes, "I'll thank you to put irons on my wrists, else the heavens theirselves won't keep me from doing both of you a injury on the way."

It was done as Captain Fishbright desired, with as little publicity as possible, and he was helped ignominiously into the car.

He wondered where *she* was while he was thus being driven through the outer limits of Munsey. Several seafaring men in blue jerseys saluted him with smiles, respectful yet amused. There was sympathy of a sort in their rugged faces, and also a sort of admiration. But the skipper felt as mean as a worm, as well as wild as a madman, when he reflected how he

was thus prejudicing himself with *her*. The constables were quite free in their conversation; they alluded to the weather and the convenient wind for the northward passage of the *MARY ANN PERKINS*, when she had discharged her cargo for Munsey; and the *Whitecastle* one especially did his utmost to enliven his prisoner.

At *Whitecastle* Captain Fishbright declined to be defended by a solicitor. His appearance and manner in the court caused laughter; he contrasted well with his victim the mountebank.

"Well, Captain Fishbright, what have you to say in extenuation?" the magistrate enquired kindly, when the police and the mountebank had both told their stories.

"They've both lied pretty well, Mr. Murray," answered the skipper calmly, "but I've no time to waste on 'em. If you'd be so good as to name the amount and let me go, I'd be obliged."

"You don't propose to call the lady herself?" here interposed the magistrate's clerk, a wit.

At this a ripple of laughter ran across the court. Even Mr. Murray's lips relaxed gently. The mountebank's mouth made him look like a yawning oyster.

The skipper became corrugated with frowns as he glanced here and there. "It's no laughing matter that I can see," he said, with some ferocity; "and I don't propose to call the lady."

"Five pounds and costs, or one month's imprisonment," said the magistrate. "And that's letting you off easy," added the clerk.

Whereat once again all the court smiled, even including Rhodes, the mate, who had come up in a hurry to give his skipper a helping hand if necessary. The skipper saw the smile on Rhodes's face and ached for vengeance.

He paid the money with alacrity

and defiance, and stamped free of the law. Outside, Rhodes met him with a stolid "Mornin', sir." The skipper eyed the mate ravenously. The latter misread the expression. "It fair took my breath away when I heard what had come to you," Rhodes went on: "and the rummest part of it all is that that F. Pinch which—"

But at these words the skipper became as if convulsed. He stopped short, and lifted an arm towards the mate. "No more of this, Peter Rhodes!" he whispered hoarsely, and with his eyes almost on his cheek bones. "You're warned; speak another syllable to me till I'm on my ship and I'll make a jelly-fish of you."

A brief but fierce attack of irrelevant verbiage then seized the skipper, after which he felt better. There was, however, not the smallest encouragement in his countenance for Rhodes to disregard the warning he had received. And so the two strode or heavily side by side. Once the skipper broke the silence. "How's the cargo, Mr. Rhodes?" he asked, with obvious effort to be matter-of-fact.

"Landed every ounce between six and nine this morning, sir," replied the mate. "We could be off with the twelve o'clock tide."

But the skipper caressed his heart-strings as he observed "There's not that hurry." Now, at any rate, he could devote himself, reasonably, to the pursuit of the happiness which had never seemed to him more desirable. The mate wisely said nothing. He wondered, nevertheless.

And so they came again to Munsey with its crooked little streets, stump red houses, and bow-windowed shops. In Eastgate Lane the skipper paused. "Maybe," he said, "I'll look in at *THE ANCHOR* before going aboard. There is," he added testily, "a powerful deal o' grimacin' about this day."

Three tradesmen had run to the

doors with one accord at the sight of him, and were unmistakably hilarious.

"You're right, sir," said Rhodes, with an effort. If only he dared, how he would have let himself go!

"How am I right?" the skipper demanded. "I'm not right; I'm wrong. I'll not go aboard yet; I've business to do."

"I'm sure, sir," answered the conciliatory Rhodes, "it's enough to give any man a thirst, what you've been through, and innocent, which makes it worse."

But hearing this, the skipper again gave way to temper. "You're a fool like the rest," he declared loudly.

They said no more till they were in the harbour. The skipper passed THE ANCHOR by as if it had not existed; but he gazed with a strange relish at his beloved barque and the figure-head, which had been decently swabbed not two hours ago. "I'll eat my breakfast first," he said. "I've an appetite, Mr. Rhodes." He swung himself down the harbour ladder and dropped clamorously upon his own boards. "Send the cook below, Mr. Rhodes," he exclaimed, with a zest.

"Ay, ay," replied the mate, certain only of one thing, that the new cook should not be seen of the skipper. For this was the one thing they had picked up at Munsey, having left the proper cook sick at home in Portsand.

But the fates were not thus to be balked. On the cabin stairs Captain Fishbright clashed with the new cook, a vacuous blue-eyed fellow, with curious rosy cheeks. "Hullo! And who are you?" he demanded, staring and feeling nohow.

"Freddy Pinch, sir, at your service, engaged for the run by Mr. Rhodes to do the galley work and sundries," replied the stranger cheerfully.

The skipper leaned against the panel-

ling of the stairs. "Say that again," he stammered; and the man said it again, the skipper's heart jeering him now for a certainty. "F. Pinch?" he whispered.

"That's me, sir."

"Not Euphemia, I reckon?" the skipper murmured, with the terror growing in his eyes.

The new cook showed his teeth, which were admirable for such a man; it was not at all an ugly smile. "Well, yes, sir,—I did do it—for the sake of the 'arf-crown, being a handy chap. You see, as I didn't 'ave no call to open my mouth, and no female would stand all that knockin' about—"

But he was not allowed to continue. Like a man possessed the skipper flung himself at the hapless cook, whisked him round, grasped him by the slack of his trousers and his jacket at the neck, bore him up the companion and held him to the ladder that climbed ashore.

"Off with you," he cried, "and set foot on my ship again if you dare!"

F. Pinch for a moment did not ascend. "What's it all mean, sir?" he gasped, looking round.

The skipper flew to a rope's end. This sufficed; the ex-cook ran up the ladder.

"Mr. Rhodes, get her ready this minute," the skipper shouted tremulously to his much-troubled mate. "We'll risk the foot or two short of water for once in a way. This minute, sir, I say!" he roared.

"Ay, ay," answered the mate, and the deck of the MARY ANN PERKINS became a scene of immediate activity.

Then the skipper went below; nor did he appear again until Mr. Rhodes informed him that she was ready to move. He drank copiously that day, but was reticent rather than otherwise.

CHARLES EDWARDS.

THE REPUBLICS OF CENTRAL AMERICA.

THERE are few Englishmen, probably among those who chance to have visited the Central American Isthmus, no matter in which of the individual States they may have dwelt, who have not at one time or another had occasion to mentally compare that sparsely populated region with their own overcrowded island home, and the air of indolence pervading the former with the unceasing rush and bustle in the latter. The reason is plain. Within an area many times greater than that of Great Britain, the country in question has to support but a mere handful of beings, and these, taken as a whole, have certainly not yet established their right of inclusion in the list of the world's industrious nations.

For present purposes we may estimate that, of the population of Central America, which scarcely equals that of a large city in other parts of the world, one half consists of multifarious Indian tribes descended from the ancient Toltecs, and the remainder of *mestizos*, or mixed races, and a few families of pure Spanish blood; and although among them there is of necessity what is known as the working population, for the most part the natives bury the fame of their industrious ancestors beneath their own violent antipathy to any form of physical labour. In a country where Nature has been so generous in her provision of climate and soil, where food, in the shape of an endless variety of wild fruits, abounds in absolute profusion and may be had for the mere labour of plucking, and where clothing, at least with the lower

classes, is little less than luxury, why asks the native, should man till and toil? Indeed, thinks he, it would be wasting one's energies to do so. When the soil shall refuse to produce its rich crops any more and the grateful climate give place to the biting frosts of which he has heard the *Americano* speak, then will be time enough to think of labour. With him it is the rule to refrain from doing to-day all that he can postpone till *mañana* (to-morrow) and *la mañana* usually means the next generation.

The *mestizos*, those of European and Indian descent, in all cases predominate, being as a rule the intellectual superiors of the Indians proper. They are generally of large stature, muscular and wiry; and the complexion, which naturally depends upon the extent to which their blood is mixed, is usually decidedly dark. With few exceptions the native is of feeble character, and even where characteristic strength happens to exist it is of little avail against the overwhelming majority of the weak. Nor is the moral tone of this people all it should be, for they are far from temperate, and I know of few races of a more sensual nature. There healthy education counts for far less than worldly training, and expression possessing tremendous significance in Central America—parents, having imparted their worldly knowledge to their sons, encourage them to test its authenticity by putting it into practice.

The religion of the natives, existing only the pure-blooded Indians

and the few negroes and mulattos of the coast towns, is Roman Catholicism—not as we know that faith at home, but largely adulterated with native instincts and superstitions. In fact, so much is this sometimes the case that few persons would recognise it as being a religion at all, much less one in any way connected with the grand old creed of the Roman Church. The female population constitutes its chief supporters, the men merely tolerating the priests and indulging the ladies in their fancies, and indeed the idea seems generally to prevail that having duly attended early morning Mass it is a matter of no moment how the remainder of the day is spent.

Their priests are mostly drawn from the lower orders of the inhabitants, and since recent years have brought the toleration of almost any creed in those countries, the clergy have not the power and influence they had of old. And it is well they have not, for instead of correcting the corrupt tendencies to which I have alluded, with their own examples they rather give them impulse, scarcely fearing to have it known that they, priests though they be, are proud fathers too; seldom refusing to share the revelries of a public drinking-den; and on Sundays never failing, after Mass has been said, to indulge in the excitement of the cock-pit, there to wager on a certain rooster probably the very coin recently paid for a special service on behalf of some departed soul. I could write many dark pages descriptive of the peculiarities,—religious and otherwise—of this people, but that is foreign to my purpose; and as, in their own small way they are well meaning, and since he will find their customs far too tough and old to admit of pruning, I would counsel the traveller to merely note them and do nothing more, unless, that is to say, he should discover some means

other than those of ordinary persuasion or example.

The Spanish spoken by the natives of Central America is a corrupt and abundantly localised version, bearing the same relation to the pure Castilian as does the Yorkshire dialect to good English. In some States, however, idiomatic discrepancies are less frequent than in others, to wit, Guatemala and Costa Rica, the attempts at accuracy in the former being inspired, probably, by jealousy of their Mexican neighbours who emulate the speech of the Spaniard proper to the utmost, while in Costa Rica they may be ascribed to the fact that the population contains less of the Indian element. The Indian tribes have each a distinct language of their own, which very few individuals of the white population understand; and although the majority of Indians have a knowledge of Spanish, and speak it when away from their respective tribes, when at home they invariably revert to their own tongue.

Central America has been widely and unjustly condemned on the score of its climate. On the Pacific side the country is high, dry, and wonderfully salubrious, with few if any of the dreaded malarial influences, and in no part, excepting one or two localities lying in deep valleys from which the trade winds, sweeping the country and so tempering the heat, are excluded by the surrounding hills, is the heat really oppressive. Throughout the thermometer will often fall to forty-five degrees after sunset, while in the highlands it scarcely registers more in the daytime. The year is divided into two seasons only, the summer or dry season which, varying with the locality, lasts from about November until May or June, when the winter or rainy season sets in; but on the Atlantic side the seasons are less definite, some districts having even

four rainy seasons during the year, and altogether the general humidity here is greater. With the usual attention to ordinary hygiene the settler should have little trouble in keeping his health in Central America, and he will find that many of the deaths supposed to be due to malaria can, with a little judicious enquiry, be proved to result rather from incautiousness, unfair taxation of the physical system,—due too often to inexperience—or from extreme aggravation of a mild attack of that fever by the irregular and intemperate habits of the victims. If, for any reason, the settler is restricted to the low coastline, still, in the writer's opinion he need have no fear. He will certainly get the fever into his blood, whether he wills it or no. How can he well avoid it when the primary cause of that disease, bad and swampy air, *mal aire* as the Spaniards call it, is inhaled day and night, and when mosquitoes, undoubtedly the secondary cause, are everywhere? But let him see that he always wears flannel next to his skin, that the water he drinks is filtered, and that he is temperate in all his habits, and he should return to his own country at the end of his sojourn with as good health as when he left it, with the natural exception, to use a well known trade term, of fair wear and tear.

The topography of Central America shows it to be decidedly hilly and volcanic. For some miles inland from the eastern boundary the country is low and swampy, the vegetation thick, and rivers, lakes, and lagoons abundant; but as we travel westwards the land becomes higher and the humidity gradually decreases, until eventually we find ourselves in the dry and bracing atmosphere of the highlands. The mountain chain running almost parallel to the western

coastline is a branch of the famous Andes whereon are found extensive table-lands of exceeding fertility, and passing innumerable peaks draped with luxurious verdure to their very summits, we descend to find ourselves upon the rather arid plains lining the Pacific coast.

Of volcanoes there are some fifty in all, huge monsters ranging from 3,000 to 14,000 feet above sea-level, but few are now active. Each of the five States has its particular "terror," and the natives never tire of recounting all they, or their ancestors, have suffered on its account. In Guatemala the inhabitants fear most their Volcan de Fuego (13,612 feet), Volcan Tumbador, and the Volcan de Agua which years ago was twice responsible for the destruction of their capital; with the Nicaraguans the fiery Momotombito and Cosiguina are the pet themes; the natives of El Salvador attribute all their seismic disturbances to Izalco or the miniature but wonderfully active Ilopangito, and those of Costa Rica speak of their Irazu with equal awe. Of the extinct volcanoes, the craters of many have now been filled with water, thus forming small but almost bottomless lakes thousands of feet above the ocean, while others constitute a source of revenue in the large quantities of sulphur that they produce. Millions of coffee and cocoa trees stand upon their slopes, and the intervening valleys are gay with patches of sugarcane, maize, and other cereals.

Among these mountains rise innumerable rivers flowing towards both oceans, but the more notable empty themselves into the Atlantic, or, more correctly, into the Caribbean Sea. Many of them are hundreds of miles in length, for instance, the Wanks in Honduras, the Motagua in Guatemala, and Great River in Nicaragua; and considering the many rapids, formid-

able falls, and multitudinous lagoons found along their courses, a river journey in Central America is often fraught with as much danger as interest. Since few of these streams admit of navigation by other than flat-bottomed craft, small boats hewn from single tree trunks and known as dug-outs, with occasionally the better known pit-pans, are the usual means of travel, and the reader can no doubt imagine what a tedious passage an ordinary journey becomes when made in such tiny craft. Twenty miles or thereabouts a day is a fair up-stream pace, and about as much as the traveller generally cares to sit out.

It is about the headwaters of these streams that one often comes upon the ruins of what were once magnificent palaces and temples. Indeed, entire Indian cities have been unearthed in those regions, not mere collections of frail huts such as the Indians of to-day dwell in, but huge cities built of wrought stone, and covering in some cases an area equal to that of many a capital in Europe. It is these, with the beautifully carved obelisks, columns, and idols, found half buried beneath the dense forest undergrowth, which prompt one to lament the degeneration of the races which reared these stately memorials, and to wonder what their modern representatives have done with the civilisation of their ancestors.

Whatever progress the natives have made in other directions, they have sadly neglected the mason's art, with the result that it is to-day so little known that it has to be highly paid for, and dwellings of stone are thus within reach of none but the very wealthiest classes. The existing stone edifices, mostly churches and old convents dating from the period of Spanish rule, are difficult of identification with any particular archi-

tectural style, being usually a mixture of many, among which, however, the Moresque and the ancient Mexican are chiefly distinguishable. Here and there one encounters a Renaissance market-building, church, or palace of modern erection, or, as it were better to call them, a few native editions of that style. The dwellings of such of the upper classes as cannot afford houses of stone, the stores, and the less important public buildings are usually one-storeyed and of the adobe class, the walls being about three feet in thickness, neatly stuccoed and whitewashed inside and out. They are roofed with thick, heavy earthenware tiles of native manufacture, and when one considers the tremendous weight of the roofs and the fearful dust-clouds which the falling of an adobe building invariably occasions (for these are nothing but huge sun-dried bricks of mud) it is not difficult to understand why upon the first indications of an earthquake, —generally a low rumbling noise like distant thunder, and seeming to proceed from the bowels of the earth—everyone rushes madly into the open air. The apartments, which are very lofty, have a wealth of doors and windows, the majority of them opening upon the *patio*, or interior garden, in preference to the street, and the windows, mere wooden shutters, being protected on the outside by iron gratings. The *patio*, exclusively reserved to the occupants of the house, is usually adorned with flowers and shrubs; and the fact that the doors and windows opening upon the street are for the most part closed during the day, those looking upon the *patio* being the chief means of ventilation, the streets naturally present a somewhat gloomy and deserted appearance.

The poorer classes have two kinds of dwellings, the solidity of which

depends entirely upon their means. One is known as the *horcones* method of building, the walls consisting of stout forked uprights (*horcones*) driven firmly into the ground and encased with canes fastened closely and horizontally together, the whole being afterwards covered with a thin coating of adhesive mud. The other is a bird-cage dwelling similar to that just described, but in the building of which the mud lining, or any other means of sealing the gaps between the canes, is dispensed with. Both are thatched with palm-leaves, and often built without the aid of a single nail, the various parts being lashed together by means of *bejucos* or thin vines. In the rural districts these last two methods prevail, while the towns are a peculiar mixture of all styles, with the exception, perhaps, of the coast towns, where one and two-storeyed shanties of wood, after the plain type found in most mining camps throughout the United States, are the vogue.

Generally speaking, all towns in Central America are so similar in character that a common description will suffice. The capital towns, which may have a population of anywhere between 15,000 and 50,000 souls, consist largely of the better sort of *adobe* houses with a few of the less pretentious huts fringing the outskirts. The old Spanish churches and convents are now mostly converted into cathedrals, universities, hospitals, military colleges, or barracks, while the few stone buildings of modern erection are used as episcopal palaces, orphanages, government offices, and so forth. The majority of the residents are either traders or merchants, and the latter prefer to reside on their business premises which are usually well stocked with general merchandise of European and American manufacture. The streets at

night are illuminated by means of oil lamps, mounted on posts and contained in glazed lanterns similar to those once used in our streets at home, but in one or two cases electricity is employed for that purpose; and the majority of the larger towns boast of plant for the supply of water. It is a peculiarity of this people, in their endeavour to outdo their neighbours in what they call progressiveness, to overlook the essential in their jealous anxiety to adopt more ostentatious features; thus it frequently occurs that in a town where vast sums have been expended upon a splendid system of electric-lighting, a modern tramway and the latest telephonic arrangements, there exists absolutely no real system of sanitation.

Apropos of water-companies and their doings I cannot resist the temptation to relate a little incident which came to my knowledge during my travels, for it will illustrate the unexpected difficulties which enterprise has sometimes to face in those regions. An alligator was the innocent cause of the misfortune, and it lived in a large lake whence an important town drew its supply of water. By means of powerful steam-driven pumps the water was drawn from the lake through a stout iron pipe, which after running some eighty or ninety yards into the lake from the shore, ended in an upward turn, a short arm bent at right angles to the pipe and rising to within a few feet of the surface. Suddenly an epidemic visited the town in question, and after much wild speculation as to its cause and the investigation of countless theories, the medical men expressed the opinion that the visitation was the outcome of impure drinking-water. Now as the town was particularly well favoured in this respect, the waters of the lake being wonderfully wholesome, and, moreover, samples of water taken

directly from the lake having been passed by experts as free from any unusual contagious influences, the conclusion was drawn that the cause existed in the company's pipes. The company's reputation being at stake, in fact, its very existence being threatened, it was decided to straightway pull up the streets and expose the main pipes and conduits. And this was done without loss of time, each length being carefully and thoroughly examined in the presence of government officials and experts. The entire system was laid bare, from the outskirts of the town to the very shore of the lake, but the minutest examination failed to reveal any suspicious feature. Then, almost at their wit's end, for the epidemic was raging as badly as ever, the officials entered upon the last lap and turned their attention to the submerged portion of the conduit; and it was here they found the cause. A huge alligator had been drawn towards the mouth of the main by the very strong influx, and being unable to release itself from the suction, had remained there until it died; and thus, for goodness only knows how long, all the water consumed in the town had first filtered through the decomposed carcass of the alligator.

To continue my description, a more or less efficient police force is found in most towns, and even if their methods of preserving the peace are at times rough and arbitrary, their intentions are usually honest enough, and it is but an excess of zeal makes them harsh. A number of good doctors, mostly with European and American diplomas, are likewise found there, and the more important cities are proud in the possession of a public library, daily and weekly newspapers, and occasionally a small theatre. Branches of native and foreign banks are plentiful, and

American, English, Spanish, and French coins may at times be found in circulation. There is little difference between the currencies of the various States, their *pesos*, or dollars, with those of Chili and the Peruvian *sol*, constituting the monetary unit, with gold multiples thereof in some States and silver divisions in all. The latter are halves, quarters, fifths, tenths, and twentieths of the *peso*, and in rare cases a bronze *centavo*, about equivalent in value to our farthing. The rate of exchange, or in other words the proportion in which native monies may be exchanged for their foreign equivalents, is so constantly varying that it is impossible to fix the sterling value of the former, but for purposes of rough calculation the *peso* may be valued at two shillings, or slightly under.

Turning to the political methods of Central American peoples, we disclose what is at once their weakest spot and their most powerful enemy. If we follow their history for three-fourths of a century, in other words, since they succeeded in freeing themselves from the galling yoke of Spain, we find it teeming with records of the direst strife, which to a very great extent explains their poor progress. The majority of their rulers have been men possessed of considerable courage and determination, without, however, any of those lofty principles so essential to the leader of a nation. The executive power is vested in a President elected for a term of four or six years, and that office, until recently, was invariably coveted solely with a view to personal aggrandisement. "Make hay while the sun shines," was their motto, and he who chanced to occupy the presidential chair made it his business to lay hands on all that came within his reach, so that when the time came

for him to relinquish his office (dictatorship it should be called) he left little behind him beyond an empty treasury and a largely increased national debt. Nor did it by any means follow that he would vacate his office upon the expiration of his legal term. The Constitution might forbid his immediate re-election, but with the entire army at his back, who could remove him? Even in my own time I have seen a picket of soldiers posted in front of the ballot-box, with instructions to prevent the recording of any contrary votes, which they did very effectually with fixed bayonets. Then, the editors of all newspapers were instructed to publish leading-articles dwelling at great lengths upon the "splendid unanimity" with which the country had re-elected the President, and immediate suppression awaited the paper which might venture to ignore such an order, in spite of the fact that freedom of the Press was a boasted feature of the government.

Nor were the Ministers of State any better in their methods. They took whatever the Dictator might overlook, and when funds were low,—the nation's and consequently their own as well—and their leader proposed an increase of customs-duties, a forced loan, an unlimited issue of paper money which it was never intended to redeem, or one of the many other ingenious methods of replenishing the exchequer, they seldom opposed him.

Thus the economic side of their affairs became worse with each passing year, and every new ruler found his task the harder. Revolutions followed each other in rapid succession, entailing tremendous waste of money and deplorable loss of life, and usually, when they were successful, the President appointed by the revolutionary party proved every whit as undesirable

as his predecessor. Finally, what with reduced finances and ruined credit, they were unable to raise the necessary troops, and were thus compelled to keep quiet for a few years. This gave the governments of the time an opportunity of more firmly establishing themselves, and a few unsuccessful uprisings,—the very best medicine for the malcontents—were sufficient to discourage the rebellious; and thence comes the comparative infrequency of revolutions in these latter days.

No young country, however great may be its natural resources, can hope to avoid the penalties which must follow in the wake of a wanton and protracted period of civil war and corruption; and even when it chances to see the error of its ways the cure must be protracted indeed. Thus, these republics may be described as just passing the critical point in the political malady which has so long been eating away their substance and preparing to take their first steps upon the road to convalescence. At the same time, although the rulers of to-day may be credited with a genuine concern for the welfare of *la Patria*, inherent weakness of character is at times visible and constitutional laws are thrust aside should they at any time happen to clash with the will of the President or of one of his influential supporters. Nevertheless it is a great deal in their favour that they are at least trying to mend their ways, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with as much success as Porfirio Diaz of Mexico, who has brought his country from a similar state of distress to splendid prosperity.

But the incessant strife and maladministration of the past have had other consequences. When at war the inhabitants had no time, and in peace no funds, for the proper de-

velopment of their country's vast resources; and thus, to-day, although possessing raw material for almost any known industry, the existing factories may be counted upon the fingers of one's hands. Thousands of square miles of splendid forest land, containing immense quantities of valuable timber,—much of it unknown in the old world—are practically lying waste; and whereas they have millions of acres of fine arable land, both temperate and tropical, which are capable of producing any crop desired, their agricultural efforts are almost entirely confined to coffee and bananas. They have coal near the surface and practically within a stone's throw of their chief towns, yet wood is their only fuel; they import foreign crockery, when no country in the world produces a finer kaolin clay; and with all their fine cabinet woods, cotton, and innumerable other textile plants, their furniture, coffee-sacks, and clothing are manufactured abroad. Cocoa-nut and other oil-producing palms are found everywhere, but still their soap-factories prefer to buy oils in the United States; and whereas hides could be tanned in the country just as well as abroad,—better, indeed, since the very material for tanning is found on the spot—they ship skins by the millions and afterwards import them in the shape of leather, which naturally does not tend to cheapen the price of their boots and shoes. Indeed, of all their products, and the list is an incredibly long one, within my own knowledge there is scarcely an article, beyond tobacco, which they both produce and manufacture on a commercial scale at home.

Such is their country, then, and such their methods, and such both are likely to remain until the energetic and intelligent foreigner shall step in and set them an example;

and truly, now that political disturbances are less frequent there, it would be hard to find a better field. Should a revolution break out he need have little fear. I have been almost an eye-witness of many such affairs, and although I must confess that they are certainly inconvenient for the time being, there is scarcely any real danger to the foreigner, much less to the Englishman who is particularly feared and respected by all classes.

During the first revolution which I experienced there, I happened to be in a town which was surrounded by the rebels, and these being infinitely superior in number, methods, and arms to the Government troops, it was a foregone conclusion with the terrified inhabitants that the town would be successfully taken and looted before morning. Taking the advice of an older resident than myself I hung my Union Jack in a conspicuous position outside my street door, kept my revolver handy, and refrained from roaming too far abroad. These precautions were unnecessary, however, as matters turned out, for when midnight arrived it found the enemy in full possession of the town without the firing of a single shot. The garrison had capitulated, or more strictly speaking, the governor, in consideration of a certain payment on conclusion of the war, had agreed to give up the town, and having disarmed his men on some pretext of his own, had secretly bid the opposing army enter and take possession. Such transactions are not uncommon in Central American warfare, although the purchaser usually has the best of the bargain, for it is a matter of considerable doubt whether the vendor will ever see a penny piece of his promised reward, even when his debtors are victorious.

But I am straying from my point.

I wished to illustrate the protection afforded to the foreigner by a judicious display of bunting. In such cases as that described, if there is any shooting it is mostly with small arms, of a somewhat ancient pattern, so that if the visitor remains indoors he is practically safe; and when the looting commences his flag will mark his house as one to be left alone. Indeed, so sacred as a rule is a *gringo's* flag to the military (*gringo* being a cant term for foreigners of whatever nationality), that many natives borrow and display foreign flags, while others, unable to borrow one, will make one for themselves, often mixing up the various national emblems in a very amusing and ridiculous fashion.

The indolence of the native has of course in its turn interfered not a little with his country's development, and so also has the lack of proper means of communication. Railways are scarce, and even where they exist they are but slow, while their use proves somewhat costly. I have already referred to the difficulties in connection with the many waterways.

The majority of travel, therefore, is done on horse or mule over very bad tracks,—roads they can hardly be called—and all freight is carried by beasts of burden or drawn in clumsy ox-carts. The latter in themselves weigh as much as the heaviest load the inconsiderate natives ever dare to put in them; and it is a common occurrence, especially during the rainy season, for an ox-waggon to sink even beyond the axles into the spongy soil till it becomes mud-locked, and remains so for several days together.

With regard to the supposed dangers to the settler, naturally there are the ordinary risks peculiar to those regions, such as earthquakes, tropical storms, and fevers; but I have already suggested how the latter may be alleviated, and for the rest, they are not common, and at most do not exceed the many risks we are constantly running at home, and to which we have become so accustomed that we have ceased to recognise them as hazardous at all.

ROWLAND W. CATER.

RUSKIN AT HAWARDEN.

IN a little volume of privately printed letters in the writer's possession, entitled *LETTERS TO M. G. AND H. G.*, we have some of the most delightful glimpses of two of the greatest men of the Victorian era, and learn at first hand, so to speak, of the pleasant and interesting relationship that existed between them. These letters were addressed by Mr. Ruskin to Mr. Gladstone's daughters, and we learn for the first time of the charm they had for him at all times. Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Harry Drew) was for many years one of Mr. Ruskin's comforters and friends, in days when he felt he needed the soothing sympathy of a kindred spirit. The letters give ample proof that she found her reward in the respectful admiration of one of the most remarkable intellects of our time.

The chief interest that lies in the letters addressed by Mr. Ruskin to M. G. is the charming portrayal of their author by his own hand. They are also valuable for their references of public interest and for the glimpses afforded of Mr. Gladstone as host. It was to the diplomacy of M. G. that we are indebted for getting Mr. Ruskin to visit Hawarden where we see him in the company of many distinguished people. The first visit Mr. Ruskin made to Hawarden was in January, 1878, when he was accompanied by Canon Scott-Holland. But this was not the first occasion on which he had met Mr. Gladstone, nor was it the last. Readers of *PRÆTERITA* will remember the reference to the meeting at Lady Davy's table, in the company of John Lockhart's

daughter (for whom he professed a great admiration), when he found she did not care for a word he said: "And Mr. Gladstone was on the other side of her,—and the precious moments were all thrown away in quarrelling across her, with him, about Neapolitan prisons. He couldn't see, as I did, that the real prisoners were the people outside."

When they met at Hawarden it was under happier auspices. The prospect, however, as Mr. Ruskin drove with Canon Holland from Broughton Station to Hawarden, was not a particularly bright one, and it is somewhat amusing to learn his view of the situation, as related by his companion.

Mr. Ruskin, it appears, had the darkest view possible of his host, imbibed from his "Master," Carlyle, to whose imagination he figured apparently as the symbol of all with which he was at war. He was therefore extremely timid and suspicious, and had secured, in view of a possible retreat, a telegram which at any moment might summon him home; this telegram loomed largely the first day, and we were constantly under its menace. But as hour by hour he got happier, the reference to its possible arrival came more and more rarely, and finally it became purely mythical.

There is also an interesting description of Ruskin as a talker by an anonymous hand in this little book. It substantiates the view of Mr. Frederic Harrison's reference to Ruskin's indescribable charm of manner as a conversationalist.

Then,—*absente magistro*—a quick tangle of remarks followed on his manifold

pleasant ways, his graceful and delightful manner,—bright, gentle, delicately courteous, the lyric melody of his voice—more intensely spiritual, more subduedly passionate, more thrilling than any voice I ever heard. He is a swift observer and acute. Not talkative, but ever willing to be interested in things, and to throw gleams of his soul's sunlight over them, original in his dazzling idealism. For ever "thinking on whatsoever things are pure and lovely, and of good report, etc."; *annihilating*, in the intense white heat of his passionate contempt and hatred, all vile, dark, hateful things. They are not—cannot be. They are lies, negations, blanks, nonentities. God is—and there is *none else* beside Him.

Interesting as is this glimpse of a great man seen at close quarters, unburdening his soul in all that makes for righteousness in congenial company, we have a companion picture from the pen of Canon Holland which is drawn in loving manner.

He came up to one so confidentially, so appealingly with the wistful look in his grey-glinting eyes, which seemed to say, "I never find anybody who quite understands me, but I still hope and think that you will." How quaint, the mingling of this wistfulness in the face with the spotted blue stock and the collars, and the frock-coat, which made him look like something between an old-fashioned nobleman of the forties and an angel that had lost its way. The small, bird-like head and hands and figure had, nevertheless, a curious and old-world pomp in their gait and motions. The bushy eyebrows gave a strength to the upper part of the face which was a little unexpected, and which found its proper balance in the white beard of his last years. He, somehow, moved one as with the delicate tenderness of a woman; and he felt frail, as if the roughness of the world would hurt and break him; and one longed to shelter him from all that was ugly and cruel.

The conversations of the host and the guest,—Gladstone the statesman and theologian, of consuming moral energy in public affairs, Ruskin teacher, preacher and diviner of the

Beautiful—are valuable and attractive, and show their respective points of view in matters of personal interest. Ruskin, for instance, assured Gladstone that he had made it a rule for at least twenty years to know nothing of any doubtful question, nothing but what was absolutely true and certain. He did not attach any importance to opinions, to speculations of which the truth was doubtful. He was only concerned to know things that were true, and he thought there were enough of them to take up one's lifetime to learn. When Gladstone spoke of round towers in Ireland, Ruskin answered that he took no interest in the subject because it was a controverted one, and therefore he took no part in it. He was evidently more interested in seeing a newspaper which would be absolutely truthful and could be faithfully trusted. In newspapers he contended that the most infamous people were forced upon the reader's attention, and all manner of abominations and villainy were published daily; whereas newspapers should tell of the people best worth knowing, the gentlest, purest, noblest of mankind, in full confidence that there was no fear of spoiling the good people by publishing their virtues and bringing them into prominence. They are the last people whom some newspaper editors, pious or otherwise, think of referring to; it is not in their day's work.

When Mr. Ruskin expounded at length his scheme for the enforcement of social responsibility for crime, Mr. Gladstone listened attentively with a look of puzzled earnestness, doubtless wondering how it could be carried out so as to satisfy the end of justice. Mr. Ruskin said that the inhabitants of every place should be held responsible for the crimes committed in their neighbourhood; every one

should be made to feel the crime as his own. He, for example, would have London divided in districts, so that when a murder was committed in a district the inhabitants should draw lots to decide who was to suffer for it. Only by this way could the public conscience be quickened, and if the lot fell on a man of high character the moral effect would be excellent. It was the lack of public moral tone that was cause for serious thought, and the conditions which led to crime should be the first matter for consideration in all reformatory work. It was absurd to make a fuss about the insides of prisons, as if reform should begin there. Reform, he held, should begin outside; the inside should be made as repulsive as possible. The real criminals were the idle rich; they should be rigorously dealt with, and every man who had a large income should be put in prison if he did no work, for it was only Society made crime possible.

Again, he would discourse on the domestic virtues. Mothers, he said, ought not to expend their love upon their own children only, but while making that love their principal care should also love all other children, especially the poor and suffering: "To be a father to the fatherless is the peculiar glory of a Christian." On marriage he was no less forcible, although it is a subject on which one would imagine he had not the right to preach, but, of course, his many-sidedness was his great charm. Women, he held, should not venture to hope or even think for perfection in him she would love, but, on the other hand, he should believe the maiden to be purity and perfection; perfectly faultless. "Women are, in general, far nobler, purer, more divinely perfect than men, because they come less in contact with evil,"—a most charitable judgment, and so

like Ruskin in his passionate idealism. But coming to more practical matters he mournfully admitted the failure of his road-making at Hinksey, believing it was owing to the lack of earnestness in the students. They played at work. It was only one of the many signs of the diabolical condition of Oxford, he said. When the present writer visited Hinksey on a recent occasion, when the landscape was bathed in sunshine, the students' roadway was scarcely discernible. We were somewhat amused on asking a fresh-complexioned villager who lived in a cottage near by, if she remembered the students making the road. She replied that she remembered the time well and pointed out an adjoining cottage where the students had had afternoon-tea, adding, "They did not appear to take much interest in the work." Asked if she remembered Mr. Ruskin, she said she remembered him well and then added, quite seriously, "But I hav'n't heard of him for a long while." When she was informed that he was dead she said, "Dear me, I never heard of it." Who will spell fame after an experience like this?

Oxford has many charms, and to the visitor who loves to linger by the banks of the Isis, especially in the glory of midsummer when the houseboats are a blaze of colour and "life runs gaily by the sparkling Thames," it is a scene not soon to be forgotten. But Ruskin held that racing on the river was utterly ruinous, and the boats (presumably the racing eight-oars) were the destruction of the river's charm and beauty; he would rather that racing be discouraged and riding encouraged at Oxford, although the horse, he said, was ruined by racing, a distinction surely with a difference, for he spoke, as an artist, of its beauty from the artist's standpoint. We can imagine how Mr.

Ruskin's friends would be both delighted and astonished at his opinions in general. Over a wide range of subjects he, "Socialist, aristocrat, dreaming idealist, hater of modern liberty, of pride of wealth, of bastard patriotism, lover of the poor and laborious toiling multitude, detesting war and its standing armies," declared at Hawarden his opinions in no uncertain tones, while the host good-naturedly was ever ready to accept his principles even if he would differ as to their practical application. We can hear the late Duke of Argyll in his usual, impatient manner saying, at the close of Mr. Ruskin's talk, "You seem to want a very different world from what we experience," and Mr. Ruskin's naive reply, "Yea, verily, a new heaven and a new earth, and the former things passed away."

In Canon Holland's charming sketch, which is printed along with the letters to M. G. and H. G. he tells how the learned host tried to lead the conversation where there would be as little chance of contention as possible with his illustrious guest. Mr. Gladstone discussed Homer and the *ILIAD*, and here, it was thought, they would meet on common ground, but, alas, even here they were not found to see eye to eye. When Mr. Gladstone, for instance, proceeded to show how in a certain passage it was clear to him that even Homer had some knowledge of the principles of barter which modern economic science would even try to defend or justify, Ruskin regretfully responded by saying, "And to think that the devil of Political Economy was alive even then!" Our readers will remember that it was in the pages of *THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE* that Mr. Ruskin contributed, in 1860, his articles on Political Economy, now well known in the little book entitled *UNTO THIS LAST*, which were so distasteful to the

readers of that day that the editor was obliged to close the series. Perhaps Mr. Ruskin's reply to Mr. Gladstone is better understood to-day. On another occasion Mr. Gladstone brought Sir Walter Scott to the front, as a subject likely to cause some interesting conversation, and one likely to appeal to his guest's heart and head, for it is well known that Mr. Ruskin had a great admiration for Sir Walter. When Mr. Gladstone began an impassioned reference to the works of Scott and all they had done for Scotland, he ventured the remark that "Sir Walter had made Scotland." At this Mr. Ruskin wished to know what was meant by the remark and so, brought to bay, Mr. Gladstone held forth on the immense improvement in the means of communication and facilities for travelling in Scotland in modern times, especially referring to the isolation of life in the Highlands, also to the great number of excursionists now conveyed to all parts of the country with speed and comforts unknown before. Evidently all this was too much for his hearer, who immediately exclaimed, "But, my dear sir, that is not making Scotland, that is unmaking it." This remark reminds us of another made by Mr. Ruskin in a letter written years ago when he refused an invitation to dinner with the Caledonian Society. "I never," he wrote, "go to public dinners, and if steam-ploughs are to be used in Caledonia, no dinners will preserve the memory of Burns." If it was for nothing else than his fearlessness in dealing with cherished opinions we cannot but agree, or agree to differ, with the charming frankness of Mr. Ruskin's views.

The references in the private diary of Mr. Gladstone make it clear that, while he might differ with his visitor, there was a deep-rooted affection

which no difference of opinion could quench.

We had much conversation—interesting, of course, as it always must be with him. . . . In some respects an unrivalled guest, and those important respects too. . . . No diminution of charm. . . . Mr. Ruskin developed his political opinions. They aim at the restoration of the Judaic system and exhibit a mixture of virtuous absolutism and Christian socialism. All in his charming and benevolent manner.

And in referring to the conversations which he was privileged to listen to at Hawarden, Canon Holland writes:

The amusement of the meeting of the two, Gladstone and Ruskin, lay in the absolute contrast between them at every point on which conversation could conceivably turn. The brimming optimism of Mr. Gladstone, hoping all things, believing everybody, came clashing up at every turn with the inveterate pessimism of Mr. Ruskin, who saw nothing on every side but a world rushing headlong down into the pit. They might talk on the safest topics, and still the contrast was inevitable.

In one of the letters of FORT CLAVIGERA, there is a significant blank in one of the pages which is explained in these words: "The passage now and henceforward omitted in this place contained an attack on Mr. Gladstone, written under a complete misconception of his character, and the blank space is left partly in due memorial of rash judgment." In this connection it is interesting to remember that we owe the change of opinion to Miss Mary Gladstone (Mrs. Drew), for it was at her request Mr. Ruskin visited Hawarden where he had a fuller opportunity of knowing the nobility of Gladstone's character. Writing to "Dearest M." in his first letter (January 18th, 1878,) he says:

How is it possible for the men who have known him long to allow the course

of his conduct now, or at any other time, having been warped by ambition, to diminish the lustre and the power of his name? I have been grievously deceived concerning him myself, and have once written words about him which I trust you at least may never see. They shall be effaced henceforward (I have written to cancel the page on which they are). If ever you see them forgive me, and you will know what it is to forgive.

And not less generous are the following words written a little later.

It was a complete revelation to me, and has taught me a marvellous quantity of most precious things—above all things the rashness of my own judgment (not as to the right or wrong of things themselves, but as to the temper in which men say and do them).

While Mr. Ruskin made confession of his error of judgment to his correspondent he did not depart from Hawarden without making an equally generous confession to Mr. Gladstone himself. Standing on the hall steps he begged publicly to recant all that he had ever said or thought of his host, and thus the victory was complete. To Ruskin the joy of the discovery meant much, but he was naturally not a little nervous as to how he was going to explain it to Carlyle when he got back to Chelsea.

All this is pleasant to learn for the insight it gives us into Mr. Ruskin's good-nature, for it is a fact that no writer of our time was so generous in his sincere appreciation of greatness wherever he found it, just as no one was so severe a critic on his own errors of judgment and sins of omission and commission. Any reader who cares for proof of this statement has only to read, for example, the annotated edition of the second volume of MODERN PAINTERS, issued in two small volumes in 1882. But true as this is, and though we find Mr. Ruskin in his first letter to M. G.

writing, "I thank Fors and your sweet sister very solemnly for having let me see your father," it is not to be concluded that he was always in the same solemn mood. Whenever he was deeply moved he wrote in strong and forcible language, whether it was a question of spoiling beautiful scenery, or the mis-called restoration of our ancient cathedrals. For as Mr. Frederic Harrison, in his monograph in the *ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS* series, says :

Vehement language was with Ruskin a literary intoxication rather than a moral fault. He has paid a bitter penalty for failing to overcome the tendency. To paraphrase an absurd epigram about Oliver Goldsmith's talk and his books, it might be said of Ruskin that he talked like an angel and wrote as if he were one of the Major prophets.

It is necessary to bear this criticism in mind while we refer to an apparent change in Mr. Ruskin's opinion regarding Mr. Gladstone and the explanation which he gave afterwards of his position. In this connection we have only to remember his famous letter to the students of Glasgow University when he was prevailed upon to allow his name to be put up as an independent candidate for the Rectorship of that ancient University in the three-cornered contest in 1880. This led to some correspondence and when his supporters wrote to ask if he sympathised with Lord Beaconsfield or with Mr. Gladstone, he replied :

What, in the devil's name have you to do with either Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone? You are students of the University and have no more business with politics than you have with rat-catching. Had you ever read ten words of mine with understanding, you would have known that I care no more for Mr. D'Israeli or Mr. Gladstone than for two old bagpipes with the drones going by

steam, but that I hate all Liberalism as I do Beelzebub, and that, with Carlyle, I stand, we two alone now in England, for God and the Queen.

This was, as will be agreed, rather a severe blow to give to students who were fond of playing at politics in Rectorial elections; but the fact that, on election day, he polled three hundred and nineteen votes, is a proof that his strongly-worded protest had been taken in a fair spirit. While this can be said for the students in Glasgow, another view of the situation is obtained when we remember that the words very naturally gave offence at Hawarden where he had received such a generous welcome and a favourable opportunity of knowing Mr. Gladstone and his opinions, political and otherwise. We are therefore prepared to learn of a break in the continuity of the letters to his correspondent at Hawarden on whom he was fond of bestowing many pet names. But we know now the manner in which his position was logically clear to himself and how he made it clear to his correspondent, in the following letter.

Amiens, October 23rd, 1880.

MY VERY DEAR M—,—I only did not answer your first letter because I did not think it was in women's nature (being in the noble state of a loving daughter) to read my syllable of answer with patience, when once she knew the letter was mine. I wrote a word or two to F—, and now, if indeed you are dear and patient enough to read, I will tell you why that letter was written, and what it means. Of course it was not written for publication. But it was written under full admission of the probability of being some day compelled to allow its publication. Do not for an instant admit to your mind the taint of thought that I would privately write of any man—far less of one whom I honoured and loved—words which I would not let him hear, or see, on due occasion. I love and honour your father; just as I have

always told him and you that I did, as a perfectly right-minded private English gentleman; as a man of purest religious temper, and as one tenderly compassionate, and as one earnestly (desiring to be) just.

But in none of these virtues, God be praised, is he alone in England. In none of these lights, does it seem to me, is he to be vociferously or exclusively applauded, without *dishonour* implied to other English gentlemen, and to other English politicians. Now for the other side, my adversary side (that which, surely, I candidly enough always warned you there was in me, though one does not show it "up the lawn nor by the wood," at Hawarden). I have always fiercely opposed your Father's politics; I have always despised (forgive the Gorgonian word) his way of declaring them to the people. I have always despised, also, Lord Beaconsfield's method of appealing to Parliament, and to the Queen's ambition, just as I do all Liberal, so-called, appeals to the Mob's—not ambition (for Mobs have not sense enough, or knowledge enough, to be ambitious) but conceit. I could not have explained all this to my Liberal Glaswegian Constituents, I would not, had I been able. They asked me a question they had no business with, and got their answer (written between two coats of colour which I was laying on an oak leaf, and about which I was, that morning, exceedingly solicitous, and had vowed that no letter should be answered at all)—and in my tired state "*le peintre ne s'amuse (mais point du tout) à être ambassadeur.*" The answer, nevertheless, — was perfectly deliberate, and meant, *once for all*, to say on the matter the gist of all I had to say.

After the election is over—and however it goes—all this will be explained in another way, and you shall see every word before I print it, though there will, and must, be much that will pain you. But there will be nothing that is even apparently discourteous, and, in the meantime, remember, that if your Father said publicly of me that he cared no more for me (meaning Political and Economical me) than for a broken bottle stuck on the top of a wall — I should say—only—well, I knew that before—but the rest of me he loves, for all that.

I meant this letter to be so legible, and so clear and quiet—and here it is,

all in a mess, as usual. . . . Perhaps you'll like it better so; but mind, I've written it straight away the moment I opened a line from my niece saying she had seen Mr. Burne-Jones, and that you *might* be written to! And, my dear, believe this, *please*—if you care to believe it—that I never in my life was in such peril of losing my "political independence" as under my little Madonna's power at Hawarden.—And I am, and shall be ever, her loving servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

Surely this was, indeed, the *amende honorable* and does credit to the spirit of the writer, as well as to his friends at Hawarden, as the following explanatory letter proves.

Amiens, October 28th, 1880.

MY DARLING LITTLE MADONNA,—You are really *gratia plena* (don't be shocked, I'm writing about the Saints all day, just now, and don't know when I'm talking quite properly to my pets), but it is unspeakably sweet of your Father and you to forgive me so soon, and I'm inclined to believe anything you'll tell me of him, after that; only, you know, I'm a great believer in goodness, and fancy there are many people who ought to be canonised who never are, so that—be a man ever so good—I'm not idolatrous of him. (If it's a—Madonna, it's another thing you know.) But I never for an instant meant any comparison or likeness between D. and your Father—they merely had to be named as they were questioned of. On the other hand, I know nothing about D. whatsoever, but have a lurking tenderness about him because my own father had a liking for him, and was in great grief about my first political letter—twenty (or thirty) years ago—which was a fierce attack upon him.

I do trust nothing more will ever cause you to have doubt or pain. I can't get what I have to say said; I'm tired to-day,—have found out things very wonderful, and had—with your letter at least—more pleasure than I can bear without breaking down. Dear love to your father. Ever your grateful,

St. C.¹

¹ St. Chrysostom (St. John the Golden-mouthed), the name given to Mr. Ruskin by his friend Mrs. Cowper-Temple.

Letters, such as the foregoing, surely prove that, while he in no degree departed from the position he originally had taken, in giving a perhaps too forceful expression to a deep-rooted conviction, he, nevertheless, was fully convinced in his own mind of the truth of his opinion regarding Mr. Gladstone from a political standpoint, and only regretted, sincerely, that the published expression of his opinion should have come under the notice of those immediately concerned at an earlier date than he would have liked, thereby causing doubt and pain, inasmuch as it may have affected their feelings of regard for him as a friend, or caused them to have doubts as to his sincerity and regard for them. This was the only difference of opinion, or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the only speck on the horizon of love that Mr. Ruskin experienced with his correspondent. His love was too sincere for his friends at Hawarden to allow any difference to separate them, and it is borne out in the whole series of letters written by Mr. Ruskin that his last words are his expressions of love for Mr. Gladstone and all the members of his family. Nothing did so much to cheer Mr. Ruskin in his fits of despondency than to hear M. G. play to him. So much, indeed, was he affected by her playing that he could not find words to express his feelings, and would therefore content himself by saying repeatedly, "Thank you." Elsewhere he expresses his opinion on the power of music in these words :

Music is the nearest at hand, the most orderly, the most delicate and the most perfect of all bodily pleasures ; it is the only one which is equally helpful to all the ages of men—helpful from the nurse's song to her infant, to the music, unheard of others, which so often haunts the deathbed of pure and innocent spirits.

Mr. Ruskin was always keenly devoted to music, and was so to the end. Nothing delighted him more than the ballads of the North Country which Mrs. Severn often sang to him. It will also be remembered that he took a special pleasure in the cathedral at Oxford, when he had it closed for himself on occasions and could roam up and down the aisle, in meditative mood, listening to the music of the magnificent organ there.

In ministering to him in days of trouble we should gratefully remember M. G. as one of his best benefactors. In one of his letters to her referring to Browning he says, "He knows much of music, does he not? but I think he must like it mostly for its discords"; a remark with which many will agree to differ and think of as one of the writer's perversities. While he wrote thus of Browning it is well to remember that he praised him in his books (in the *ELEMENTS OF DRAWING* and in volume iv. of *MODERN PAINTERS*) for every sentence he wrote of the Middle Ages, as always right and profoundly true.

While it is, of course, not possible in the space at my disposal to treat of all the topics dealt with in the letters, it may be both interesting and instructive to give some extracts to show the wide field of Mr. Ruskin's likes and dislikes in the subjects treated in this correspondence.

I don't think a pretty tree is ever meant to be drawn with all its leaves on any more than a day when its sun is at noon. One draws the day in its morning or evening; the tree in its spring or autumn.

It is a great grace of the olive, not enough thought on, that it does not hurt the grass underneath.

I'm so very glad your father is interested in *DEUCALION*, I never got any credit from anybody for my geology, and it is

the best of me by far. And I really think I've got those stuck up surveyors in a fix, rather! I'm going in at the botanists next, and making diagrams of trees to ask them questions about. . . . I never was so lazy as I am just now, in all my life. If only I enjoyed being lazy I should not mind, but I'm only ashamed of myself, and get none of the comfort.

The second volume of *PRÆTERITA* is giving me a lot of trouble, because I have to describe many things in it that people never see nowadays—and it is like writing about the moon. Also, when I begin to crow a little, it doesn't read so pretty as the humble pie (*April, 1886*).

If a great illness like that is quite conquered, the return to the lovely world is well worth having left it for the painful time; one never knew what beauty was before (unless in happy love which I had about two hours and three-quarters of an hour of, once in my life).

Dear love to your father; but tell him he hasn't scattered the Angelic Land-League, and that that PUNCH is not a representative of its stick—or shillelagh—power.

I'm so wild just now because your father won't make *me* Prime Minister for a day, like the Sleeper Awakened.

If the Queen would have me for Grand Vizier, I'd save papa such a lot of trouble, and come and chop twigs with him afterwards—when he'd got the tree down.

I don't think he need have set himself in the NINETEENTH CENTURY to prove to the Nineteenth Century that all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are valueless.

For these seven years, nay these *ten years*, I have tried to get either Mr. Gladstone, or any other conscientious Minister of the Crown, to feel that the law of land possession was for all the world, and eternal as the mountains and the sea. Those who possess the land must live on it, not by taxing it. Stars and seas and rocks must pass away before *that* word of God shall pass away, "The Land is Mine." And the position taken by Parliament just now is so frightful to me, in its absolute defiance of every human prognostic of Revolution, that I *must* write to you in this solemn way about it, the first note I gravely sit down to write in my old nursery with, I trust, yet uncrushed life and brain.

Although we find Mr. Ruskin writing to his correspondent as "My Darling M." and saying, "you know good writing and feeling as well as I do, and we are not likely to differ a jot about anything else," it is the fact that they did differ about something else. It was on the occasion when M. G. wrote to tell Mr. Ruskin she was about to get married and asked for his blessing. Here is his humorous reply:

December 29th, 1885.

DARLING M.—Bless you? Blest if I do! I'll give you absolution, if you come and ask it very meekly, but don't you know how I hate girls marrying curates? You must come directly and play me some lovely tunes,—it's the last chance you'll have of doing anything to please me, for I don't like married women; I like sibyls and children and vestals and so on. Not that I mean to quarrel with you, if you'll come now and make it up. If you can leave your father at all—sooner or later by a day or two doesn't matter, or a day or two out of what you have left (I had rather you waited till crocus or anemone time, for we're about ugliest just now). As for F., she was a horrid traitoress, but *you* have been very faithful to me through all my wicked sayings about papa (I can tell you there would have been a word or two more if you hadn't been in the way). As for the poverty and cottage and all the rest of that nonsense, do you think you'll get any credit in heaven for being poor when you fall in love first? If you had married a conscientious Bishop, and made him live in a pig-sty—*à la bonne heure!*

Ever your loving and too forgiving,

ST. C.

And, again, by way of explanation:

I didn't mean, and never have thought, that girls were higher or holier than wives—Heaven forbid. I merely said I liked them better, which, surely, is extremely proper of me.

Writing of Carlyle, at the time of his death, to M. G., Mr. Ruskin expresses his belief in a brighter world,

another life than this, in the following beautiful words :

The death of Carlyle is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end—but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps, also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for not having enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this and all other moments.

In the preface to *ARROWS OF THE CHASE*, Mr. Ruskin remarks, "I never wrote a letter in my life which all the world are not welcome to read if they will," and this, it may be said, was no idle boast. Of few great writers can the same be said, for some of the saddest chapters in literary history are due to the publication of letters which should never have been printed. It is to be feared that letter-writing is in these days a lost art, for really great letter-writers, of whom there must always be few, must be men of large leisure. Ruskin had the saving grace and virtue in that he only wrote when he had something to say. Read where you will you will always find something to interest and stimulate on art and morals affecting the highest interests

of life. Born in circumstances peculiarly fitted to nurture a great and gifted spirit, he early found his work and steadily pursued it to the end,—to make for others a world better to live in and full of hope, for ever "thinking on whatsoever things are pure, and lovely, and of good report." His message, whether we find it in his letters or his books was, is, and will be found helpful to all who read and study aright, for like the prophets of old, he held his great gifts as a sacred trust for the advancement of God's Kingdom. And if we have been able to show that the letters addressed to M. G. and H. G. have all the charm and the chivalry for which he was known, no less than for the insight we gain into his character, we can echo the words of one of his best commentators who writes : "Let us take Ruskin seriously, for the more seriously we take him, the more we shall make out of him, and the more he will make of us."

W. SINCLAIR.

NOTE.—The writer desires to thank Mr. Ruskin's literary executors,—Mrs. Severn and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn—for granting permission to make use of the letters contained in the foregoing article.

THE LADDER OF EDUCATION.

ADDRESSING a conference of elementary school-teachers at Guildford some time ago, a prominent educational expert of the district urged that attendance at evening classes should be made compulsory, in order to counteract the vicious tendencies of working class youths. Of the character of these youths he drew a most unflattering picture.

Two years after leavingschool [he said—I quote from the Press reports] they have lost the little manner they once had, they don't look you in the face, they loaf, they fool about, they have no desire to learn, they have lost those ideals that you [their teachers] implanted so laboriously, they have acquired perhaps a habit of lying, they think it manly to get drunk, and womanish to care for the best things of life. . . . Some of them you have to exclude [from the evening school] because of acquired habits of turbulence. . . . You note the others in the streets, they barely recognise you as you look at them, you see how rapidly they have gone downhill; if you happen to have interested yourself in any higher branch of learning you find that these old boys are conspicuous by their absence; if you try to develop the local cricket or football club they won't play themselves; at best they like to ornament the ropes, smoke indifferent tobacco, use foul language, and mob the referee if required.

Of the girls the speaker took a no less unfavourable view, complaining that they make bad servants and learn to care only for finery and flirtation; and emphasising thus his plea for lengthening the period of education, he threw out hints of what he regarded as a schoolmaster's chief duty. "The building up of character," he said, "is the supreme object of every teacher's life"; and he pro-

pounded the question, "How far do our present methods [of education] turn out men and women of honesty, industrious by habits, tastes, and principles?" Self-respect was one of the virtues for which he pleaded, and veracity another; the implication being that veracity and self-respect are at a discount with the younger working folk. In addition to this, there was mention of "playing the game straight and hard"; but with these exceptions (if they are exceptions) the speaker confined his demands to the broadest generalities, asking simply for "morals," and concluding with one more appeal to the assembled teachers to fix their attention on "the real question which has to be faced,—the building up of the children's characters in the faith and fear of God."

Whatever may be thought of the justice or the usefulness of these remarks, it is obvious that the delivery of such a speech to such an audience is a phenomenon of deep import to labouring people. The mere fact that thoughts like these are abroad implies a change in the labourer's position of the most searching kind. His migration from the country to towns, his use of the ballot-box, his acquisition of a little learning, are of minor consequence compared with this; for this means that the atmosphere in which he lives has begun to alter, and that he is called upon not only to live in different places and to follow different pursuits from his old ones, but to be himself a different kind of man. He is requested to conform to the standards set by modern civilisation.

But while the address I have quoted makes this clear, it shows no less clearly that even in the opinion of enthusiasts education has not yet been very successful. For some reason or other the labouring youth does not take kindly to it; he is slow to respond to our invitations to come and be civilised; and though I do not myself believe that he is worse in character than his fore-fathers were in their youth, I see little reason to suppose that he is any better than they. It was chiefly to town lads that the speaker at Guildford referred; but the village lad is certainly not more satisfactory, as I can testify from my own observation. Too often in the village one finds him insubordinate, insolent, vain, silly; and he seems to extend his admiration chiefly to those who excel in those attributes. He is "mouthy," as the older people say. At night, hanging about the doorway of the public-house (the institute is not open to him until he is eighteen years old) he is a nuisance to passers-by.

Though nobody questions the reality of the evil, opinion is remarkably varied as to its causes, and the remedies that should be applied. The doctors all differ. First there are the educational people, who ascribe the mischief to ignorance; next, and in direct opposition, are the parents of the boys, protesting that their sons are being spoilt by education. Employers, as I have often heard them admit, incline to the view of the parents; and, while others cry out for the revival of apprenticeship, these decline to be troubled with apprentices. This brings the technical educator on to the field to jostle with the advocates of physical drill and Boys' Brigades. And then there are the people with superficial fancies, and nostrums expressive chiefly of their discontent. "There are too

many holidays; nothing is thought of but games and pleasure," they cry, or else, "Cricket and football and a tradition of *playing the game* would do more good than anything." And now we have the suggestion at Guildford, that attendance at evening schools should be compulsory. Thus the subject is bandied to and fro, everyone eyeing it from his own point of view; and meanwhile the village youths cluster under the lamp at the public-house door, smoking their indifferent tobacco, and insulting the respectable wayfarer with foul language.

Amid all the discussion of the problem, however, one important factor (to which I have already alluded) appears to be generally overlooked. A cynic might hint that the only new thing in the situation is the interest it arouses. Boys have always been boys, and men have always tried to check their mischief. But it is only in the last few decades that society has been solicitous for the boys' sake rather than its own; it is only of late that the community has decided that their character demands attention. One half the world is beginning to observe how the other half lives, and dislikes what it sees. And this, the cynic might urge, is the whole of the change.

But this, pointing to the truth of the matter, only half expresses it. Noticing old evils for the first time, we are doubtless prone to think them new; yet my own impression is that more is changing than our point of view. The growing discontent with the working class youth is not a dormant factor in the situation, but an active one. Overlooked by reformers, it is influencing those they would reform. The whole labouring class is feeling it; and unless I am much mistaken, while the point of view of society is changing, the young labour-

ing people are for that reason also changing. They are in a period of transition. They do not themselves know, and their parents, inexperienced in such times as these, are unable to tell them, whether they are doing well or ill. They are bewildered by the interest which the rest of the world has begun to take in them. They are asked to change to something they do not understand; and thus among the many disturbing elements recently introduced into their life, one, and perhaps the chief, is that to which the supposed cynic points, —the fact that their character no longer conforms to the wishes of the community.

As to the nature of those wishes, which perhaps aggravate the very mischief they would remove, we may profitably consult the address at Guildford. True, the vagueness of this is rather disconcerting. For though I am aware that the speaker was not pretending to formulate a definite ideal for the workers, still it is to be observed that he was addressing professionals, and his generalisations may consequently be supposed to represent a stage in advance of every-day opinion on the subject at issue. His remarks, I conceive, were designed to give shape to ideas still in embryo; to reduce to thought the unformulated feelings of his audience, and to fix in the memory words which the audience might carry away with them for further meditation.

The indefiniteness of what he said, therefore, is as suggestive as it is disappointing. A labourer reading the report might well ask, and wonder, what was expected of him. What, for example, is to be understood by "the best things of life," which the average youth is accused of thinking "womanish"? Are they the things best for a human being in the abstract, for a professional man, or

for a day-labourer? Are they best from a religious, æsthetic, social, commercial, or from what point of view? And why that word *womanish*? How would the sentence have read, with *effeminate* substituted for it? The supreme good to which the speaker personally leant appears to be the spiritual Christian life, with its contemplative or subjective joys; but the idea of "playing the game straight and hard" is quite compatible with a fine materialistic or objective paganism. The faults complained of, again, fall into two groups. By the want of industry, of honesty, of veracity, imputed to the working class youth, principles common to civilisation are outraged; but his uncouth manners are offensive chiefly to the specialised tastes acquired at the universities. A very wide range of aspirations is thus presented to the workers. They are to be induced to adapt their character to an ideal, which may be either that of a public schoolboy or of a Christian devotee, or anything between these extremes.

Thus much, and but little more, I fear, the labourer might deduce from the Guildford address, as to the positive demands which civilisation is making upon him. On the negative side, however, he already understands something of what is required. Whatever he may be or feel or think, he must refrain from noisy expression of it and from indecorous behaviour. This applies to boys no less than to grown men. The old harum-scarum lawlessness which boys enjoyed half a century ago would be called Hooliganism now, and their dare-devil spirit may hardly have an adventure unless with the policemen. We do not tolerate practical jokes; we ought not to tolerate them. But at the same time it must be acknowledged that the discouragement of "mischief" confines the modern working boy to

an atmosphere in which his forefathers would have felt unable to live; and that, cramped as to his animal spirits, he may feel himself pushed more and more towards stealthy vice. In this way our demand upon the labouring classes becomes a real and almost oppressive environment to them. Whether they are under-educated, or over-educated, whether too much or too little attention is paid to games in their schools, whether it is want of apprenticeship, or of physical drill, or of science, or of art, that makes labouring class youths so unsatisfactory, beyond and behind all, this fact has to be recognised, that every year renders it actually harder for them to live and enjoy life in the old-fashioned way of their fathers; every year sees the bonds of a new and to them unknown mode of life tightening upon them.

In view of the educational confusion on the subject and the great uncertainty of our wishes, it appears that the first thing to be desired is a test of education. For want of understanding what we aim at, education is a chaos of empiricism, and the provincial elementary school a bear-garden of haphazard experiments. Shall we try science, or the catechism, or Shakespeare, or brush-work, or Swedish-drill, or nature-study? They are tried, each and all, and a dozen other tricks with them; and after the trial nobody knows whether they are successful or not, because nobody has settled why any of these should be tried, or what ideal is to be furthered by any particular experiment. It is all *Education*, and that blessed word covers multitudes of errors.

But a test of education itself is not forthcoming. We may determine whether children can or cannot do brush-work or repeat the catechism; but, these interesting points settled,

where are we? And what of the children's education? Are they, or are they not, equipped with the learning and tastes and habits that will enable them to live worthily and contentedly, according to their calling? Have any of them been so helped that life in their environment may seem, not a state of durance, but a thing to rejoice in?

The art of education is not more exempt than any other art from the limitations imposed by its materials. So long as the educator ignores these, irresponsibly indulging his fancy, he is of no more practical use than the dreamiest Utopian; and his work will merit,—just what we see it often obtain—nothing better than the toleration of the work-a-day world. If the teacher would be of real service, he must be a real artist, not an amateur. Now, every other artist begins, perhaps, by chafing at the limitations which necessity has fixed upon his efforts; but he ends certainly by deriving from them his best support. And so it must be with the teacher. If the ideal enunciated at Guildford be the teacher's supreme duty, none the less his first business is to recognise the conditions of his work. He must examine his materials, to discover what may and what may not be done with it.

Now, the teacher who honestly studies the labouring class as a material for his art, will find attaching to it various most severe conditions. According to the speaker at Guildford, labouring youths have a ideal of their own; and in one sense this is possibly true. Yet I think a little more knowledge of the labourer would convince us that, though he harbours no fanciful dream of what he ought to be, he is not without a lively sense of what, in order to live, he must be. Of the ideals we gratuitously form for him he is to some

extent aware; but he dares not let them blind him to the yet sterner conditions thrust upon him by necessity.

What are those conditions? They are summed up in the truth, which education has shrunk from admitting, that the dirty work and the nauseating work of the world has got to be done by somebody; that millions of men and women must inevitably be employed at unskilled drudgery, and must even be set apart and be as it were specialised and expert at exhausting and monotonous tasks. A certain large proportion of our people is doomed to that fate, and no education can save them from it. The work must be done; and if here and there an individual, or a hundred individuals, escape up the ladder of education, others must step in and fill the vacated place. The individual labourer may rise; the labouring class remains at the bottom of the ladder. It is therefore idle to speculate upon them as if they might be something else; idle, and even cruel, to try to educate them for occupying some other sphere of life. We may shut our eyes to the unpalatable truth, and pretend that one man may be as fortunate as another; but no delusion on that point ever for an instant possesses the labouring folk. If on the one hand they are dimly conscious of our wish that their character should be of the contemplative Christian public schoolboy type, on the other hand they are absolutely convinced that it must be of such a type as will enable them to endure their appointed fate.

This is the first condition to be recognised by the educator who would not be an unserviceable amateur, but an accomplished artist. If the ideal character proposed to the labourers is one that would be incompatible with the fatigues of quarrying or the dis-

gust of cleaning sewers; if it would falter at the hardness of night-work on the permanent way of the railroad, or shrink from the exposure and misery of the brick-field, or break down under the exhaustion of stoking a furnace (I name but a few of the innumerable forms of unskilled labour), the ideal may be a very beautiful one, but it will never get any nearer to realisation than the essays and speeches that are made about it.

By observing this condition, the educator would learn the first lesson of his art, and he ought to be as sure of this as a carpenter is sure that wood is not malleable. There are things that society wishes; but there are also the restrictions of necessity. The university man disapproves of the young labourer's indifferent tobacco, deprecates his unpolished manners, intreats him not to swear, urges him to play cricket; and then necessity comes in with a counter warning, reminding him that tastes proper for Oxford and Cambridge would not endure the prospect of a whole life spent in a labouring man's clothes; or that a sensitive spirit would never hold its own against, say, the hustling ganger on the dock-extension works. It teaches him that graceful manners might be dangerous on the railway siding; that much courtesy would interfere with his tired fun, when he and his gang at last knock off work and are trailing home. In short, that sensitiveness of the civilised person, which recoils from offensive sights and sounds and smells, and is afraid of the wet and hates mud and grease, and has no appetite for food unless the table is daintily set, is forbidden to the labouring classes. They may not cultivate nerves or have teeth that can be set on edge. It is at their peril, if they dabble in any of the arts that soften. To be effeminate (or *womanish*, as

the speaker at Guildford has it) is for them to court the hospitality of the work-house or the repose of the grave. And it is within these limits that civilisation's ideal for them must be accomplished, if at all. Perhaps we do right in desiring that they should be polished and courteous gentlemen; but I am sure that we do wrong if we forget that this character must be moulded on the callous strength of the navvy.

If our amateurish ideal for the labourer is thus circumscribed by the exigencies of his work, his poverty comes in to make one ashamed to think what we expect of him. Probably no outsider can appreciate the position of youths called upon to behave as irreproachably as, let us say, a bank clerk, yet denied all the apparatus by which the clerk supports the burden of civilisation. Yet some estimate of the situation may be attempted. Imagine all institutes and places of amusement closed, all meeting of friends at home impossible, the home itself crowded and uncomfortable, books unattainable, games like chess and draughts and billiards inaccessible, no place of resort open but the streets or lanes and the night-school; and into this desolation turn loose, without money in their pockets, a few dozen bank clerks to see what they do with themselves. Unless they are experts they may not play cricket (I am a little weary of the everlasting mention of cricket in this connection), because the only pitch has not room for all and is surrounded by ropes, and the game can hardly proceed in modern style without various costly trappings; and perhaps even it is a winter's night, when the alternative of football is not very possible. What would bank clerks do, in such circumstances, and with only indifferent tobacco to smoke? Perhaps they would flock to the

night-school, to study chemistry or agriculture with a view to their advancement at the bank; and of course they would refrain from foul language and low jests; but I think they would find themselves for amusement as resourceless as the labouring youth actually is. They might discover even that personally they are uncivilised; that their highly approved refinement is not mental or spiritual, is not inherent in themselves at all, but is merely a question of possessing apparatus, like games and institutes and books, to save them from facing their own dulness, and enable them to keep out of mischief and abstain from vice. If the educator can imagine them making such a discovery, he will be able vaguely to estimate what his ideals imply for labouring class lads. For, excepting in the most niggardly degree, poverty denies to these all forms of civilisation that depend on the possession of apparatus. What resources they have must be personal; unless their own wit can amuse them, they must go unamused.

But, in idealising thus for the labouring classes, society is proposing to them a development of character of which it has itself but little experience. Without the appliances, they are to practise the behaviour of civilisation, and they are to live in the same way as if they enjoyed the resources which it is impossible for them to command. As a substitute for the material pleasures which satisfy, while they protect, our own innocence, we may suggest the delights of sentiment, of contemplation, of pride in work faithfully done; but though we suggest, the labourer knows that we do not live by our own precepts. The rest of the community, enjoying its many temporal advantages, dispenses with the spiritual blessings that it commends

to him. It is true that we know the names of high thinking and lofty sentiment,—those personal attributes which, we are told, may make even a prison tolerable—but there is little to show the labourer that we really value that kind of possession. The newspapers can tell him, and we may be sure they do tell him, how sorry an example society sets of following its own maxims. Nor can we exhibit to the labourer in art the pattern we are unable to produce in reality. The tendency of our art is to ignore ideals or subjects, in favour of costly technical refinements, quite out of the working man's reach; refinements which he is apt to think beneath his notice, as to a large extent it is possible that they are.

Dispassionately viewing all the circumstances, it would seem that the reforming classes are not in the best of positions for saying what sort of people the labouring class ought to be. We may theorise at large, if we disregard the nature and conditions of the material to be reformed; but, these once frankly accepted, the theories begin to look both impertinent and vain. And in so far as elementary education has been founded on those theories, it must fall into discredit. Its elaborate machinery has been set in motion to give shape, not to a well-understood material, but to the vague fancies of amateur idealists.

Quixotically honourable in their intentions, the pioneers of education have thought to ignore or break down class distinctions, but it is their own efforts that break down. So little appreciation welcomes them that (as we see at Guildford) it is actually proposed to enforce that attendance at their schools which, so long as it is optional, is refused. The young labourer may be compelled to continue his schooling; but because we shrink

from class education and pay no attention to his condition, we are offering him that for which he has little use. To be perfectly plain, there is no education provided for the labouring classes. There are schools and teachers and inspectors and a Board of Education, there are burdensome rates and taxes, and there are political disputes and passive resisters, all supposed to be connected with the education of the working classes; but the education itself is practically a delusion,—a feast of shells from which the guests go empty away.

I do not need to be reminded of "the ladder of education," expressly provided for the benefit of labouring folk. That fetish of present-day education has received, and possibly deserves, much adulation; but it is not necessary to pay it more respect than its due, and for my part I think it an appliance greatly over-rated. If, as I am content to believe, it is useful to the few hundreds who succeed in scaling it, on the other hand I am persuaded that it is a stumbling-block to all who fail,—that is to say, to the labouring classes. It is supported by arguments proper in individual cases, but absurd when applied to the mass. So long as we ask,—why should this particular boy, or that one, be condemned to a life of drudgery? Why may he not rise by education to be a doctor, or civil-servant, or a schoolmaster?—our question is unanswerable. But if from that we go on to enquire,—why should not the whole labouring class become doctors or civil-servants or schoolmasters? Why should we not so educate the poor, that presently there will be no labourers left?—then our question answers itself, or rather it is too ridiculous to call for any answer. Yet either the ladder of education has been designed for this absurd end, of educating the

labouring poor for a station they cannot fill, or else it has not been designed for the labouring class at all.

Meanwhile, in some respects it is prejudicial to their best interests and to the interests of education. It is lamented that working youths have no ideal; but the truth is that the ladder of education blocks the way with an ideal they cannot accept. Certainly they have not the ideal of the ordinary enthusiast. He may not know it, but his disapproval of them is equalled by their contempt for him. The effective labourer preserves an attitude of respect until his master's back is turned; and then he smiles, amusedly, compassionately. The exceptions occur when the master is a thoroughly practical man. Such an one is followed loyally, and his ability is spoken of in terms of generous admiration; but the employer who is merely "cultured" and intellectual is thought "womanish," and though he may be esteemed for his good intentions he is not often personally admired by his work-people. They feel superior to him; and not once only but many times I have witnessed the amusement he unconsciously provokes. But the mirth is replaced by scorn and dislike towards one of the labourers' own class who has escaped up the ladder of education. And it may be received as a general rule that the altered speech, the solicitude about dress, the care for clean hands, the readiness to stand aside from physical effort, of the "educated," are all taken by the labourers to be signs of personal weakness produced by education. Yet it is to this weakness that the boasted ladder seems to invite them. It proposes to them an ideal they do not approve.

Again, the ladder of education falsifies the position both of the labouring class and of their instruc-

tors. The system which offers its prizes to those who escape labour is a tacit criticism upon labour itself. When every effort is made, every possible inducement held out, to persuade one boy in a school to rise above his parentage and better himself, it is inevitable that an unfavourable reflection should be cast upon the state and prospects of the others. Insensibly they are encouraged to believe that there is something unworthy in the life to which they must look forward, and thus a sense of degradation is allowed to attach to a fate sufficiently unenviable without it. By the ladder of education labour is snubbed. Though not in words, yet by facts it is announced to all who cannot win scholarships that the attempt to educate them has been a failure. And yet, while the unsuccessful feel themselves blamed, they or their parents know all the time that society does not truly wish them all to succeed. If in the same speech we urge boys to take advantage of the means provided for escaping servitude, and then complain that their sisters make bad servants, what can the parents think but that our professions are insincere, and that the schoolmaster is put up to make an offer of benefits which it is not intended that he should actually bestow?

Owing to the Utopian view we take of the labourer's prospects, the syllabus of his education is overcrowded; and to the irreducible minimum of elementary learning are added smatterings of subjects that may be useful in one or another of all sorts of careers. On this point, the parents of the children are very severe. "They tries to larn 'em too much," they say; or "By the time the children leaves school, they don't want to work"; and I am not satisfied that these comments are undeserved.

for in the scramble from one lesson to another very little is thoroughly learnt. The teacher is obliged to accept approximations; pretence does duty for reality; the teacher knows that the children know it; and they, that he knows. In such circumstances he has done well if he has won a tolerant respect for his good intentions; a respect for his achievements he is not likely to win. Men face to face with hardship and fatigue and danger in their daily work cannot think too highly of an education from which children learn that work need not be truly done to gain success. I was told not long ago of a young man of this village who, being a "good scholar," had thrown away excellent opportunities and was said to be starving. "Reg'lar learned chap," said my informant, "but he couldn't do no *work*, and so 't has been the ruin of 'n; and so 'tis of a many more, you sees."

To sum up: the education provided for the labouring classes is not very successful in achieving what we wish, and produces results for which nobody wishes. If it does not actually encourage the people to shirk hard work, if the worst it does is to make them suspicious of education, that is bad enough. In proposing to them different employments, which after all are not open to them, it makes them dissatisfied not with themselves, which might be a good thing, but with the position they are fated to occupy. At the same time they are led to believe that civilisation consists in effeminate pursuits and the innocent amusements that can be bought with money. To possess the apparatus of culture is the positive, and to refrain from indecorum is the negative, side of the ideal put before them; and so far as their schooling succeeds at all, it gives them about half the instruction that would enable them to live as clerks,

and practically none that will help them to live as labourers. A longer period at school, or compulsory attendance at evening classes, would doubtless bring them nearer to the clerical standard; but the farther we go in that direction the plainer it becomes that there is no education, worth the name, adapted to the needs of the labouring classes. And this position is arrived at by our endeavours to idealise for them, without regard to their poverty and the exigencies of their labour.

In any attempts to do better the ideal should be reconsidered, in relation to the conditions of the material to be worked up. As I said before, once loyally recognised, the conditions at which an artist chafes at first may in the end become his best support; and this may be believed of the art of education. Consequently, that hardness of body and mind which alone can endure the labouring existence ought to be, not, as now, an obstacle, but the subject of central care in the labourer's education. He wants nothing finikin, nothing pompous and solemn, above all, nothing effeminate. Milk for babes is a good thing; but milk and water for the young English labourer is the reverse of good. His educators must somehow change their tactics. They have been, or have seemed to him, guilty of wishing to purge him of his essential qualities; let them rather venerate these, frankly owning that they are admirable, and then aim to make them finer and to enrich them, cultivating the efflorescence of which they are capable. The idea must be got rid of, root and branch, that the only possible education is that suitable to clerks and professional or commercial men; that all education culminates in the university. The harvest-field and the gasworks and the lime-pit and the underground

railway are not places for the senior wrangler; but they are places where lives need not be sordid, if the education fit for them could be found.

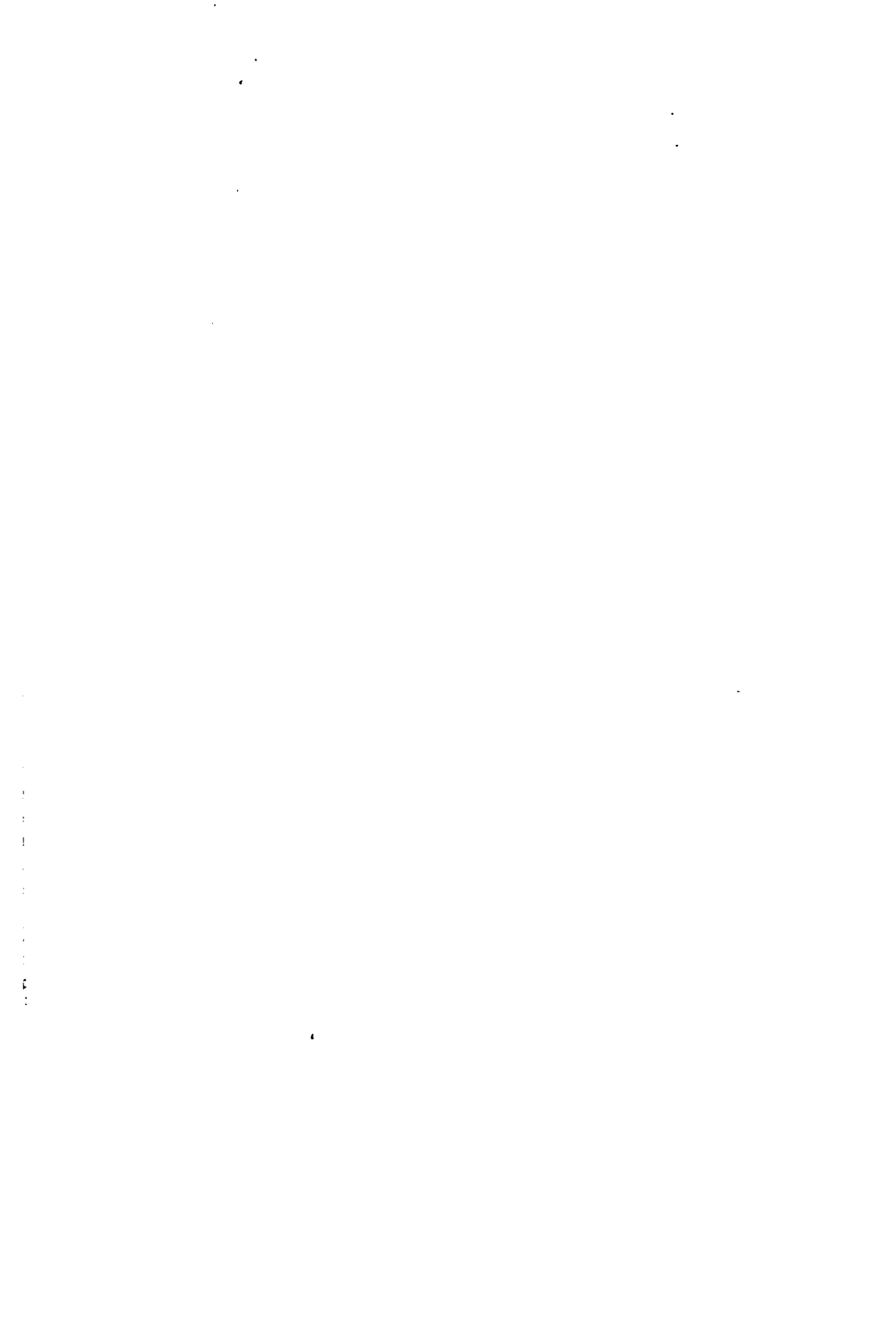
Instead of asking what we would like the labouring man to be, the reformers can begin again, enquiring what he needs to be and can be. I have great faith in him, that he would respond to a training not inconsistent with his strength and humour. I know him to be capable of tenderness and self-sacrifice, of enthusiasms, of simple æsthetic delights, of wit, adventure, laughter and social pleasure; and I do not see why these qualities should not be improved in him without danger to the backbone of his character. To give dignity to his labour and refreshment to his leisure he needs imagination, a sense of honour (far above mere honesty), an eye for the massive beauty of the world, a love for living things; in fine, a sustained and high sentiment towards life, a strong laughing sentiment, that will turn his labour into a chivalry which he would not abandon if he could.

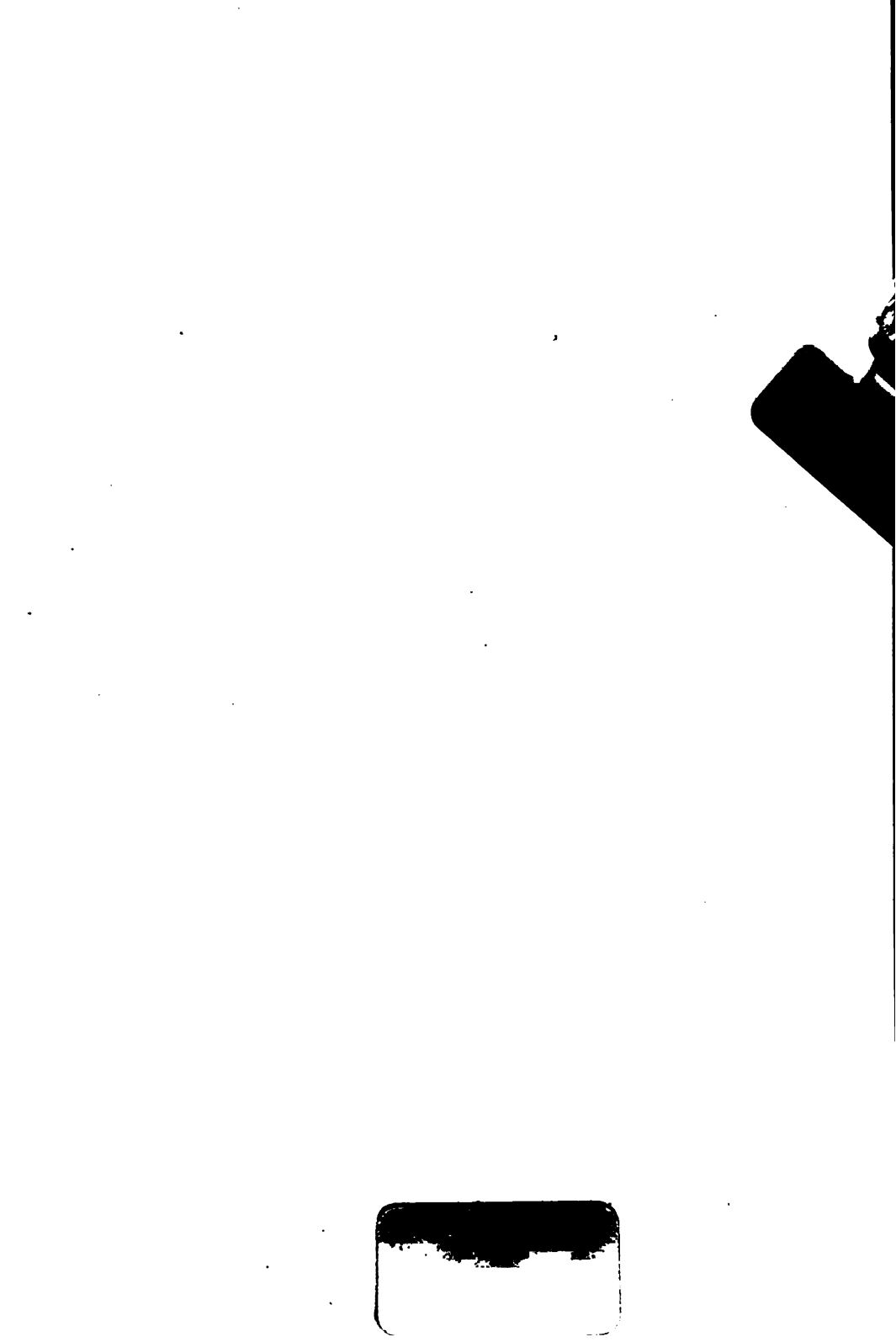
As this cannot be imparted in a course of lessons, and is not dependent so much upon knowledge or intellect as upon feeling,—feeling that has become habitual—so it is for the educator to investigate the means at his disposal for training feelings. Excepting in education, the use of means to such an end is not unknown. Catholics are not at a

loss when they would rouse feelings of devotion; in the army there is a traditional and effective mode of kindling martial ardour; even the theatrical manager knows something of the business; but the educator seems ignorant of it. If not, why does he complain that his pupils are without ideals? Ideals have their roots in sentiment; and if the educator really wishes for them, he must put faith in something else than object lessons and chemical experiments, and for a while lay the ladder of education on the shelf.

I offer these considerations to those who are eager to be moulding the character of the labouring folk; but I am not myself convinced that the collective wisdom of society is great enough to undertake such a task. Certainly there are other things, humbler but more definite, for education to do; and if we see to it, firstly, that the labourer's character is not injured, and secondly, that he is put in the way of doing a few things really well, so that he may slowly but surely form his own ideals, it seems to me that we shall have gone as far as we have any business to go in influencing him. I at least am not prepared to set up a standard for him to live up to; and I would rather he should remain for a while what he is,—the raw material of civilisation and an extremely good fellow on the whole—than see him spoiled by ill advised and over-hasty handling.

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